Caroline Amelia Elizabeth of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel
Queen of George IV

THE DIARY OF A LADY-IN-WAITING

BY LADY CHARLOTTE BURY

BEING THE DIARY ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE TIMES OF GEORGE THE FOURTH INTERSPERSED WITH ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM THE LATE QUEEN CAROLINE AND FROM OTHER DISTINGUISHED PERSONS

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY A. FRANCIS STEUART

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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE DIARY OF A LADY-IN-WAITING

ROME, *Tuesday, 23rd of November.*

LORD and Lady W. Bentinck are arrived; a circumstance which gives me pleasure, for they are both agreeable and friendly people.

This day I did penance, in the way of leaving visiting cards at the doors of all my acquaintance. Why will people not "do at Rome as they do at Rome"? why will they not dispense with the petty ceremonies of etiquette, which are allowable in other great towns, but which take up too much precious time here, and are quite at variance with the occupations and interests which ought to employ mind and time in this classic city. Who that has ever inhabited Rome, does not feel a pride and a pleasure in tracing the word! how many remembrances does it not recall! how the heart expands, and the stature seems to dilate, and the tongue to cry out "anch io son Romano!" Yes, who that has trod these sacred stones, does not conceive themselves invested with the denizenship of the city of the world! Though for centuries every pen has eulogised, and every heart has echoed the praises of the eternal city, still an inexhaustible fund of interest remains for ages yet unborn, to expatiate upon, to analyse, and to enjoy.

The life of Rome is a life apart from the rest of existence; and for that very reason I pronounce it dangerous; for it is a parenthesis in existence which, however beautiful, life might be completed without; and when it is past, a preference to it is apt to create distaste for all that is less exciting. Fortunately, however, there is an instinct implanted in the human heart which, like that which is felt for a disagreeable relation, still draws the affection to home and country; and in that common feeling shared by all, an equivalent exists in the long run, which makes amends for the want of more vivid sensations. Yes! repose, and not excitement is conducive to true happiness.

I employed myself in the evening, reading Lord John Russell's life of his ancestor Lord William Russell. The preface is modest, dignified, and forcible; the narrative is lucid; and the style is unaffected, and devoid of ornament, yet elegant. It is like the author. How much the sobriety of a sensible English book strengthens and refreshes the understanding, especially when we have lived some time in a dearth of English literature.

Lord [——] called on me. Misfortune has done him good; he is not so sulky or morose as he once was; one even forgets the past, to be sorry for his present distress and wandering life.

Wednesday, 24th November.—Accompanied [——] to see the Casini Palace. The Queen of Sweden * died there in 1629 (*sic* 1689). It is a magnificent building, as to space

* Christina. The character of this Princess had a bright and a black side. For four years after her coronation, she governed liberally; but at the end of that time she became weary of the restraints on royalty, and abdicated in favour of the Count Palatine, Charles Gustavus, her cousin. She then went to Rome, and became a regular *bas bleu*. It did not however say much for her philosophy, that she became a Roman Catholic; nor did it impose any check on her licentiousness, which was rather too open. Once, when in Paris, she had an Italian, her equerry, murdered in her presence, for no other fault

and architecture. Among the numerous pictures it contains, those which most attracted my attention were the "ecce homo," by Guercino, and a holy family, by Garofalo. The colouring of the Guercino, however, is not pleasing, and does not express the notion I have formed of what the subject ought to convey. I am told Garofalo has no originality; he has, however, much taste, and infinite feeling.

Thursday, 25th November.—Went to the Capitol. The statues were new to me: what an interest they excited! The room appropriated to the busts of philosophers, poets, and the great men of antiquity, was more deeply impressive than all the rest. Anacreon, Euripides, Homer, Socrates, were those whose countenances answered most nearly to the idea I had connected with their personal appearance, and I examined these effigies of the great departed long and curiously.

It must be very delightful to be the possessor of the images of such men. Would that I were rich, or that riches were not necessary to the indulgence of taste! It is very sad to think how money, or rather the want of it, curbs the best feelings of our nature, and restrains the most laudable human wishes.* I sometimes think with regret of the opportunity I once had of being wealthy. I despised riches then;—but twenty years make a vast difference to one's feelings on these matters. It is nothing to grow old in body, but it is very sad to feel

than because he did not think her immaculate. In 1660 she returned to Sweden, on the death of her cousin; but the change of her religion and her notorious life, rendered it a most unpalatable domicile; so she in consequence returned to Rome, where she made the world lighter by a great sinner in 1689. Queen Christina, notwithstanding all her indiscretions, was, it is said, an accomplished and agreeable personage to those about her;—but as the reverend Mr. Duncan Douglas of Greenock once said in the pulpit, of Mrs. Potiphar, she was a light gipsy. [Original note.]

* An Irish friend once said to me, that the *want of money* is the root of all evil. [Original note.]

the heart become aged; very melancholy when we can laugh at the "folly" of the light dream of our youth, and ridicule "the idle romance" of that past and pleasant time. Some maintain that the heart does not change —that despite experience and knowledge of the world, there are minds which retain their original simplicity, their first aspirations, untainted and unsubdued. But I for one cannot agree with this opinion. Contempt at our poverty, from the world in general—neglect from those we love, because we are insignificant and powerless—the constant abnegation of our most innocent wishes;—all these combine to teach a lesson which is not taught in vain. In short, I am grown worldly, and I do love money.

To return to the busts—I was sadly disappointed in the resemblance of one who had always been my beau ideal of woman, in despite of having heard that she was not handsome. Alas! Sappho is positively hideous! I wish I had never seen the likeness of her—there is a delusion the less. Day by day, one after another, all illusions vanish;—we are ourselves disenchanted. I have few beau ideals left, and before I go hence, I doubt not every one will be crumbled into dust.

The day was cloudless, and for the first time I reached the top of the Coliseum. How glorious is the view from thence! In the evening I went to the opera, which was very indifferently performed. "*Il Turco in Italia*" by Rossini, the renowned robber in music. He may be termed a charming compiler, but really not a great composer: but I must not omit to praise one quintetto, which is very beautiful.

I went afterwards to Torlonia's.* An assembly is

* This wealthy banker, whom Bonaparte made a Duke, purchased the Princess of Wales's most valuable jewels. Some pearls of priceless value, which belonged to Her Royal Highness, decorated the ample bosom of the citizen's wife. It has been said, that Torlonia bought some gems belonging to the British crown; but this has been said

always an assembly. I hear Torlonia has a superstitious fear, that should he leave his old domicile to inhabit this new abode of Pluto, he would die; so he only holds his festas in the new palace, guarding his money-bags in their ancient fortress. However, it is unjust not to add, that the Duca di Torlonia, though purse proud, and a parvenu,* is a very useful and hospitable person, and his family render themselves equally serviceable and agreeable to all strangers who visit Rome, especially to the English.

Friday, 26th.—Went to St. Peter's to-day; it is a beautiful fane; but it is a dressed beauty, and too elaborately ornamented for a place of worship. Truly, it is like a heathen temple rather than a Christian sanctuary. Canova's monument, erected to Cardinal York, is a miserable thing; poor in design, almost vulgar, devoid of poetry and of grandeur.

I read Lady Morgan's Florence Macarthy. There is originality and genius in all she writes.

To-day I received letters from England; and one from Madame [——], in which she tells me of an interview she had with Princess Charlotte.

As you say, our friendship has a good deal of the beau ideal in it; I may perhaps gain by it in one way, though I lose in the other. However, I should be glad to run the risk of your liking me less on closer inspection, that I might have an opportunity of liking you more. As I am become naturalised now in England, how I do wish our two country seats, Dovenest and Greenglade, lay nearer together, so that, when you return to England, we might see more of

likewise respecting other gems, now in other hands: it is merely an English *on dit.* [Original note.]

* He suggested to Thackeray "Prince Polonia" in "Vanity Fair" and the "Book of Snobs," where he says: "The Polonias have intermarried with the greatest and most ancient families of Rome, and you see their heraldic cognizance . . . quartered in a hundred places in the city, with the arms of the Colonnas and Dorias."

each other; for, well as I like your letters, I had rather see the writer; and I think we should suit very well in our elegant retirements; we should feed our pigs and poultry with much sympathy. Joking apart, I think we have some *points de réunion*, and should both be the better for being within reach of each other. But that is always the way in this abominable large world;—one never can contrive to get near those one wishes most to live with.

And now I must tell you, my cousin [——] received the other day a gracious summons from Her Royal Highness Princess Charlotte, to wait on her; which he of course obeyed. She was much pleased when he informed her he had heard lately from you; and as she asked him many questions which your letter answered, he gave it to H. R. H. to read. He did not do wrong, did he? The Princess said she was aware her mother had dismissed all her attendants; but that that circumstance should not in any way mortify or distress you, for she well knew that it was no fault of theirs.

Princess Charlotte told me the Queen, her grandmother, is much mortified by the marriage of the Duke of Cumberland to the Princess of Salms [*sic* Solms],* and threatens not to receive her at court, &c. There is a good deal of scandal promulgated about this Princess; but I do not like the old Queen's harshness on this occasion. It puts me in mind of an anecdote I have heard told of Her Majesty, which is characteristic of the same stern spirit of virtuous propriety which has actuated her conduct ever since she came into this country.

The Duchess of [——],† a great favourite at court, besought Queen Charlotte to receive her niece, Mrs. [——], at the drawing-room, there having been reports bruited about which were injurious to that lady's reputation. The Duchess implored the Queen's clemency and indulgence on a point so wholly without any just foundation; and finally, when about to retire from the royal presence, she asked, beseech-

* Her own niece, Frederica of Mecklenburg-Strelitz (1778–1841), sister of Louise, Queen of Prussia. She married, first, in 1793, Prince Louis of Prussia, who died in 1796; secondly, in 1798, Prince Frederick William of Solms-Braunfels, who died in 1814.

† This seems to be a version of the story of the reception given by the Queen to the request of the Duchess of Argyll (Lady Charlotte Campbell's mother), that she should receive her daughter Elizabeth Hamilton, Countess of Derby, after her elopement from her husband. She was never again received at Court.

ingly, "Oh! Madam, what shall I say to my poor niece?" to which Queen Charlotte replied, "Say you did not dare make such a request to the Queen." The Duchess of [——] was so hurt by this unfeeling denial to her entreaties, that she resigned her situation in the royal household.

There are many other stories likewise told of Queen Charlotte, which do not bespeak much tenderness of heart. When Princess Charlotte was christened, Lady Townsend,* who held the royal babe during the ceremony, (being herself, with child at the time,) appeared much fatigued; and the Princess of Wales whispered to the Queen, "Will your Majesty command Lady Townsend to sit down";—to which the Queen replied, blowing her snuff from her fingers, "She may stand —she may stand." Again, I have heard that the Queen seldom permitted her own children to sit down in her presence; and when she was playing at whist, one of the royal progeny has been known to fall asleep whilst standing behind the Queen's chair. Truly, such strict attention to etiquette is very Germanic, to say the best of it. I should not think such a course politic if her Majesty wished for her offspring's love. Yet, perhaps, I am wrong, and that her system was a right one; for tender indulgence to children does not always command either love or respect. I remember a very tender and excellent father having said to me, that he had received an excellent lesson one day from his little girl, whom he had been playing with and teazing in sport; the child suddenly grew angry, and cried out, "You are not fit to be a papa."

To return to the Princess of Salms. I hear her manners are captivating, the tone of her voice is peculiarly pleasing, and there is a gentleness blended with dignity in her whole deportment, which are seldom united. When Lord Castlereagh proposed an additional allowance for the Duke of Cumberland, there were many of the members of the House of Commons who were violently opposed to the measure, and made some very ill-natured remarks on the Duke.

There are current reports here, that the Princess of Wales is closely watched; and I think they are likely to be true. I own I tremble for her Royal Highness, knowing as you and I do, the excessive imprudence of her conduct at all times, which frequently, on occasions perfectly harmless in

* Townshend?

themselves, lays her open to the attack of her enemies. But if she was in danger of falling a prey to political sharpers and adventurers in England, how much more so will she be exposed to the machinations of such persons in Italy, and the distant countries I hear it is her intention to visit—and to visit without a respectable English retinue.

Poor Princess! I fear she will come to no good end; and there is so much good in her, it is doubly to be regretted there should not be one grain of prudence to guide her aright.

Never was there a greater piece of folly committed by any one than that of Her Royal Highness leaving England at such a moment; it was so bad a compliment to her daughter. In short, she played the Regent's game; and he is in high spirits, it is said, on account of his wife's voluntary exile from this country.

I cannot believe that good man, Mr. Whitbread, ever advised the Princess to leave England; but if he did, it can only be accounted for by the malady which ultimately deprived him of life.

The Princess has only written once to [——] within the last six months, and Her Royal Highness's letter was evidently written in very bad spirits. I am very, very sorry for her; she is certainly used most cruelly, most unfairly. Whatever may be alleged against her, there is much to allege against those who drive her to extremities.

The generality of people condemn her, and praise the R[egen]t, on account of the turn politics have taken; which he and his ministers have just about as much to do with as I have. The great captain is the main spring upon which England's glory rests; and if he brings about a peace, the poor Princess will be forgotten.

Poor Lord [——]! I believe he feels as much for his family losses as those who make greater show of grief; but in this last loss he must have had a double regret; for she never recovered having been forsaken, and sorrow soon hastened her death.

Is Princess Charlotte, think you, really going to marry the Prince of Orange? It will be a merry court whenever she does marry, at least for the rising generation; but she does not seem to incline to take the person she is ordered, but to choose for herself.

As to myself, all I can tell you is, I am obliged to go picking up attachments here and there, and of course I am generally disappointed in them.

Write quickly to me, and tell me if you know anything of the Princess. How does she like the thoughts of her daughter's marrying the Prince of Orange? If I were Princess Charlotte I would marry to obtain my liberty, for she is not well-treated, etc.

Yours.

Saturday, 27th.—I went to the Danish [? French] Ambassador's, Monsieur de Blacas; a brilliant assembly; there was present a Danish Princess of Holstein, a descendant, I believe, of the unhappy Princess Matilda, who paid her life, it is said, for her crime—her liberty certainly (which was as bad). This Danish Princess is sister to the Princess of Holstein, whom I knew in England. She is fair in a particular way—nay, very handsome;—a fresh countenance, but the cheeks too heavy and large. She wore a very simple muslin dress; her hair arranged like one of Sir Peter Lely's pictures. The Prince her husband is a heavy looking man, but with rather an agreeable expression of countenance. They are both in manner much like all royalties I ever saw,—courteous, but evidently prudent and cautious, saying one thing, and looking about at the same time, thinking of another. They afforded me too the same amusement as I ever had, in observing the crowd press around them, to catch a gleam of favour from their smiles. So much for rank and station! it is the same every where, and always will be. What a strange thing power is—how it transmutes the basest things into high estimation, and *vice versâ*. But let no one pride themselves on being exempt from its influence. Those who think themselves least liable to being swayed by it, are generally most so. It is one thing to be within the dazzling influence of high station and command, and

another to consider it at a distance. I like Monsieur de Blacas personally; he is quite one of the obsoletes; a decided member of the Vieille Cour, imbued with all its ancient prejudices. But then he is sincere, and a complete character in his way; a violent Tory of course in his politics, but on other subjects he converses with liberal feelings and information,—especially on those of taste and virtue.

Madame de Blacas is insignificant in personal appearance, although not inelegant. I feel a dislike to her from her conduct to the Princess of Wales. When Madame de Blacas, during the height of the French revolution, was obliged to seek shelter for her life at the court of Brunswick,* and was so reduced in her circumstances as to be compelled to gain her livelihood by washing fine linen, the then reigning Duke of Brunswick and the Princess of Wales discovered her distress and assisted her; yet when the Princess, in *her* hour of distress, passed subsequently through France, the French Ambassadress refused to show her the common civilities due to her station; and Monsieur de Blacas, in conjunction with the Duchess of D[evonshire], showed Her Royal Highness every indignity. What a return for all her past kindness to Madame de Blacas. I own this trait of character gives me a prejudice against her.

Monday, 29th.—Went to see Madame [——], and heard her sing, which is always a pleasure; the style is the true old Italian, full of pathos and passion. In the evening, I went to a great ball at Torlonia's, given to the Prince and Princess of Denmark. The banker's new abode is magnificent from its space, its marbles and its lights; but it was deadly cold in the galleries where the dancing took place. There are some statues and pictures which

* M. de Blacas was an Emigré with the Comte de Provence, whom he served until his restoration as Louis XVIII.

appeared to me worth looking at, but a crowded assembly suits but little to the examination of such things.

I heard to-day from Sir William Gell. What an inexhaustible store he has of droll good-humoured fun.

Letter from SIR WILLIAM GELL.

Your much too amiable letter gave me the greatest pleasure, and in some degree acted as a cordial to a terrible inundation of bile, with which my whole constitution is overwhelmed. My face is become a gravel pit, and my eyes like two stale plover's eggs; so that nobody but Lady Anne Barnard can bear to see me. When I get better (as my old aunt expected her eyes to do at ninety-eight) I vow a pilgrimage to your shrine—yea even a party with Lady [——]; so expect the attack of the Huns and Visigoths in a short time. For the present console yourself with the illustrious *Friderich August Dietrich Yorgensow von Schmouttsow*, who is kindly come from [——] on purpose to carry my letter. He has left his family in excellent circumstances, and in high spirits at the fine harvest of fish skins and saw dust, with which they promise themselves a good junket at Christmas, after divine service at the cathedral, which is performed by the junction of ninety-seven fir trees, placed in a circle and tied together at the top with a hay band, which the victories of King Hacho had compelled the King of Shetland to cede to him by a treaty.

Under these awful circumstances, I should state that I had yesterday a letter from Mrs. Thompson at Tunis, where she is *quit* happy at finding the barbarians so much less barbarous than the Christians; where she has twelve Janissaries constantly employed to wait upon her; and the Bey Mahmoud has given her several fine horses, on which she purposes setting out immediately for the city of Athens, "*dans la Morée.*" The letter is very long and gracious and full of antiquarian and historical researches, on "Carthage udina utica," Nebuchadnezzar and patty pans. What you have lost by not having an enlightened correspondent!

By the bye, when I have seen Constantinople, St. Jean d'Acre, Jericho, and some few other places, I go to my own *paradis à Como.*

I hear His Excellency Count Schiarini di Cigognia has

disappeared. I saw Lord [——] at Paris. He seemed a greater fool than ever, and was as usual for slaying Mrs. Thompson, whom I have heard him toady for an hour together. He said he was going to meet his wife at Milan. I recommended him to go to Genoa; assuring him she had set out with the Marquis for that place some ages ago.

How cruel you were not to come to Naples. I must return to Italy. Call you me this summer? Call you me these eagles' tails? said the indignant Mary Anne to Mr. Bernard the coach-painter.

I am come to live upon the [——]. Cecilia is grown quite young; but Juliana is rather the worse for wear. Clarissa Jackson is making tea in the same black gown in which I left her. I conclude she has lost or sold her family; but one dare not ask. Let us combine; the cursedest thing is the money always. I would make an hospital at Rome for decayed purses, and discontented and disappointed agreeable people. I intend to struggle hard with the world till forty, and then to succumb with a good grace, and float down the stream of time, like a dead cat in the Thames.

Pray give me another line. The Westmorland is at Tivoli. Adieu! Lady [——] sported the cruel at Rome, and would not dine with us, after setting the Duke of Campo Mele's heart on fire.

I kiss your eyes,
Your faithful
ANARCHARSIS.

Tuesday.—Went to a ball at the French Ambassador's. All the best English were there: the Bentincks, Cummings, the Charlemonts, Duchess of Devonshire, Lords Clanwilliam and St. Asaph, Lady de Clifford and niece, and a Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale, newly arrived persons and rather agreeable looking.

Again I received letters from England: two from Mr. [——], which contain as follows:

Extracts from Letter, date July 1815.

Madame de Staël has quite kept me alive during the last dull foggy month. She is indeed a wonderful and delightful person.

After the rational and philosophic view you take of the great events that are passing under our eyes, why do you say to me, "Do not smile in derision at the nature of my mind"? Don't you know that the fault of my own, (a fault, I am proud to say it, which arises only from the insignificant situation in which it has been placed,) is seeing everything in a serious light. "La caricature de la Gaieté," to which such minds are obliged too often to have recourse, ought not to take in you. Madame de Staël's *tristesse* is *toute autre chose;* but I honour her for feeling, as she ought, the degraded state of France; although she is far from having a just appreciation of how much they deserve it, and how little they are fitted for the good she wishes them, without having herself any very just or distinct ideas as to how such good is to be procured. She is now, alas! gone to [——]. I envy them her society; for she is very delightful when she is in low spirits; and as to any "ridicule that can be cast on her," the charm of her superiority is, that its magnitude and its variety is such as to allow one to laugh at as well as with her.

Here I am again at the end of my paper, without having told you a word of news. I really next time will begin with the gazette. The Locks are well, and by this time at Norbury. You will probably have heard of Lord A[——]'s strange marriage (I must call it so) with Lady [——]. His conduct in the whole affair was strange. He talked of having no heart to bestow, and "two broken hearts" going together; while he left poor Miss [——] to lament not having accepted this said broken heart, which was entirely at her disposal last year. The marriage was at the [——]. Lady [——] had left it for [——] two or three days before, and Lord [——] followed her. At 8 o'clock in the morning, after this marriage, the pair themselves set out for S [——].

I shall feel out of humour with myself, dear, until I have thanked you for your delightful letter of the [——]. Do I like such letters? Can you doubt it? Shall you try and write to me in a matter of fact way? Heaven forbid! Your letter is a model which I beg you will stick to, and which I heartily wish I had any hope of being able to follow in my answer. But alas! very bad health, joined to very untoward circumstances, have succeeded (yet more than age) in reducing me to a mere matter of fact person, for which I

am tired of myself. But I *have* been in Italy—I *have* seen Genoa,—I *have* had my senses inebriated with orange flowers, roses, and all the perfumes of the south—I *have* seen the glories of an Italian sun, rising and setting in the Mediterranean sea—I *have* gazed in endless soul-sufficing reverie on the lakes and mountains of Switzerland—I remember (but too well) that such things were, and were most dear to me, though I know them to be all illusions.

But this, you will say, is not the way in which you wish to have a letter filled from England, addressed to an English person at Rome. My *matter-of-facticity* may here for once be agreeable. But where to begin? Facts in this age are so crowded together, and drive one another on with such rapidity, that hardly any leave their due impression on one's mind—even on minds like mine, which have nothing to do but to look on. A letter, received to-day from Mrs. [——], tells me you had heard of the ever memorable battle of Waterloo on the 18th of June, and of what had happened at Paris, in consequence of it. Never was there in modern, nor I believe in ancient times, a battle so disputed, a victory so complete in itself, and so mighty in its consequences.

I am sorry to find you have not got Madame de Staël and *her atmosphere* near you, for a thousand reasons; amongst others, she would keep you *au courant des événemens;* for Rome (do not think me impertinent for saying so) is a corner of the world which is six months behind all the rest of it in news of every sort. How that degraded nation, France, is to get itself settled is yet a mystery. Degraded I call it, not for having lost a battle, or half a dozen battles, but for the unvarying want of faith and neglect of moral truth, common to *all* its rulers, of whatever party, and all the ruled, conquering, or conquered. Oh! if ever a great moral lesson was exhibited to the world, of the necessity of truth to the existence of nations as much as to the well being of individuals, it is in the wretched state to which France has reduced itself by universal falsehood. To talk of this nation or that, or of all Europe together, giving France slavery or liberty, is talking nonsense. Whatever her fate, she must give it herself; and it can never be anything but a "variety of wretchedness," till both the governors, (whoever they may be,)

and the governed have seen the absolute necessity of keeping faith with one another.

Lord Grantham arrived here yesterday, direct from Paris, which he left only on the night of Wednesday last. He had gone over with his brother-in-law, Sir Lowry Cole, when he joined the army, after a honeymoon of one week only, with Lady Frances Harris, Lord Malmesbury's daughter. Lord Grantham entered Paris with the Duke of Wellington. It was done in the most modest and least offensive manner possible—no lace, no feathers, no flourish of trumpets. He took up his abode at a house in the corner of the Place de Louis XV., with English sentinels at his door, and English sentinels wherever there were English functionaries, but no where else. Lord Wellington promised the men, that he would pay them up all their arrears and one month's pay in advance, and that by turns every corps should be in Paris. This I think a very right attention and honour to troops that so fought. In the meantime they are behaving so perfectly well, that Lord Grantham says everybody is desirous to have the English within their houses; and the people say they are *doux comme des demoiselles*. I begin to be afraid that, like the jay in the fable, we shall all burst with national pride; for never, to be sure, did we stand half so high before. Of Mrs. [——]'s friend and favourite nothing was known at Paris when Lord Grantham left it. His name was never mentioned by any body or any party. This proves that there must be a secret understanding about him between the French leaders and those of the allies; otherwise he is as attainable at Rochefort, where he is said to have been for this last fortnight, as any where else.

I find I have nearly covered all my paper with talking about France—of which, by Madame de Staël's letter, you will know much more than myself. She has marvellous powers of exciting sentiments which she never felt. Not that she is false—far from it—I never knew a less affected mind; she shows herself to those who know her well, exactly what she is—though by no means exactly as she wishes to be thought. Her intellect, like her feelings, has a much greater power of rousing that of others, than of enlightening and settling herself. But it is still a very superior intellect, and I should pity those who did not profit from, and by it.

When next you write to her, remember me affectionately to her; although unfortunately affection and all its ineffable delights, are just what she feels the least.

The extraordinary event of poor Whitbread's death would shock you, though you did not know him. The very Sunday evening before, he spent with me, and the seven or eight men who were beside of the party, saw no alteration in his spirits or his manner. I saw and spoke to him, driving in Park Lane, between four and five o'clock of the very day before the deed was done, and made the same observation. But he had been at times in a dreadful state of depression during the last three weeks; and the state of his skull when opened, Doctor Baillie told me, more than accounted for any acts of violence; the bone was enlarged, and certain little spiculæ at the edge of it, pressed immediately on the brain; a disease, he says, which invariably occasioned the most violent irritation of mind. He had *sworn* Lady Elizabeth to take no notice of his altered state, either to her mother or Lord Grey; which hung so heavily on her mind afterwards, that she saw several times the Bishop of London on the subject. A better counsellor she could not have. Never did the death of any private individual make so great a sensation in London; and Lord Tavistock's mention of him in the House of Commons, made half the House in tears.

Tell me when next you write, what you have heard of the Princess of Wales. In London, it is as though such a being had never existed. Things appear to be going on smoothly at court; that is to say no fault is found with the Regent, he is heartily glad at the Princess's absence. Did you ever hear a clear account of a cock and a bull story which reached England some months ago, of Hownam's * having challenged Ompteda, and of a servant having betrayed the Princess to

* There is much misunderstanding about the origin of Captain Hownham. He was not, as Count Munster asserted, "the natural son of a footman," but was the son, by a Scottish lady, Miss Brown of Kirkcaldy, of the Page of the Back Stairs in the Household of George III., whose portrait Hoppner painted. Born May 12, 1790, and left an orphan early, he was adopted by the Princess of Wales. He was sent to sea and "was in command of a Frigate at the age of nineteen, when the Princess summoned him to her. He abandoned his profession for love of his benefactress, and followed her fortunes to the end," becoming her secretary. After her death "he retired with his wife to Rouen, and died there in 1860."

the Hanoverian spy, given him false keys to her drawers, &c.? I own I believe Ompteda is set to watch Her Royal Highness. Heavens! how mean must be the mind that would undertake to occupy itself with such dirty work. Princess Charlotte has decidedly and for ever refused to marry the Prince of Orange, it is said, because she ascertained that he was pledged to concur with the Regent to ruin the Princess of Wales. Prince Leopold of Saxe Cobourg has been named as likely to be the Princess Charlotte's bridegroom. I cannot help feeling a tender pity for one so young, and so lovely and loveable for her *own* sake, as this Princess, being compelled by her rank to marry from *convenance*. I hope she will remain true to her mother. But if that mother does anything imprudent, her case is a lost one; and who so imprudent as she! They say Prince Leopold is friendly towards the Princess of Wales, and that for that reason, Princess Charlotte inclines toward him. I trust she may not be deceived, and that His Royal Highness does not make promises in order to win the hand of our future Queen, which he may never intend to perform. He is after all but a petty Prince for the heiress to the British throne. I hear, however, he is handsome; which is more than the Prince of Orange is.

Yours, &c.

I wonder if it be indeed true, that Princess Charlotte will marry Leopold. I think her heart was in favour of the Duke of Devonshire; but I suppose such an alliance would never have been permitted; it would open the door to so many private intrigues, and jealousies, if Royal personages were permitted to marry private individuals or nobles. I have seen the Prince of Saxe Cobourg, and do think him well looking, but not noble in his air or deportment; and his expression was not to me pleasing; it was dark and *caché*, his forehead low, and he never looks at the person to whom he is speaking. But it is wrong to be such a determined disciple of Lavater as I am, and to allow oneself to be prejudiced either for, or against a person by their countenance, which is after

all very often a treacherous guide. Nevertheless, I cannot help being strongly influenced by the impression a person's physiognomy makes upon me; I would not disregard the still small voice which warns me, as if instinctively, against some, or bids me trust in others.

I went to see the Duchess of Devonshire. There is an instance for example, where charm of countenance and of manner fascinate, and make one like her, despite of all that has been reported of her character. Her room is filled with books, and literature is now the pursuit in which she takes, or pretends to take, an interest. For my part, I suspect she is come to that time when nothing of this world's amusements can charm; she has tasted pleasure in all its varieties; she has drank it to the very dregs; and the lees are bitter. If there be a source of interest to her, it is the Cardinal. A small lute is generally placed by her side; yet no one ever heard her Grace play on it.

From the Duchess's I went to Canova's *studio*.

Wednesday.—I went to visit the Borghese palace, built by Martino Lunghi il Vecchio for Cardinal Dezza in 1590, and finished in the pontificate of Paul V. Borghese, under the direction of Fluminio Ponzio. Its shape is that of a harpsichord of Borghese. The collection of pictures on the ground floor is fine, and they are well arranged, and seen pleasantly, with good attendance; only if the day is at all dark, there is not sufficient light to view them distinctly. Those which made the deepest impression on me were the deposition of Christ, by Raphael; and all the Garofalos, particularly the Entombment, which to me is the most delightful composition I ever beheld; the colouring is exquisite, and the green draperies, so often employed by this painter, appear in that one to the greatest perfection. The landscape in the back-ground is not the least pleasing

part of the composition; it is of that sublime cast which accords so well with the event which forms the principal subject of the picture. A portrait of Raphael when very young, by himself, and two Titians of a long peculiar shape, also pleased me greatly; the two latter represent, one divine, and the other prophane love, under the figures of two women. I did not clearly make out the allegory; but the colouring of both is gorgeous. The famous Diana and Nymphs, by Domenichino, and the four famous Albanos, have not for me that interest which many less celebrated pictures excite. To my fancy, there is something trivial and like an opera scene in all those Loves and Venuses, which have nothing to do with the Loves or Venuses of a deep felt passion. It is like the mere machinery of a ballet master. But I judge poetically, not scientifically, and doubtless my judgment is therefore often erroneous.

I spent the rest of the morning at Lady W[estmorelan]d's. She was full of the Duchess of De[vonshire] and C[ardinal] G[onsalvi], and the Princess of Wales, and politics, private and public, as usual. Many people pretend to be uninterested about these things; but I do believe that nobody is so truly sick of them as myself. They seem to me so paltry and bustling, so inimical to all that is intellectual or noble in our nature. Yet Lady W[——] talks well on any subject, and is certainly a most amusing person. I was sorry to learn from her that poor Mrs. G[——] L[——]e is very unhappy, and is going to part from her husband. Lady [——] and I agreed Mr. [——] behaved very cruelly on this occasion; but it is the old story.

I received a letter from Lady G[——], who is still at Genoa. She writes:

I was astonished at the arrival of Siccard last night, on his way to England. He says his mistress is now travelling, accompanied only by Dr. Holland and Mrs. Falconet, the

banker's wife, whom Her Royal Highness mentioned in one of her former letters; her two vice chamberlains and Lady Elizabeth having refused to go with her to any place except England; upon which the Princess discarded them, though she professes to be going home, which Siccard thinks is quite out of the question, as she is certainly considerably frightened. Her pecuniary circumstances are in a very bad way; not from her Royal Highness's expenses at Naples, or at this place, but from the great calls upon her income which she has left in England. From what I can gather out of Siccard's prudence, C[——] was right in her conjectures about the stocks. But what is of the most consequence to you is, she talks of having you as well as St. Leger with her again very soon; therefore you had better be on your guard lest the Princess arrive unexpectedly at Rome. Poor Siccard has been ill used; and perhaps that may make him see things in a more melancholy light. But he seems to think everything goes on ill.

Murat is at Ancona with 7000 men, and nobody knows what he means to do with them. I have no time for more than to sign myself

Yours, K. G.

What can I say about the contents of this letter, except that I am sorry, and that I do say and feel most sincerely. But I can be of no use to the Princess—no one can, except Providence. I am inclined to think, however, that Siccard's dismissal has been effected by the jealousy of foreign servants, not from the Princess's free will and wish. But it is equally pitiable to find that she is so under the dominion of these Italian menials; and I foresee that they will never rest till they persuade her Royal Highness to part with every English attendant, high and low, and then indeed she will be left to the mercy of unprincipled and rapacious creatures, who will *sell* her, if a price is offered them, to the spies, or rather the blood hounds, sent forth by the Regent to hunt her to her destruction. Whenever I receive intelligence of this kind, I may say without affectation, that it unfits

me both for society abroad or occupation at home. Siccard especially, was a most faithful and respectable attendant. The Princess knows not what she has lost in losing his services.

Another letter, from my friend, Sir W. H[othà]m, from Lausanne, was of a very different and more pleasing nature.

Letter from SIR W. H[OTHÀM].

I should sit down with great pleasure to give you a little journal of our occupation, could I fancy that a description of theatres and public buildings, and roads and inns, could afford you any amusement. We have seen much, but conversed little, and of course have acquired few ideas which you may not find in the "Picture of Paris," and "Dutens Itinéraire."

May I quiet my apprehensions by supposing that the interest you take in the fate of the travellers, will make you read this ill written scrawl with greater pleasure than the fair *print* of those learned books? On our arrival at Paris, we soon observed that there are two ways of living there: the one, to stay a short time in an hotel, to devote the morning to seeing pictures, palaces, etc., and the evening to theatres and balls; the other, to reside for a longer time in lodgings, and endeavour to be introduced into private society. We had no hesitation in choosing the former; and, having hired a chariot, began our labours by visiting the gallery of the Louvre. I need not attempt to describe all the finest statues of antiquity, and nine hundred and fifty of the finest pictures, which are collected in that receptacle of the works of genius. I never was so much delighted by any production of art as by the statue of the Apollo Belvidere. I need hardly add, that many of our mornings were spent in the Louvre. The cathedral of Notre-Dame, the Salle of the *Corps Législatif*, the Hospital of Invalids, and a thousand other public institutions, successively occupied our attention. In general, Paris is distinguished by the magnificence of its public buildings, the narrowness and dirtiness of its streets, the splendid apartments of the rich, and the miserable hovels of the poor. The rage for spectacles is so great, that above twenty theatres

are filled every evening, by people of all descriptions. The opera seems as fashionable here as in London. The ballets excel everything that I ever saw before, and the orchestra is extremely good; but the singing is very poor. Almost every day gives birth to some new "*petite pièce de théâtre,*" chiefly stolen from the old Italian and English plays. I made a large collection of them for Lewis, by his desire; so that you may hope to see some of them done into English. They are acted with great spirit, but the violent gestures and extravagant declamation of their tragedians I could not bear.

We dined one day *en famille* with the Duchess of Gordon, who mixes much in French society, and whose chief conversation from morning till night consists in abusing England. She must have some scheme in this, which nobody can comprehend. Another day we spent with the Greatheads, who complain much of the total want of anything like private or rational society at Paris. There are a great many beautiful women in Paris, who dress with great taste, and I am told at an immense expense; but the race of gentlemen seems almost totally extinct. Everybody seems intent upon leading what is called a life of pleasure; and the gaming tables, among other expedients, are much frequented. We were one night at a ball, given by the Duchess of Gordon. In one room we found people dancing French dances; Lady Georgina * even danced a minuet and gavotte with old Vestris. Another room was occupied by a gaming table and its votaries, among whom her Grace and other ladies were now and then observed. We were several times at Lord Whitworth's, where we met only English society. Two of our pleasantest days were spent at Versailles and Marli. One of the oldest customs at Paris, and not the most agreeable, is that at all the great suppers which follow the balls, there are seats for the women only—the men acting the part of waiters all the time, and reckoning their gallantry sufficiently rewarded by a crust of bread or a half picked bone thrown to them. The quantity of rouge the Parisian ladies wear, is to an English eye very disagreeable. The *tournure* of their throat and person is, with few exceptions, extremely elegant, and said to be greatly improved since the revolution, by the disuse of

* Later, Duchess of Bedford.

stays, and by other contrivances which have succeeded them. The affectation of domestic manners and customs has for about a year been totally laid aside. Luxury and all its attendants are as prevalent as in former days; but the imposing splendour of rank, and the polished manners of the ancient nobility, which in some degree softened the rude features of vice, are now exchanged for splendour without taste, and pride without dignity. The expense of living at an hotel at Paris is enormous. Our lodging alone cost eight guineas a week, besides fire, etc. The French people are fond of the English just now. I saw our great hero, Wellington, there, receiving the homage of all the prettiest women, who were pulling caps, in no gentle manner, for a smile of approval, or a courteous recognition from that great man.

I saw Lady [——], our lovely friend, one evening, dancing with Lord Castlereagh. I am glad she has retired from the Princess of Wales' service; it was no fitting atmosphere for her, so pure and high minded as she is; for if any part of what I hear of that poor *mad woman's* manners and mode of life be true, she is fast losing herself in the estimation of those who are most friendly to her. Do not be angry with me for calling the Princess *mad*. I really think she must be so, to judge from her headstrong imprudence. It is the kindest apology that can be made for her. I assure you, if I have now expressed myself somewhat harshly, I *have* felt a sincere interest and pity for her Royal Highness—a chivalrous feeling, which would have made me ready to fight in her defence. The idea of a woman being persecuted and neglected, even if not a Princess, would always have excited a strong wish in my breast to serve her, in as far as the limited powers of so insignificant a person as myself could avail. And when I first heard that the Princess of Wales had left England, I was so annoyed, that I broke forth with an oath, and gave vent to the vexation and indignation I felt at her folly in expatriating herself.

Good heavens! what a position in public opinion she had gained before her departure for the continent. What a heroine in history she would have been had she behaved properly; and to see her at once throw away her every chance of British support, and her daughter's protection and love. It was sadly provoking. There had been something

so grand in her conduct up to that period—something so magnanimous in her silent endurance of her husband's malevolence, that could not fail to create a strong feeling in her favour. But when she went abroad, she dropt the grand historical character of an injured Queen, and she became in truth, to use your appellation for her, a *Mrs. Thompson* parted from Mr. Thompson, and going in search of amusement. Never was there such a falling off in poetry. The old French King was very glad Her Royal Highness did not visit his capital. Of course he could not have shown her any civility, and I am certain none of the English heroes would have taken notice of her. The Genevese have a kindly feeling for the Princess, though they always call her "*cette pauvre dame! elle est fort singulière.*"

But to return to myself. We were detained at Paris by a fall of snow, which was said to have rendered Mount Jura impassable; we did not set off till the 24th of last month. The weather had then for a week been as hot as our summer, and it still continues so. Our road lay through Champagne, Burgundy, etc. One can travel about sixty miles a day without difficulty. From *Poligny*, the scenery becomes interesting. I wish I could give you any idea of the grandeur of the view as we saw it in a thunder storm. It was evening, and the road led among lofty hills and deep glens; the sky became densely overcast, and the most vivid flashes of lightning every instant illumined the scene. The tall black pines on the mountains, the deep rocky glens, and the rushing of the torrent beneath us, mingled with the thunder claps;—the moon, now darkened by the passing clouds, now shining with all its splendour, with the angry glare of the lightning, all combined to produce one of the most impressive and extraordinary appearances in nature I ever saw. I must tell you that we had alighted to walk up a hill, when suddenly a light appeared for an instant behind us, and we soon saw a figure quickly advancing. It was impossible to resist the idea that it was a fit and likely place to be robbed in; and we made haste to regain the carriage, which had got on some way before us, and we prepared our pistols for a vigorous resistance. After a short period of suspense, "*bon soir, messieurs,*" uttered by an old woman, relieved all our apprehensions.

The first *coup d'œil* of Geneva, and the wide extent of the lake, bounded by all the magnificence of alpine scenery, instantly recalled all the feelings of enthusiasm which had long been connected in my mind with the idea of Switzerland.

Monsieur de Saussure is all politeness to us, and I am not disappointed with "*l'imperceptible Genève,*" as Benjamin Constant had the impertinence to call it. I have met with much kindness from every one, and I feel very well inclined to remain; but my friend [——] is always restless, and wishes to go somewhere else; where, he neither knows nor cares, only always to another place than the one he is at.

I have lived much with Madame de Staël and Sismondi, and as little as I could help with the English. I have become acquainted with a Prince Paul of Wurtemburg, a droll mad German; at least he is so considered. I do not think he is mad, but he is a man without any moral principle, consequently dangerous. He is clever, full of fire, of information, and of projects, some of them high flown and ridiculous; but certainly his conversation and his talents are of no common order. His having withstood Bonaparte when the latter was in the zenith of his power;—his having suffered imprisonment for three years on that account;—his being persecuted by his own father, who always hated and treated him cruelly;—these circumstances throw a kind of lustre and interest about him, which in spite of his own wild and prowling eyes, and of all the stories I have heard of his libertinism, render him rather an amusing acquaintance.

I spent a fortnight at Coppet, with the dear Madame de Staël. It is very odd, but I do not think (to use a vulgar English saying) Sismondi and she *put up their horses* well together. He told me that his friendship for Madame de Staël had cooled at one time, and that it has only lately returned to its pristine warmth. I ventured to question him on the subject, which brought back some particulars of Madame de Staël's life, that I own did not leave a favourable impression upon me. Sismondi found great fault with her for her passion for Rocca, and said he particularly did so, on account of her having carried Rocca to England with her. There was truth in what Sismondi said, but perhaps there was a little envy also. I think the fault of Madame de Staël

seems to be a want of tenderness. The melancholy error of falling from one attachment into another, is too often the crime of those who seek an exalted sentiment which they do not find in others; and it must be confessed, that unless reason and self-esteem come to women's assistance, the noblest natures degenerate when they fall from one attachment to another.

Lord Lucan and his daughters are still here. The latter are handsome, but I cannot say more in their praise, because I am only slightly acquainted with them. I hear they are very clever and agreeable. Lady Westmoreland introduced me yesterday to Mr. C. [——] the eldest son of Lord and Lady [——]. She interested me in him, by saying Lord [——] had told her that the boy was always crying. It seems odd that Lord [——] should have told this to Lady W[——]. Lady W[——]d is very quick, very good-humoured, and very eccentric. She has too much bustle about her to enjoy anything in society that is not *bruyante*. I have fallen in again with Mr. M[——]. He informed me, he loved his wife even better than the first day of their marriage. I wished him joy of the unusual circumstance, and he proceeded to underrate Madame de Staël, which provoked me considerably; and when he told a story about a *little Adolphe*, which he says exists, and is the son of Monsieur de Rocca, I could not help thinking of what I have so often heard attributed to his family—the love of scandal for the purpose of diverting idlers.

I am quite ashamed at the length of this letter, dear [——]. A thousand apologies for having prosed so long, etc.

Thursday, ROME, *3rd of December*.

Visited the Chiesa della Concezione delle Capucine, situated in the Piazza Barberini. It is small, and possesses no beauty as to architecture, within or without. It was built by the Cardinal Francesco Barberini, from designs by Antonia Cassoni. In the first chapel to the right is the famous picture of the archangel Michael, by Guido. There is certainly much beauty and majesty in the head, but in the action there is something that

savours of an opera dancer; the drapery is decidedly bad, fluttering and unmeaning. The kind of blue armour with which the avenging angel is clothed, has nothing in it of the heavenly armour, which fancy pourtrays as his appropriate vestment. But when there is so much to admire, I feel as if it were presumptuous to speak of the defects. One other remark I must make, however, which is that the extreme youth of the head and countenance seems to me not of a piece with the muscular and almost brawny limbs. In the third chapel, St. Francesco in extacy, supported by an angel, by Domenichino, is a beautiful picture—far more so in my estimation than the Guido. The French have despoiled this church of its most valuable treasures of art, and left only a collection by Carlo Maratta, which are for the most part repainted and smeared. Certainly William Lock's paintings are of this school in point of colouring. I was amused by detecting a *plagiarism* of Canova's; his figure of charity is an exact copy of one in the Flight into Egypt, but being an indifferent picture, and placed in an obscure corner, the robbery is not likely to be detected. I heard that Lord J[——] has got all Mr. M[——]'s, fortune, and that he has left his mother £3000 a year, and Lady [——] £1000. The story of Lady Frances Wilson's piece of good luck is a most extraordinary one.* I heard also from Lady W[——], that Lady Charlotte Rawdon † has made a

* Lady Frances Wilson was a lady of very plain personal appearance; yet one gentleman, for several seasons, perseveringly gazed at her from the pit in the Opera House, so as to cause her considerable annoyance; until at length one day she was informed that Mr. [——] had left her all his fortune; and prompted by curiosity to ascertain if it was the same person who had admired her at the theatre, she requested to see the deceased, and identified the corpse as being that of Mr. [——]. It was said, Lady Frances owed this piece of good fortune to a mistake, as it was a very beautiful woman who occupied the next box to her's, to whom the gentleman had intended to leave his property, and that he was misinformed as to the name of the object of his *belle passion*. [Original note.]

† She married, in 1814, Hamilton Fitzgerald, Esq.

strange marriage, with a man without any fortune, under thirty, and so much younger than herself.

Princess Charlotte is certainly to be married to Prince Leopold; and all our Princes are wandering about in different directions looking for wives. The Regent did all he could when the Duchess of Oldenburg was in England, to make her marry the Duke of C[umberland]; and for that reason, it is supposed, he kept a strict watch over her; which was very ridiculous; but he thought that if she had gone into general society, she would have heard many things which might have given her more insight into matters than he wished her to have. The Regent literally *took possession* of the Duchess, and never permitted her to go any where or accept of any invitations, but those of royalties; saying it was not *etiquette*. Why then did His Royal Highness for so many years do otherwise himself? His people and his carriages attended her in all her expeditions, in order that she might see every thing that was worth seeing in London. Lady W[——] said she thought the Duchess of Oldenburgh's figure quite beautiful, and her manners perfect; and that Princess Charlotte had remarked, that she had never had an idea of what manner ought to be in a royal person till she had known the Duchess of Oldenburgh. I told Lady W[——] that I knew the *true* reason of the Regent's tyranny over the Duchess of Oldenburgh, was to prevent the possibility of her visiting the poor Princess of Wales when she was in London. She could not go in the Prince's carriage to Connaught House; it would have been a breach of *etiquette*. I cannot say I think it speaks well for the Grand Duchess's nobleness or independence of mind, that she did not dare to order *another* carriage to convey her to the Princess of Wales. But she was evidently glad of the excuse.

Sir Thos. Lawrence, P.R.A., pinxt. *Wm. Fry, sculpt.*

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE

Friday, 4th of December.

I went to see a collection of pictures which were to be sold. They were indifferent enough. I mistook the lady for the maid; but she was very good-natured; made a great many apologies for being *en déshabille;* and invited me to her *società* whenever I chose to come. She appeared better informed than Italian women are in general. I admired also the good humour with which she forgave my rude blunder. How differently an English woman would have taken the matter. She would most likely have been exceedingly affronted and indignant.

I received a letter from the poor Princess to-day.

Extract of a letter from HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

Pour le plan que vous m'annoncez, comme décidé de votre part, de me joindre au mois de [——] il me paraît absolument impossible, car vers ce temps, je serais en Grèce, où probablement je passerai mon hiver. Au reste, j'ai pris comme il fallait mon parti, de me choisir une autre dame, au lieu de Lady Charlotte Campbell; une dame Milanese—une Comtesse Angelina Oldi,—* [? *née*] Vénitienne et son époux; qui par des malheurs de politiques et de finance, a été réduite à chercher une occupation. Elle est jeune, douce, bonne, et d'une très bonne santé. J'ai fait aussi des connaissances très intéressantes pendant mon voyage [*illegible*] l'Abbé Mezofanti, bibliothécaire à Bologna, qui m'a promis de m'accompagner en Grèce; il possède le grand talent de parler quarante-quatre différentes langues, mortes et vivantes, en perfection, comme on m'assure. Au mois de [——] je me propose de me mettre en route et de m'embarquer à Gène, qu'ainsi mon retour vers l'Italie est très incertaine, et pour une période très éloignée; au reste, personne n'est mieux informée que vous-même des différents devoirs que vous avez journellement à rendre, de sorte que ce serait injuste à vous-même, et pour ainsi dire, pour moi de vous engager à me suivre dans mes différentes poursuites—et puis les arts et

* Contessa Oldi was sister of Bartolomeo Bergami.

les sciences que j'aime si avidement à cultiver, n'ayant plus d'autre but dans ce bas monde que de voyager ainsi—c'est ma seule consolation ayant trouvé parmi les êtres vivans si peu de satisfaction et d'attachement, que les morts, et leur immortalité, me doivent tenir lieu de ce que ce monde ingrat m'a si injustement privé. Rendez-moi, au reste, la justice de me croire pour la vie votre sincère amie.

C. P.

P.S.—Le Maréchal Bellegarde et le Marquis de Ghisilieri, m'ont choisi cette dame, la Contessa Oldi.

I who am well acquainted with the Princess, know in what a wounded spirit she wrote the above melancholy, yet absurd letter. She is evidently much piqued at Lady Charlotte Campbell's having refused to continue in Her Royal Highness's service. But what a choice she has made for her new attendants! Nothing new can be said or written on this painful subject; but I feel sincerely sorry for the poor woman.

In the evening I went to the Duchess of D[evonshire]'s, where people were all laughing at the Duchess of G[ordon]'s ignorance of the French language. She is reported to have said to the box-keeper at a theatre not long ago at Paris, "Ne laissez aucun Anglais entrer dans ma *boite*." It is also said her Grace wished Beauharnais to marry her daughter, Lady Georgina. What an odd wish for a great English lady to form for her child! When I heard them all laughing at the Duchess last night, I could not help thinking how mean people are; since, if they had been invited to a party at her house, they would have flocked to it with eagerness, just as they used to do in England, though it was the fashion to quiz her assemblies.

Sir Joseph C[——]y was wont to ask, "Are you going to Scotch collops to-night?" Yet he was the first to go thither. Lady [——] observed when the Duchess of [Gordon] was under discussion, "Well, let those laugh that win." The Duchess has married all her daughters

greatly, and she is [was] one of the most powerful women of her time.*

There was some excellent music at the Duchess of [Devonshire's]. A Madame Vera, who was on the stage, but is now married to an Italian gentleman, and is quite a lady in mind and manners, sang delightfully. She has one of those deep toned voices so rare in a woman, and which I admire so much. Perhaps a critic might have said her voice was rather too coarse. On the whole, I greatly prefer Italian society to that of the motley English assembled here at present; for whatever vices or scandal may exist among themselves, does not appear; and foreigners are not annoyed, when in their company, by listening to malevolent gossip.

On the whole I am pleased with my *séjour* here. I live with many of the cardinals, some of whom are both learned and pleasant persons, combining the elegance of the scholar with that true and unaffected spirit of philanthropy which renders them excellent members of society. Some among them it must be confessed are only roguish looking priests; but the greater part deserve the favourable opinions I have recorded of them, and the Cardinal Gonsalvi is a noble exception to the mean ideas attached to his order; while the Pope is, in very deed, the father of his people, and a man every way worthy of being respected. There is a most amiable Archbishop, who is very anxious for my conversion to the "*true* faith." He gives me all sorts of books to read, and Lord M[——] strives hard also to persuade me to become a catholic.

Mr. North is arrived—he is very amusing. He told me he had dined two days with his *fellow servant* when he was chamberlain, and now his successor, and that he was very well behaved. Captain Pechell would not let *all* the company dine with him on board of his ship; the Princess,

* Jane Maxwell, Duchess of Gordon, had died in 1812, so this is retrospective.

therefore, would not sail with him; and nobody knows exactly what is become of her. It is very melancholy.

Mr. N[——] told me, that Lord W[orcester] alighted immediately from his travelling carriage, *chez* G[eorgiana] F[itzroy] and repeated the proposals he had made before he went—that the parties came out arm in arm from Devonshire House, and that her *trousseau* is preparing—that the [——] are indignant, and will have nothing to say to the marriage. This is all for the sake of filthy lucre, for the girl wants nothing. Besides, her family is as good as his; and after a man has been very near marrying a silk stocking washer, they ought to be too happy to get, "*Une nièce du grand Wellington.*" *

I had a long *confab* with Mr. W[——] over things past, present and to come; and in speaking of the Princess of Wales, he told me a curious circumstance which had come under his own knowledge, and which is another proof to add to the heap of petty wrongs, which the Regent caused to be done to his unfortunate victim. When White's ball was finally arranged, and the poor Duke of Devonshire, who had been fretted to death by the parties having cut down some of his fine trees in making the temporary rooms in the gardens of Burlington House, was reconciled, at last, to that misfortune—a message came from a *great person* to the committee, to desire to know what style of company they meant to ask to their ball, or some clumsy hint of this sort; which the committee however understood, for they sent back word that they meant to request the Regent himself to invite all the Royalties whom he wished should be there, and that they should send a number of tickets to him for that purpose. But this was not deemed *secure enough* to exclude the obnoxious individual; for some member, a

* Georgiana Fitzroy, the Duke of Wellington's niece, married, in 1814, Lord Worcester, afterwards Duke of Beaufort. He remarried, in 1822, her half-sister, Emily Culling-Smith.

friend to the Regent, (it was said to be Lord Y[——],) made a motion that no member should give away his tickets except to his relations, or that some line of rank should be drawn, such as that, no one but peers' daughters should be invited; so as to exclude *canaille* and higher rank likewise. Upon this Lord S[efto]n got up and said, it was easy to see these confused proposals were meant to *exclude the Princess of Wales;* and he observed that as one of the members, every ticket he subscribed for was his own, and every one of them he intended to send to the Princess; to be disposed of as she pleased. Fourteen other members said the same; but as they were not the majority, and as those who were to pay for the diversion were not to have leave to do what they pleased at it, they determined they would give no ball at all. "I for one," added Mr. North, "quite rejoiced that for once the Regent's mean spite should fail in its object. Ah!" said he, "I could write a book on that man. I never heard of such dirty motives, except in a foolish novel, where the characters are all devils or angels, such as one never looks for in real life. Certainly his rancour is unlike the noble *insouciance* of the common run of men and women of the world, who are content to keep out of the way of those *they* hate, and think that revenge sufficient."

I fully agreed with Mr. N[——]; but then I reminded him of what could be said on both sides of the question; and it ended as usual, by our shaking our heads, and sighing. Mr. North heard from England the other day, that there are reports of great rebellions on the part of the *bride elect*, who will agree to nothing unless she has it all her own way; a distinct establishment—never to be made to go abroad—and several other not unwise provisos—or *no* Prince Leopold; and that she will not say yes at all, till she has seen the Grand Duke Nicolas, whose picture the Duchess of Oldenburgh had shown her, and who they say is a very handsome man. But in all her stipulations,

none have transpired connected either with natural *affection*, or feelings of a right nature towards her poor mother. I assured Mr. N[——] I thought from all I had ever seen or known, the Princess Charlotte loved her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales with a strong degree of affection, but that the latter had done all she could to destroy those feelings, by leaving England and parting from her daughter, and I did not wonder if the Princess Charlotte had relaxed from her first impulse of warm affection.

Mr. N[——] says, the English are much admired just now in Paris, and that the French ladies are monsters in regard to dress, with coiffures a foot high. Marshal Ney wants the Emperor of Russia to fall in love with his wife, whom the former dances with, and the Marshal has got himself appointed Ambassador to Petersburgh. The *Court* is very jealous of the great affection the King shows to all the English, and his new grandees cannot conceal it, when the English are presented. Lord P[——] made a friendship with Platoff, and saw his daughter, who is rather pretty, and in case Bonaparte's head should still come off, has secured a husband in Russian General d'Avame. Lord P[——] has taken home to England the horse Platoff rode in all his campaigns, which is quite worn out, and is going to be given *Chelsea and rest*, for the remainder of his days; and also another horse belonging to a brave Cossack, an attendant of Platoff's, who killed seventeen Frenchmen, in one day, with his own hand.

Mr. North praised the Whitbreads; but he said, as the world in general did not like them, it was a pity the Princess of Wales had lived so much with them, and shown herself so frequently at places where she had no business or interest; such as at the Freemason's Tavern, to listen to speeches about charity schools, in which, in fact, she took no interest, and where she looked very *grand and cross*, and gained no popularity.

Mr. North has been reading Lady Morgan's "O'Donnel," and is delighted with it. He says he never read a book that amused him so much, and that it has the merit of being more interesting in the last than in the first volume. He says it was written when she was staying at the Priory.

Saturday, 5th of December.—I walked in the outskirts of the city, and observing a garden in a better state of cultivation than Roman gardens generally are, and full of flowers, I asked leave of an old gentleman, who was standing near the gate, to permit me to enter; intending to purchase some of the flowers; but I found that the proprietor would not have plucked one for the world. He proved to be quite a character. He told me he had passed five years in England, and many more in France. In the days of Madame de Genlis, he was about the present Duke of Orleans, as one of his *Instituteurs*. He told me he understood English, and once translated Milton into Italian; he spoke with enthusiasm of the occupation of gardening, and showed me his library, which was also his bed-room; it looked more comfortable than any Italian bed-room I ever saw; though the bed was sufficiently miserable.

He had, he said, known the Duchess of Devonshire very well; "not this one," he said, "but the beautiful one who is dead. This one is too great a friend of an enemy of mine for me to know her; besides," he added, "I live out of the world now."

I wonder whether it can be true that this little dirty old man was intimate with the Duchess of Devonshire? Yet there have been more unlikely things than this; and perhaps he knows many a strange thing concerning that lady. But he would not speak of her again, though I endeavoured to make him do so.

I accompanied Lady W[——] B[——] in the afternoon

to St. Onofrio. The beauty of the view is transcendent. It is somewhat less extensive than that seen from the St. Pietro in Montorio; but the objects are presented nearly in the same point of vision. The Tiber, St. Peter's, the Coliseum, the tomb of Cecilia Metella, the Palatine, etc., and the vast plain stretching around; these, seen from beneath the oak called Tasso's oak, acquire fresh interest from the idea that *his* eyes often contemplated the glorious scene, and that he received from it some of that inspiration which breathes throughout his muse. St. Onofrio is built on the summit of the Janiculum. It is small, but of a pleasing structure, and there is an air of devotion in its quiet cloister. But I believe I always think so of every gothic place of worship. It was built by Eugenius the IVth, for the hermits of St. Jerome, and finished, together with its contiguous convent, by the Roman family Di Cupis. The hermits continued to reside here, till Pius V. obliged them to observe the rules of St. Augustine. In the portico, or rather corridor, before the church, is placed a virgin and child, painted in fresco, said to be by Leonardo da Vinci. The paintings in the first chapel to the right are by some early painter, the hand unknown; they are generally much damaged; but to judge of the parts still extant, they are of a fine order of design. Those above the cornice in a sort of cupola on the high altar, are by Pintorrichio; those below by Peruzzi: both are good. But to a lover of poetry, the greatest interest excited by this spot is, its being the resting place of Tasso's remains. Here too he spent his last days, and here lie his ashes, beneath a plain stone, bearing this inscription:

D. O. M.
TORQUATI TASSI
OSSA
HIC JACET
HOC NE NESCIAS
ESSE HOSPES
FRES. HUIUS. ECCL.
P. P.
M. D. C. I.
OBIIT ANNO MDXLV.

Who can tread on the ashes of the honoured dead, and not feel the lesson that their silence breathes? But in the memory of this highly gifted mortal such lesson is more peculiarly touching. When fortune ceased to persecute him, health, and strength and vigour failed. In the rude blast, the flower shed its perfume; but when the sun of fortune burst forth, that splendour proved too oppressive—it faded and died. The Pope gave Tasso a pension; he gained several lawsuits, and in fine, a glorious triumph awaited him. Fame wove a chaplet due to his talents; but death came with a rapid stride, and snatched it from him. The tomb opened beneath his feet;—he felt the doom awarded by Providence, and retired to this monastery of St. Onofrio, to contemplate that everlasting glory which mocks all earth-born greatness. Under this impression, he addressed a letter to Constantino, his faithful friend—and died.

In the first burst of feeling, the Cardinal Cintro thought of paying every mark of respect to the memory of his friend; and to this end, but with a vain and pompous sentiment, he caused the body of the deceased to be arrayed in a Roman toga, to be crowned with laurels, and to be publicly displayed and carried through the principal streets of Rome, attended by all the Palatine court; then carried back to St. Onofrio. It was deposited finally

beneath the humble stone where it now lies. Funeral orations were prepared in Latin and Italian; and the Cardinal designed to have erected a magnificent mausoleum over his friend. But the grief of the Cardinal, it seems, soon subsided, many cares superseded those which he felt for the departed, and his intentions remained unfulfilled. The Marquis de Villa, going to Rome some time after Tasso's decease, hurt at the neglect which was shown to the memory of the great poet, when he discovered that there was no memorial to designate the place where he lay, was desirous himself of erecting a monument; but living vanity stepped forth again, to defraud the dead of their honour; and the Cardinal replied, "that was a duty which devolved upon him, and which he alone must fulfil." The Marquis de Villa, foreseeing that no monument was likely to be erected, requested the monks to place the simple inscription which has been given, and which designates the spot where lies the dust that once was intelligent with genius. After the expiration of eight years, the Cardinal Bevildegra, of Ferrara, seeing that the Cardinal Cintro still postponed the fulfilment of his pompous promise, erected a bust, which surmounts the inscription that records the life and death of Tasso.

Così trapassa al trapassar d' un giorno.

On my return home, I found a letter from the Baron de S[——], dated Paris.

Vous m'avez fait une bien aimable charité, en me permettant de vous écrire. Paris est si triste, et l'intérêt du spectacle de la France est d'une nature si pénible, qu'on a besoin de rapporter sa pensée sur des souvenirs qui aient du charme et de la douceur. On dit que vous avez été assez bonne pour regretter à votre passage à Coppet que le Baron n'y fut pas. Ce Baron en est profondément reconnaissant, et je vous assure que vos regrets ne sauraient être aussi vrais que les siens. Paris est presque devenu une ville anglaise. Tous vos compatriotes ont voulu venir voir leur conquête. Il

y a loin sans doute de leur noble simplicité, et de leur rigoureux discipline, à l'arrogance des Prussiens ; mais vous avouerai-je pourtant que la haute idée que j'ai de l'Angleterre me faisait attendre encore mieux ? Je crains pour votre armée de citoyens le contact des armées continentales ; je crains pour votre jeunesse ministérielle, l'école d'une diplomatie, tout au moins peu libérale. Quand on commence à parler avec mépris de la liberté chez les autres, on n'est pas bien loin d'y être indifférent chez soi. La manie des cordons gagne vos officiers. L'ordre du Bain ne ressemble pas mal à la Légion d'Honneur. L'ombre de Fox aurait bien des choses à dire : la pauvre France est dans la plus déplorable des situations ; ruinée par l'étranger ; déchirée par l'esprit de parti : il faut un miracle pour la sauver. Comme je connais la curiosité de [——] sur ce qui tient à Bonaparte, je suis tenté de vous raconter quelques anecdotes sur la fin de son règne passager. Avant son départ pour l'armée, il s'emporta avec violence contre quelques-uns de ses Conseillers d'Etat, " Vous me muselez avec vos constitutions," leur dit-il ; " vous me garottez. On ne reconnaît plus le vieux bras de l'Empereur. Comment ai-je gouverné pendant douze ans avec gloire ? C'est qu'on sentait le bras de l'Empereur ; et aujourd'hui que l'ennemie est aux portes, vous me liez les mains avec votre métaphysique." Il revient de Waterloo nullement dans l'intention d'abdiquer ; moins avec celle de dissoudre les Chambres au moyen de ce qui lui restait de sa garde à Paris. Il était à déjeuner, et portait une fourchette à sa bouche au moment ou on vient lui annoncer que La Fayette montait à la tribune pour s'opposer à son dessein. A cette nouvelle, il laissa tomber sa fourchette et dit : " Voilà les vraies hostilités commencées." Depuis son abdication il donna plusieurs conseils sur la manière dont on pourrait encore se défendre. Il indiqua aux commissaires de la Chambre la route qu'ils devaient suivre, et montra quelques lueurs de patriotisme. Lorsqu'il monta à bord du Bellérophon, le Général Becher, chargé de l'accompagner, voulut y monter avec lui ; mais Bonaparte se retourna et lui dit : " Non, restez, Général,— il ne faut pas que la France ait l'air de me livrer." Depuis lors toutes ses conversations ont été dans les journaux.

Vous voyez que je cherche des prétextes pour causer plus long-temps avec vous. Daignez me les pardonner, et croyez-moi, &c. &c. A. DE S[——].

In the evening I went to the Duchess of [?Devonshire], where I heard a good deal of English news. Princess Charlotte's approaching marriage with Prince Leopold was canvassed, and no one seemed to approve; yet, as Mr. N[——] observed, "who else is there who could be chosen for the bridegroom, since Her Royal Highness decidedly objected to the Prince of Orange, notwithstanding all the Duchess of Oldenburgh's persuasions?" The Regent evidently wished his daughter to take the Prince of Orange; otherwise why should he (who was so careful in excluding from Princess Charlotte's society any one inclined to encourage her in independent principles) have permitted her to be intimate with this cunning Russian lady, whose very eyes betrayed the wily nature of her character?

The Parisians have all been laughing at a mistake made by the Duke of Wellington, who went into the royal box at the opera, and excited the wrath of the French people; who have caricatured him acting the part of a King. Lady C[——] L[——]'s marriage with General M[——]d, is a matter of surprise, as he has no money, and all the English at the Duchess [——]'s last night expressed their astonishment at the "foolish match." The news of poor Lady Charles Bentinck's death shocked me.* She was a person I had known intimately for nearly twenty years, and was herself so happy and young, and had thought so little about dying, I should imagine, that it made it the more melancholy. She was to have been confined the end of [——]. In a letter the Duchess [——] received to-day from Mrs. Poole, she says it is universally believed Lady Charles's death

* She, who died in 1813, was Miss Georgina Seymour, and was daughter of Grace Dalrymple, the divorced Lady Elliot, "Dolly the Tall," whose name was connected with that of Philip Egalité and with the Prince Regent, whose daughter Lady Charles Bentinck was reputed to be. Her only child, Georgiana Augusta Seymour, died unmarried.

was occasioned by a fall which had injured her spine. I am very sorry for poor Lord Charles; they were a happy pair, quite wrapped up in one little girl, and lived most comfortably. She was a lovely creature and only thirty-one years of age; and without calling her a *great friend*, we were always upon the best terms at all times, and I liked her conversation and society whenever I was in it; though perhaps we were not congenial souls.

Lady Burghersh travelled to join Lord B[——] from Berlin to Frankfort, on the track of the French army, through every sort of horror; the ground covered with dead bodies of men and horses, and flocks of crows darkening the air, devouring them; and the smell horrible.

The Regent, Mr. N[——] says, is more unpopular than ever; and on a late occasion, when His Royal Highness went to church (to receive the sacrament) he was hissed and groaned at, both going and coming. He was afraid of going in state through the streets as he should have done, but went in his private carriage through the park. But the mob found him out, and clung to the carriage wheels, hissing, as Mr. North's correspondent informed him, and the church (the chapel royal) was surrounded by soldiers, who would not even let in a peer's son. This sounds very revolutionary; "but," added Mr. N[——], "it is all his own doing." I wondered at his daring so to speak in the Duchess [——]'s house, who leans so entirely towards the Regent, and is such a bitter enemy to the Princess of Wales. But Mr. N[——] is a privileged person, and may say and do what he likes. He is a favourite with all parties and all persons; and he deserves the distinction; for he is indeed a clever and a good man.

Monday, 7th of December.—Visited St. Onofrio again, and saw a bust of Tasso, or rather a cast taken from his face after his death. The certainty of its resemblance makes it interesting, though the hand of death is evident

in the lines of the features, and one of the eyelids is drawn down. It is a countenance expressive of that refinement and feeling which his works exhibit. Such are the memorials which remain to be seen at St. Onofrio; and in contemplating these, the other circumstances of interest sink into insignificance. The site, however, of the garden, its fountain, its oaks, and the steps which lead to the "Teatro de' pici Trattenimento," a beauteous spot where St. Filippo Neri used to preach to certain assemblies denominated Agapæ, are grateful to the feelings. The custom of preaching in this spot is still continued on every festival after vespers. St. Filippo chose a noble pulpit from whence to address his followers; and his descendants have adorned the spot with rows of stone benches, rising in the form of an amphitheatre and commanding the magnificent view of the town and its vicinage which lie below. The cypress, the ivy, the oak, encircle the fountain, which fancy might easily designate as a spring of Helicon. Let the lover of poetry, of feeling, and of imagination hasten to St. Onofrio, and enjoy the remembrances it awakens—the visions it creates.

I spent the evening at Lady Westmoreland's.

Tuesday, the 8th.—Received several letters from England. The post day is one of mingled pain and pleasure to me in general, and I rather dread the intelligence it brings me, lest I should be reminded by some careless or cruel person of things I wish to forget entirely. But this day's news was quite immaterial; only gossiping letters from uninteresting correspondents. One of them however, speaks sensibly on public affairs, and says:

I congratulate you on all that has happened in the political world, which is so extraordinary, that it appears like a dream that one can hardly believe. I wish you had been in London to have seen the illuminations, which were really beautiful. One might have supposed one's self at Paris, with everybody

covered with *fleurs de lis*, white cockades, and *vivent les Bourbons*, in every quarter. I am very glad they are restored, poor people; though I am not so enthusiastic about them as the world in general, and think them but a very poor set. The present King is so gouty and dropsical, they say he will certainly die of the fuss. I am very glad the poor Duchess d'Angoulême has a prospect of seeing a little enjoyment of life, and I hope they will profit by all they have suffered. It is a great pity she has no children. Every body is going abroad; Lord L[——] is gone, and Lord Lucan has disposed of his house in Hamilton Place, and is also on the wing for the continent, with all his daughters. The only piece of news which I am sorry to tell you is, that our poor friend Lady S[——] is dead. Her release from a life of sorrow and disappointment cannot, for her own sake, be lamented; but I know you will feel with me sincere regret to think that one so beautiful and so good should have had such a hard portion as she endured. I never can efface from my remembrance her vision as she was in her youth, or forget the winning charms of her mind and disposition, which were as pre-eminent as those of her person. Her fault, if fault it can be called, was a too exalted idea of happiness, the vain search after which rendered her the miserable being she became in after years. Yet she was more to be pitied than blamed, for she had no judicious friend or relative to check the romance of her disposition, and bid her beware of cherishing such high wrought sentiments. Altogether her cruel destiny must excite compassion. Reared as she was in the lap of luxury, ignorant of poverty or privation of any kind, she was not prepared to meet the strange and unexpected reverse in her situation in later years. Once, when in the first bloom of her beauty, I cautioned her against sacrificing every sober consideration to love; and I remember how she laughed and scorned my warning. It was on the occasion of her showing me some verses which she had written at the time, and which I now transcribe for you, thinking you will value them, and read with a melancholy pleasure the expression of that feeling which made her whole existence *manqué*, from being ill-regulated, and ill-placed.

VERSES

WRITTEN BY MARGARET, LADY S [——], DECEASED.

WRITTEN ON THE OPERA OF 17—.

The clock strikes ten, and beaux advance
But just in time to view the dance;
They come to see or to be seen;
The greatest part, the last I ween;
And in the lobby as they stand,
To female eyes a sightly band;
Some chosen few outshine the rest,
By nature or by fashion blest.
But ah! how few among the host
Of these united charms can boast!
And those who only claim the first,
As *the world goes* have much the worst.
Observe them now, rapt up in self,
And bowing to that idol elf.
Ladies, it is not you they'd please;
Leave off your airs, and sit at ease
You feed their vanity, 'tis true,
But they'll think ne'er the more of you.
See how they stand—now stretch—now loll—
Look at that tip-toed perfumed *doll!*
A Scotchman too! 'tis Cunynghame,
You'd only guess it by the name.
Where are the limbs that erst of old
Could brave alike or heat or cold;
And tho' unpolished, still could prove
Faithful to their rude country's love?
In *these* I see some French friseur
All dress, grimaces and millefleurs.
See Milsington with simpering face;
In Fashion's list he holds a place.
There Reason's only known by name,
And veils her head for very shame
Yes M[——] his shining parts displays
At some masked ball on gala days.
As harlequin or punch he stumps,
But always is a Jemmy Jumps.

Next see yon compound sneering stand,
As though all other fault she'd scanned,
By nature for a man intended,
But since by affectation mended,—
C ——]'s become a waspish thing,
That feels the wish but cannot sting
Yet let me still in justice say,
Had he been bred another way,
He might have shown the common herd
He was not quite a jackdaw bird.
Just by—what horrid wight is that ?
A boxer's ! oh I have it pat,
Whose brawny shoulders well declare,
A porter's load should be placed there.
And Hervey Ashton, that heart slayer,
Admired by all our modern fair
May well deserve bright beauty's meed
Who every night commits some deed
Of mighty prowess in the street
With every blackguard he can meet.
Ladies of Billingsgate, all say,
And all ye Strand nymphs e'er that stray,
How often in defence of you
He's beat some coachman black and blue ;
How often at a drunken bout
He's sat his fellow monsters out ?
Well may he claim from beauty's hoards
For *all these deeds* some bright rewards.
And next who is it there I see ?
A figure of no mean degree ;
Paget, whose supercilious air
Alarms the pride of modern fair.
With seeming ease, but studied care,
His eyes assume a vacant stare ;
But spite of art in every feature,
We trace the nature of the creature.
But fortune, beauty, title, fame,
Most fluttering female breasts inflame.
By these he conquers ; but by these
The sensate heart he'll never please.
In V[——]'s sly tho' handsome mien,
His nature may be quickly seen ;

The oily tongue, with honeyed phrase,
The insidious eye, that courts the gaze
Which downcast still it seems to shun,
As wily serpents court the sun,
In spite of nonchalance betrays
A cloven foot a thousand ways.
Though, to say truth, the handsome boy
I do believe has no such joy
As racing, or as rattling dice;
Compared to which all other vice,
Is tasteless, cloying, and soon o'er;
But *that* once gained lasts evermore.
H[——] with unaffected form,
Some hoyden girl who's ta'en by storm,
May win his rank, can too dispense
Far greater baits than those of sense;
That face in which good nature teems
Those laughing eyes where softness gleams,
Make one forgive the noisy calf,
And with him one may dance and laugh,
But he who'll hunt the live long day,
And spend his hours 'mong boors away,
Then o'er a bottle sit and smoke,
And crack some senseless drunken joke,
May chuse that life for him designed:
I'm not his wife—so I'm resigned.
But of all follies that I see,
The most disgusting still to me
Is age and ugliness presuming
To court the far, the young and blooming.
I know but one thing that is worse:
It is to see the clinking purse
Draw forth consenting smile from these
Nor think it infamy to please.
Observe that worn out battered beau,
One eye for use, one eye for shew;
With half an ear, and that one eye
To Vice's manes, breathe a sigh.
Behold the aged wizen'd thing,
That flutters still round Folly's wing,
One of the bulwarks of the state,
A powdered fop with empty pate.

If in this skeleton you trace
Q[——]'s worn out form and withered face,
You surely recognize his grace.
No, not in Fashion's rounds I see
My heart will lose its liberty.
There Nature's ever in disguise;
There lips and looks, and hands, and eyes
Are still at variance with plain truth;
And age affects the vice of youth.
Shew me the man to whom for ever tied,
I'd proudly own subjection till I died.
Apollo's form, with Alexander's face;
A manly beauty, yet a gentle grace;
To snatch from sounding fame unfading fruit.
Not scorning gentle and domestic joys,
And e'er a foe to vulgar drunken noise.
A butt his odium; a led captain worse;
And boon companions still his greatest curse:—
His public life in legislation shine;
His private hours be only Love's and mine.
If such a blessing be designed for me,
However distant the fair prospect be,
Nor time, nor barrier shall withhold
My heart, or barter it for gold.
I live to hope,—and now, adieu to thee,
Thou varying scene of various imagery!
Yet not at times despised, e'en thou canst give
Good lessons what to prize and how to live.
    Smoke, noise, and bustle,
    Crowd, heat, and jostle,
    Perfume and stink,
    And beau and link,
        Adieu, adieu.

These doggrel lines do indeed recal poor Lady S[——] to my remembrance, and excite many painful regrets that one so gifted by nature, and so worthy of fortune's favour, should have made so little use of the first, and been so scantily endowed with the latter. It is another melancholy proof of the folly of romance. Verily I begin to think I have not a spark left within my own breast;

for I have witnessed its bad effects in so many I have loved and liked, that I am sick of the word. Well, all these reflections cannot avail my poor friend, and I turn with a sorrowful pleasure to the thought that she is now beyond this world's joy or sorrow. Had any one but Lady S[——] written these playful verses, it might have been thought she only condemned those whom she could not hope to please. But being, as she was at the time, the handsomest woman in England, and as exalted in station as in beauty, this satire on the beaux of that period cannot be ascribed to pique. No, she was quite sincere, and felt as she wrote. But before she died, aye many years previously to her decease, she said to me, "I have proved that

"'Tis best repenting in a coach and six."

I never shall forget how angry I was with her for saying so. My beau ideal of romance was destroyed from that moment, and I have never been able since to conjure up another bright vision.

Another friend, Sir W. H[otham ?], writes to me and announces the decease of another person, but one of more note in public life, and less interesting to myself. In speaking of Lord Hood, Sir W[——] says:

Advanced as he was in life, (for he had reached his ninety-third year,) his society was delightful to those for whom he still felt the warmth of attachment. He was in full possession to the last of his mental faculties, and viewed the speedy approach of death with the same undaunted firmness he had often displayed amidst the dangers of the element upon which he served, and in the day of battle. Though for some time under his command, and much with him subsequently in domestic life, he never appeared to betray any want of that steadiness of temper which bespeaks the officer and the gentleman. He was a warm, and what is more rarely to be met with, a persevering friend. It was gratifying to me to see, as I did a few days after his dissolution, the countenance of

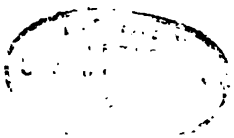
my venerable friend—calm and composed in the sleep of death.

I passed a very pleasant evening yesterday at Mrs. Holroyd's,* where, notwithstanding the music and the conversation, which were both good, I was reminded, naturally enough, of Lord Sheffield and Gibbon, and Lausanne and [——], and a thousand circumstances of past times, which distracted me from attention to the present. The period when the friendship I first formed at Sécheron was in embryo, reverted to me; and I felt a wish that many hours I passed there should return. But alas! one's retrospections upon happiness, of which we never know the value whilst we possess it, are sometimes as painful as they are unavailing; and the phantoms of other times which flit before our imaginations vanish from us, like the illusions of a morning's dream. My ties and attachments in this country are strong, very strong, and they ought to be so; but many a wistful glance is cast towards the Alps, and the shores of the Mediterranean. I want soul, and there is little of that article to be met with, either in the splendour of a court, or the intoxication of military glory, or what is worse than all, and more frequent than either here, the insufferable arrogance of newly acquired wealth. It would be delightful to be able to divide one's time between the majestic sublimity of nature, and the society and conversation of those whom we could love.

Wednesday, 9th.—Went to the Barberini Palace: it stands in the Via Felice, which leads to the Quirinal Mount, and is supposed to have been built on the ruins of the house of Numa, under the pontificate of Urban VIII., who was himself of the family of the Barberini. The garden is said to occupy the ancient site of the Circus of Flora, and the Campidoglio, which was a temple, with three distinct chapels or cells, one dedicated to Jupiter, another to Juno, and the third to Minerva.

In ascending by the principal staircase of this palace, there is a magnificent antique lion, as large or larger than life, enclosed in the walls. From thence one passes into

* Probably "Serena," sister of the first Earl of Sheffield.



the saloon, the vault of which is painted in fresco by Pietro di Cortona. This hall is immense, and of fine proportions, and were it clean and furnished, it would be magnificent. All the chief objects in Rome bear this abstract character of grandeur; but so many minor circumstances of dirt and defects mar the effect originally designed, and disgust or offend the senses, that it is a perpetual alternation of excitement, passing from the sublime to bathos, from the height of beauty to caricature.

But to return to the hall of the Barberini: this vault is accounted Pietro di Cortona's best fresco work. The subject is allegorical:—the triumph of glory represented by the attributes of the house of Barberini. In the second room the roof is painted by Andrea Sacchi, the subject divine Wisdom. The seat on which the judge is placed is precisely similar to the one on which Sir Joshua Reynolds has placed Mrs. Siddons as the muse of tragedy.

Spent the evening at the Duchess [of Devonshire]'s. Nothing was spoken of but the Princess of Wales. The royal battle seems, from what she had heard from England, more desperate every day. There are eternal meetings, and every sort of judge and person consulted in the church and state, and everything that ever was heard or suspected, inquired into, even previously to the *old* inquiry, to justify their neglect and ill-usage of her Royal Highness. They say the opposition papers are cooling in her cause also. Alas! poor foolish woman! how can it be otherwise? Even the Chronicle is no longer so violent in her favour. "Every one," said the Duchess [——], "despises Sir F[——]; and the other night, when it was expected he would bring forward a motion on the Princess Charlotte's being Regent, without restrictions, if the Prince were to die, everybody went away. Nobody stays to mind anything Sir F[——] says. Every one also," added the Duchess, "is making an outcry about the Princess's present associates, as more injurious and dis-

graceful to her than her former offences." Mr. N[——] said he had heard that the Regent was obliged to give up all idea of divorcing her; because he had declared he would have the letter he had written to the King at the time she was acquitted produced, in which he had affirmed that he never could or would believe her innocence, and gave his reasons for it; and this letter, he said, if published, would acquit him of inconsistency. But in this same letter his Royal Highness said the Chancellor was a rogue, and that it was all owing to his unjust partiality the Princess got off; and the Chancellor told the Prince, if this letter came forth, there must be an end of him. My fear for the Princess now is," added Mr. N[——], "the very great research they are making, and the very *odd* things to her disadvantage even the opposition papers publish. If they could do nothing against her I think they would have found it out by this time, and would, as I supposed, have done nothing; and I am afraid these archbishops, &c., would not let themselves be made fools of, to sit every day in judgment on *nothing!*"

I answered not; but I own I was sorry and surprised to hear Mr. N[——] speak thus. When a *friend*, one who has been considered such by the public, admits that they have a doubt on any point concerning the individual for whom they are supposed to be friendly inclined, it does the person more harm than the loudest abuse of their open adversaries. The "whispered" cold word, or slight disapprobation of a "friend," is death to the cause he has advocated; and the enemy rejoice in being able to say "their friend said so." I dare say Mr. N[——] did not mean to say anything which could do the poor Princess harm; but it is dangerous to give the adverse party *an inch of ground, lest they take an ell*, and I thought of the Princess's own words: "My friends plague me more than my enemies."

Some of the company present expressed their surprise

at the Princess having quarrelled with Sir William Scott, whom she once liked so much, and with whom she is now so displeased. "He would have been," observed the Duchess, "such a champion for her, and now the Regent goes and dines with him." I replied, that I was certain, whatever fine worldly ladies, or foolish puppies who had their fortune to make, might say, people like Sir William Scott, the Master of the Rolls, or Sir Vicary Gibbs, and that style of men, would not have abandoned her interest for any Regent, if she had remained equally friendly to them. "Ah!" exclaimed her Grace, "she had better have been on the *pavé*, than connected with the O[xford]s, and Sir P[——], and the other persons they brought her in contact with."—"Pardon me," observed another cross voice, Lady [——] "they were respectable compared with others who were *named*, as being permitted to live on terms of intimacy with Her Royal Highness. What do you think of Lawrence, the painter, for a Princess of Wales's admirer, and a Prince of Wales's rival?"

There was a dead silence, after this cruel and false remark, and I do not believe any one present liked Lady [——] the better for having given vent to her spiteful feelings.

They spoke of Mr. Brougham and Mr. Denman, and seemed to think the latter a truer friend to the Princess than the former. They asked me my opinion on the subject, and I said, that I believed Mr. Brougham wished to serve Her Royal Highness, and *right* her in the estimation of the public, and as a Royal person; but that I thought that he had permitted himself frequently to speak of her as a private character, in private society, in a manner quite at variance with his declarations in his public speeches in her defence; and that I knew he used to indulge his spirit of sarcasm on Her Royal Highness's *ridicules*, whenever he felt inclined, and especially

at H[olland] House. He had often made her the butt of the dinner parties of *beaux esprits* collected at that rendez-vous of wits and politicians; whereas Denman, on the contrary, upheld Her Royal Highness, when speaking of her to his own most intimate friends; thereby adding weight to his public defence of her. Mr. N[——] corroborated the truth of my remarks, and added, that any other person similarly situated would have given Mr. Brougham as fine a field for the exhibition of his powers as a lawyer, and an orator; and that it was *the cause*, and not the *woman* he was interested in.

Thursday, 10*th*.—I received a letter from [——]. She is at Florence, and tells me some strange and unsatisfactory tidings of the Princess:

At a small place called Borgo St. Domino, three days' journey from hence, what was my surprise to come up to a whole rabble rout belonging to the Princess of Wales. This consisted of twenty-four persons in all—six carriages and a baggage waggon. I saw no face that I knew; many Italians and strange-looking persons of various nations; one fat woman. I heard there was one other female, but did not see her; some said it was the Princess herself; but I do not believe it was. There were seven piebald horses, and two little cream coloured ponies, that I well remember to have seen at Milan; and two very fine horses that drew a chariot, which was entirely covered up. On passing one of the servants who had a better appearance than the rest, and seemed one of the principal persons, I inquired after Her Royal Highness's health, and expressed myself happy to hear she was well, but asked no other questions whatever. My servants told me that some of these persons declared they were going to join their Mistress at Pisa; others said they were going to the sea coast to embark for America; others that her Royal Highness was at Rome; but they all differed in their statements, and were evidently a *low* set of people. Many of the women were dressed up *like itinerant* show players, and altogether looked quite unfit to be her attendants. I did not

see any person that I *mistook* for a gentleman: but my maids told me that they saw several men dressed in uniforms and swords, who looked like pages. I cannot tell you how strange it seemed to me to fall in with all this motley crew; something of regret too, mingled with the feeling—something of kindness towards that unhappy woman; for who can ever receive kindness and forget it? and she was kind to me.

Sir Thomas and Lady Freemantle are living here, in a magnificent palace, for which they only pay a hundred and fifty pounds a year. They are economical people, with a small fortune, and give me hopes that this place includes (as much as any place can), cheapness and pleasure. There is much to enjoy here, morally and physically. Such flowers! such sunshine! such remembrances!

I went with Lady W[estmoreland] to Cardinal Fesch's collection, in the Falconiere Palace, which is situated on the Tiber, and commands beautiful views of the river. The collection is so enormous that one should require to visit it many times before one can judge of its merits. Lady W[——] made me accompany her from thence to the Doria Palace in the Corso—which is of beautiful architecture; but to judge by the part which contains the pictures, it must, like all the Italian buildings I have ever seen, be totally inimical to domestic comfort. One apartment is filled by pictures in distemper, chiefly executed by Poussin. The designs are very grand, but there is an extreme rawness in their colouring. The Doria collection appeared to me, on a hasty survey, to be more choice and valuable than Fesch's.

In the evening, went to Lady Saltoun's, and met Mr. A[——]n, who is just arrived from Florence; and in spite of my antipathy to him, he diverted me with his drollery. He described the Princess talking Italian with Leoni, and told me an excellent story, which I shall mar in the repeating; but it is easy to turn every thing into ridicule. Leoni was questioning Mr. A[——]n and the Princess concerning the reasons of Shakspeare's

having been obliged to quit Warwickshire. "*Madama,*" said Leoni, (pronouncing the *a* in Mr. A[——] as though he had a Jew's-harp between his teeth,) and addressing his question to her. "Signor," (was the reply,) Shakespeare *ha fuggito per aver rubbato dei servi,*" pronouncing the word *cervi* with an *s*. "*Ma come?*" said Leoni, and here followed his astonishment, and mutual explanations. Now I can hardly believe this, but it served Mr. A[——]n for an excellent story. He also spoke to me of the horrid Genoese tragedy of Lady O[——]'s daughter, and talked of it rather more like a joke than anything else; though he called it "horrible," and "shocking." It is melancholy to see any human being pervert thus every event and every sentiment, however melancholy the one may be, or however exalted the other! and indeed such a caricaturist ceases to be a human being, and descends to the character of a monkey.

Friday 11*th*.—To my surprise and pleasure, I met Mr. L[——]. The same elegance and superiority of mind which always characterised him remain undiminished; but he is much altered, I think, in appearance, and his hair is quite white. Yet, how superior he is to his wife! They have no mind in common, and he feels that want, and it has marred the happiness of both. I went with him to see Lawrence's portraits of Lady Burghersh and her son, who is a lovely child; and the picture is very pleasing; yet after the mellowed tints of the old masters, there is a glare in the colouring, and a blue chalkiness, very much resembling the appearance of a *tea-board*.

Mr. L[——] introduced me to a friend of his, Sir [——], who appears to me, as far as one can judge in so short a time, a remarkably intelligent and agreeable person. I dined with them, and Sir [——] related many anecdotes I could wish to remember. In speaking of Lord Chatham,

with whom he was very intimate, he said: "From the moment of Lord Chatham's *beatific* vision of the *King*, which preceded his entry into the Cabinet, he became intoxicated to a degree of absurdity with the honours of the court, with its etiquette, and all the gracious *mummeries of the harem.* He sank so instantaneously in my esteem, and even respect, that I could hardly look at him without contempt. Yet my desire to travel into Spain, where there were many things to attract my curiosity, and particularly the old libraries in the convents, where I hoped to meet with some of the lost classics, induced me to accept of Lord Chatham's proposal, that I should go out as secretary of the embassy which was to adjust the business of the Manilla ransom. Sir George Gray, the old envoy to Naples, and rather a favourite of the King's, was to be ambassador. Lord Chesterfield said, Pitt had sent Gray to divert the King, and [——] to divert the Donnas of Spain. Another said: I know that you will be infatuated with the Donna Eleonoras de Guzmans, and the names you have tasted in romance; but take care. Soon after this," continued Sir [——], "my father was taken ill, and I was forced to relinquish the situation, which afforded Gray the power of giving it to his nephew, Colonel Hope, which he wished very much to do. Etiquette was also brought forward as an objection to my fulfilling the views of the minister; for it was said my rank entitled me to the Teros Longos, in Spain, and quarrels would arise from the confusion of Spanish and English notions of honour and dishonour. I very soon proved the truth of this in the *corps diplomatique* at London; for the Comtesse de Sileira, the wife of the imperial ambassador, offered to put her hand upon my shoulder when I presented her my arm at a dinner party."

Sir [——] also said, with reference to Lord Chatham: "At that time, I thought his whole system, intellectual

and bodily, had undergone a change for the worse, and the splendour of his equipage, and the high aristocratic airs that he assumed, betokened a disorder in his judgment. On one occasion, when he came from Bath after a tedious fit of the gout, to appear in the House of Lords, he was detained some little time at Marlborough, where his bill at the inn amounted to upwards of a hundred pounds, from the extravagant number of his attendants, &c.; and he lived altogether in a style befitting a man of great estate; so that in a very few years all that had been given him by the folly of P[——] and the generosity of others, was wasted and destroyed, and he literally died a bankrupt, with six thousand a year, either from the public or from legacies, after having risen from a cornet of dragoons. He made a great exit," continued Sir [——], "and died in character. What a lucky speech for his family was his last in the House of Lords! I am persuaded, had not this accident cost him his life, he would have died out like an airy meteor, and left no trace behind him. Fortune, not prudence or foresight, regulates the affairs of this world. A man who for many years previously had been the execration of administration, and by no means the idol of opposition, was after his death held up, by desire of a King who would not employ him but by necessity, and he was buried with the funeral pomp of a Prince. A more opulent fortune also is bestowed upon his latest male posterity than even he himself enjoyed; and all this is scarcely thought enough!"

Sir [——] is a most entertaining companion, and though far advanced in years, is not the least aged in mind, and has a surprising memory. He repeated several verses of an old French song, on the subject of divination, which I took down in my note book.

This song was ascribed to the celebrated Duke de Choiseul, and performed with music at Chanteloup, in

derision of the famous Turgot (that truly excellent man) and his administration. The song has all the appearance of having been written by one who saw every event that should happen for eighteen years in France and in Europe; and if it had been a sacred orgie, would have been assumed as a proof of the divine authority of the religion in which it was employed. Perhaps you may have seen these verses, but I believe they are not generally known.

CHANSON

FAITE A CHANTELOUP PENDANT L'EXIL DE M. DE CHOISEUL, ET SOUS LE MINISTERE DE M. TURGOT, 1775.

Sur l'air, La bonne aventure, o gué!

1

Vivent tous nos beaux esprits
Encyclopédistes!
Du bonheur français épris,
Grands économistes!
Par leurs soins, au temps d'Adam,
Nous reviendrons, c'est leur plan,
Momus les assiste! o gué!
Momus les assiste!

2

Ce n'est pas de nos bouquins
Que vient la science;
En eux ces fiers paladins
Ont la sapience.
Les Colbert et les Sully
Vous paraissent grands, mais fi!
C'était ignorance, o gué
C'était ignorance!

3

On verra tous les états
Entr' eux se confondre.
Les pauvres sur leurs grabats,
Ne plus se morfondre.
Des biens l'on fera des lots
Qui rendront les gens égaux,
Le bel œuf à pondre !

4

Du même pas marcheront
Noblesse et roture ;
Les Français retourneront
Aux droits de nature.
Adieux parlemens et lois,
Et Ducs, et Princes, et Rois !
La bonne aventure, o gué !
La bonne aventure !

5

Plus de moines langoureux,
De plaintives nonnes,
Au lieu d'adresser aux cieux
Matines et nones,
Nous verrons ces malheureux
Danser, abjurant leurs vœux,
Galante chaconne, o gué
Galante chaconne.

6

Par les innovations,
De mainte séquelle,
La France, des nations
Sera le modèle ;
Et ces honneurs nous devrons
Aux Turgots et compagnons
Besogne immortelle ! o gué
Besogne immortelle.

7

A qui nous devrons le plus ?
C'est à notre maître,
Qui se croyant un abus,
Ne voudra plus l'être.
Ah ! qu'il faut aimer le bien,
Pour de Roi, n'être plus rien,
J'en verrais tout paître, o gué !
J'en verrais tout paître.

Sir [——] spoke with great enthusiasm of the late Lady Talbot of Barrington Park in Gloucestershire *—"Where," said he, "I sat till the little hours of the morning, with that pleasant old lady in my young days over Burgundy negus, and heard all her anecdotes of the court of George II., and looked at many of her father's secretary Cardonnel's letters to the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, which had been in the hands of Mallet the poet for the biography of the Duke. Lady Talbot once told me that she had frequently heard Queen Caroline talk with regret of her marriage with the Duke of Gordon having been prevented by the circumstance of his fortune being thought inadequate to her Dowager maintenance; and when her husband's infidelity chagrined her, she would say, "Oh that I had been at Fochabers with the poor Duke of Gordon, rather than have been a Queen with such a misfortune."

Sir [——] spoke with great kindness of the Princess of Wales, although he has a great *weakness* for the Prince. He said that he certainly thought Mr. Perceval had done the country harm, although he has an excellent private character, so moral and religious. Sir [——] thought Perceval would have been likely to have brought about a reconciliation between the Prince and Princess; at

* Mary, daughter and heiress of Adam de Cardonnel, married, 1733, William, 2nd Baron Talbot of Hensol.

least one that would have satisfied the public, and added to his popularity, of which the Regent stands in great need, for both he and Lord Yarmouth are just now the aversion of the mob, and cannot appear without being hissed.

Saturday, 12th.—To-day I received letters from England, one from [——], who is staying at Grimsthorpe Castle. She says:

I spent a fortnight at Thornsby. It was almost *retirement* when I first went; only Lord and Lady M[——], Mrs. P[——] and E[——] staid ten days on their way to Scotland. Lord M[——] is very old, and would much admire and amuse you, and tell you odd stories, that *you ought not to laugh at.* But he and Lady M[——] are goodness personified, and just the sort of people who ought to have a large fortune, not a farthing of which they spend in parade or ostentation, though they have every comfort and convenience, more for their friends than themselves, and pass their time in making and enjoying the comfort and happiness of all their dependents, servants, friends, and every living thing that surrounds them. Lady M[——] has lived a great deal in the world, and knows every body, yet has not a grain of vanity or pretension. She never had any beauty to *mislead her understanding* occasionally, and has no prejudices or narrow-mindedness. Mrs. P[——] is the most pleasant person I know in society; I am always partial to her whenever I am thrown in her way, and I have a very high opinion of her, as I believe her to be thoroughly good and worthy, and am convinced of the contrary of every thing the world may say against her. E[——] I think not much spoilt for a beauty, though I hear she is unpopular among the young ladies in London. Poor Lady B[——]y is very ill and is gone to Brighton for warm sea baths. She has invited me to join her there, which I shall do with pleasure, for I delight in her society, though I have no partiality for "that sink for the lees of dissipation," as you call Brighton. The royal death, which is daily expected, will surely make a great change in the Princess of Wales's situation. She will return, I should hope, instantly to England, and assume her

rightful position in society. People are already talking of what mourning will be worn for the poor dear old King, and some say it is to be *purple and grey*. Is not this an odd idea? I think it is quite disgusting to hear people speaking of their black, or whatever other coloured gowns they are to wear when this event takes place, before the breath is out of their sovereign's body. An honest breath it is, and I feel inclined to say—God re-animate it! for I do not see what benefit will accrue to the country by his death. The specimen his heir, the Regent, has given us of his character hitherto, does not promise us a very worthy monarch. This house is at present full of company. Mr. B[——], a pretty Mrs. L[——], Lord S[——], Mr. Neville, the dancing Mr. Montgomery, who plays on the clarionette, and does a variety of things and is agreeable, and sundry other *nonentities*, the dregs of the grandees who have been here. Greater magnificence was never seen than reigns throughout this castle. Servants and all dependents of the establishment are quite princely. But it is not the place to enjoy the society of the proprietors of the mansion, when they have such an abundance of visitors, to make the civil to; which the master here does more than any host ever did, and certainly makes himself a slave to his guests. But believe me, you would not find him spoilt by the world, if you had opportunities of knowing and living with him, as I *have* had;—but those days are past. *Au contraire*, you would find him more the sort of person to answer to you than any one I have ever known.

Did I ever tell you that a few days before the Princess of Wales left London, I went to pay my respects to Her Royal Highness? She was going out, and made me accompany her in her airing, and was very gracious. She is a pleasant creature, and I felt all my pity for her return. But oh! how madly she is behaving now! what a *provoking heroine* she is; for a heroine she certainly is. All you told me of the B[——]'s and H[——]'s conduct to her disgusted me. You need not say, "this world is full of meanness, hollowness, and froth": *je le sais trop bien;* not a soul does anything but for their interest or pleasure. In these days, royalty is not much the fashion to those who want nothing from it; and those who do, see no immediate prospect of the Princess having anything to give; and are quite ready to take part against her, at her

husband's nod or implied command. I hear that when the Prince offered her, two years ago, an additional allowance to her income, if she would leave England, she refused the proposition with the greatest indignation, and said she would only accept a proper situation and a habitation befitting his wife, and threw out a hint that she would like to live in Carlton House. But I cannot believe this; it is so at variance with her subsequent conduct. I was never more disgusted with the press, that organ of the public voice, than when, after the cities of London, Westminster, and all the other towns, voted her an address unanimously, the newspapers, after all the abuse of the "unfortunate," "ill-advised" "ill-judging" Princess,—that this same press, because they dared no longer strive against the stream, made Her Royal Highness, of a sudden, come out an angel, and the Douglases devils!

I am disgusted with the world, and with most persons in it. Selfishness is certainly the order of the day with all the world; and as to affection and friendship, unless you have something to *buy it with*, you may as well expect to find a diamond in the street: and truth I think about as rare as good nature and benevolence. And there you have my opinion of the world! (the present company, alias, writer and reader, always excepted.)

As to myself, I hope soon to emigrate to Italy. Your descriptions of Rome make me impatient to be there. I hope I may still find you a resident in that city; for I shrink from finding myself alone amongst strangers. There is a period of life when I think it quite impossible to form new affections or friendships, and I am fast approaching to that time.

How mean Lord C[holmondeley?] showed himself in that lawsuit! and what a noble contrast Mrs. D[amer]'s conduct was on that occasion! I hear Lady Waldegrave abuses her, and says she cheated her out of, and behaved very ill about, Strawberry Hill, and suppressed the papers from Lady W[——] and never had the least right to the place. But this was told me by Lady P[——], who puzzles every thing. By the way, she is quite an *anti*-Princess, and swears she is acquainted with a daughter of her Royal Highness, who lives at Durham! I have a great mind to set [——] at her. My dear,—I should just like to be a grandee, to have the

liberty of having an opinion which would be listened to, and which I think just as good as that of my betters.

There is a book advertised, called "Perjury and something else refuted, (or some such title,) by Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales," at full length. What can it mean? I think it below her dignity to publish, (not a *novel*, if it amuses her, and what an amusing book it would be!) but a book about herself; and yet they tell me nobody can dare to advertise a book in anybody's name. I suppose H[——] will see to it, and contradict the blockheads who will believe the catchpenny. There is no news afloat in London just now; so I will not add more than that,

I am yours, etc.

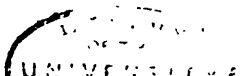
I went to the Rospigliosi Palace, which is situated on the Quirinal Hill. In a pavilion in the garden, on the ceiling of the first entrance hall, is the famous Aurora of Guido, so often copied, and so much spoken of; but copied and spoken of in vain; for till I saw the original, I knew not what it was. The poetry of this picture exalts the imagination; while gazing on it, we hail the coming day, and feel the freshness of the morning breezes. The fleetness of the coursers of the chariot are finely indicated by their manes blowing one way, together with the draperies, while the torch of Hesper blows the other. But in speaking of the advance of day, Dryden says that the chariot of the sun

> With winged speed outsteps the morning wind,
> And leaves the breezes of the morn behind.
>
> * * * * *
>
> Beauteous it is, that ray of running light,
> That beam of day unclouded and serene,
> That dancing sunbeam, emblem of delight!
> Which leaves no space for shade to intervene.

The collection of pictures in this palace is so small, that it hardly deserves the name; but there is one glorious Domenichino; the subject, David with Goliath's head.

From thence I went to Raphael's villa, vulgarly so called, because he painted some frescoes on its walls; but it belonged to the family of Mazarini. This villa is but a mean building; but it commands an exquisite view: St. Peter's, the long line of the Vatican, the back of the Villa Medicis, which stands on the Pincian Hill, and resembles the buildings so often seen in Claude's landscapes, and which is introduced purposely in that one from his pencil which is in the Florence gallery. All these objects form a picture, from wherever they are seen; and around the house there is a profusion of wild flowers. The fresh green grass was literally studded with violets and anemones. An old myrtle tree, whose thick and ancient stem justified the fancy I liked to indulge, has one perhaps which existed in the artist's time. I could have loitered away hours in this wild bower, which is well calculated to be that of its sister muse. There are two very lovely frescoes on the ceiling of one of the rooms, said to be from the pencil of Raphael. The subject of one of them is the marriage of Alexander and Roxana, the other a band of cupids shooting at a mark. There is a melancholy beauty in this little neglected spot; and were it not for that unseen demon the malaria, I could have wished to pass a summer there; but the pestilence is rife in that part of the suburbs. I dined at Lady W[——]'s. There were only Sir H. and Lady Davy, Mr. and Mrs. Dodwell, General Ramsay, and the Comte Korsakoff; and they were all particularly dull and silent.

Monday, 14*th*.—I went to be presented to the Pope in the sacristy at St. Peter's. He is a fine old man in his personal appearance, and has given proofs of more greatness of soul than most men in his conduct towards Bonaparte. Myself and several other English persons prostrated ourselves at his feet, and felt no degradation



by the homage. His countenance is very benign, and there is much of that calm in his expression, which is not of this world.

St. Peter's is a miraculous building. Like all truly beautiful things, I did not like its decorated walls at first, but the interest it excites grows upon the feelings. Its vastness, its gorgeous ornament, the temperature of the air, which resembles that of eternal spring, all these make it a place of an almost ideal character. It seems the creation of some blissful soul, framed in a moment of grateful admiration to the Deity, when all the light of heavenly love and glory shone forth, to impart the conception of a temple more perfect than man had ever conceived before. The mercies and not the terrors of the Lord reign here; Hope, and Faith, and Charity hang their golden lamps around, and shed down all that can enliven spiritual bliss in mortals.

From St. Peter's I went to see the Duchess of D[evonshire]. Heard the mellow tones of Madame R[——]'s divine voice, and talked to her husband. He appears gentle, and seems sensible; yet they do not convey to me the idea of living happily together. She is very unhappy, and more so I think than mere poverty could make her.—C[——] S[——] came in whilst I was there. She is transmogrified into an Italian, and married to General St. A[——]o. In her personal appearance she is improved; but it was very melancholy to me to think of her excellent father and mother, and the situation and advantages she had in England, moral and physical, being all resigned. I am not by any means a John Bull in the broad sense of the word, yet I did not spare her on this subject. Her calm determined mode of answering me, her apparent composure of happiness, offered a wonderful field for fancy to expatiate upon. I do not yet read her motives; but it is best now that they should not be changed.

I went with the Duchess to see Lawrence's magnificent portraits of the Pope and Cardinal Gonsalvi. They are his chefs-d'œuvre I think. The only English news I heard was, that Lord W[orcester]'s marriage with Miss F[itzroy] is certainly to take place. The Duchess said she heard his family are much displeased with him: and, added she, as he is not very wise, and as her family are very clever, it is supposed he has been taken in. However, I hear he appears to like her very much, and at the ball at D[evonshire] House, the night of the day of his arrival from Paris, he waltzed with her the whole of the evening. "By the way," said the Duchess, "there were two thousand persons asked to that ball." Lady C. P[——] was the great belle;—but I do not like such crowded parties, and do not understand others doing so.

On my return home I found a long letter from Madame D[——] from Naples.

Il me tardait bien, [——], d'apprendre votre arrivée à Rome. Tous les jours j'en attendais la nouvelle, et ne la voyant pas venir, j'imaginais que les présens avaient chassé les absens de votre souvenir. Vous m'avez tiré de cette erreur d'une manière très aimable. Tous les détails que vous me donnez m'intéressent beaucoup, et m'affligent en même temps. Chacun a ses soucis dans ce monde; et en parler n'est pas murmurer. Il était inutile, [——], d'alléguer cette raison pour excuser un épanchement que je regardais comme une preuve d'amitié. Vos sentimens sur les Français sont bien justes. Malheureusement les bons payent les fautes des mauvais. Parmi cette foule d'individus méprisables il y en a plusieurs de très respectables: j'ai appris à en connaître ici, qui me font souffrir de l'état d'humiliation où leur nation se trouve. Il est vrai que leur nombre n'est pas bien grand:—il se borne à la famille et à la mission du Comte de Blacas. En lisant ce nom vous allez jeter des hauts cris; mais seriezvous assez injuste pour laisser influencer votre opinion par celle d'un publique presque toujours partial? Et ne pardonnez-vous pas à un homme droit, plein de probité et d'honneur, de s'être oublié en passant rapidement de l'abîme

de l'adversité au plus haut point d'élévation, et d'avoir été fier avec des gens qu'il avait tout lieu de mépriser? Sa femme n'aura surement pas été enveloppée dans la haine qu'on a voué au mari. Elle est trop douce et trop bonne pour ne pas s'attirer la bienveillance générale. Tous les soirs je les vois, et leur société est ma plus grande ressource. La Princesse Grasalkowich aime trop le monde pour venir fréquemment chez moi. Cependant nous nous faisons des visites dans le courant de chaque semaine, et nous nous rencontrons aux bals. Votre ministre en donne des charmans (agrémens qui sont plus appréciés par d'autres que par moi). Je le trouve aimable, et le crois un bien digne et galant homme. J'espère que votre parlement ne sera pas assez injuste pour lui donner le tort dans sa conduite envers Lord W. Bentinck. Est-ce que vos droits tant vantés ne mettraient pas le juste à l'abri de la poursuite des puissants? On dit que le Duc de Portland s'agite beaucoup en faveur de son frère. S'il réussit je vous engage à ne me parler jamais de la bonté d'un gouvernement capable de porter des jugemens aussi uniques.

Mademoiselle M[——] passe sa vie presque chez la Comtesse T[——], une de mes compatriotes. Vous aurez sûrement entendu parler de la querelle qui est survenue à la suite de son séjour avec la Princesse de Galles à Como. Croyez-moi, [——], etc.

Tuesday, 15*th*.—Dined with Sir [——] who gave a dinner to the Duchess [——], and all the English ladies staying at Rome. There was general conversation at table;—there seldom is, where women are,—at least not what deserves the name of *conversation;* but in the evening I sat apart with our host, and was much entertained by him. He had this day received a letter from his friend, the great Mrs. Siddons, and in speaking of her, he told me his impression on seeing her on the stage for the first time. It was at Edinburgh, in the play of the Carmelite. "A poor play," said he, "conveying no sentiment of pity, terror, or moral reflection—the spawn of a vitiated taste; but affording an opportunity

to a wonderful actress to elevate, by her creative genius, the most insipid subject, and to put her unbounded popularity to the test of a discerning audience. When I became personally acquainted with Mrs. Siddons," he continued, "I asked how she felt when she ventured to alter the sleeping scene after the murder of Macbeth." She replied, that after having repeatedly studied the part with attention, and being convinced that she had followed nature in the mode of her performance, she acted the part without fear, in opposition to the opinion of the best judge. Young Sheridan, especially, remonstrated with her immediately before the performance of this play, on the force of custom and stage prejudice; advising her to give up the point;—but as soon as the scene had closed, he flew to congratulate her on its successful effect, and the applause of the best judges who were present. John Brown, the painter, asked her if she thought it necessary, in order to produce a stage effect on the audience, that the part should be acted above the truth of nature?—She paused a little, and then replied, "No, Sir, but undoubtedly up to nature in her highest colours: otherwise, except we performed to audiences composed of such persons as I have now the honour to be conversing with, the effect would not be bold enough in the boxes, nor even in the pit. But to you, Sir, who are a painter, a judge of paintings, I need not explain myself more particularly on this point."

"The second time I saw Mrs. Siddons act, was in the character of Margaret in the Earl of Warwick, and I thought her greater in that part; but the third time," continued Sir [——], "when I attended Miss Kemble's benefit, and saw her in the comic part of Lady Townly, I thought she would have done complete justice to the character, if she had not lowered it, with a view I suppose to deviate from the manner of Mrs. Yates, and Mrs. Abingdon; and there was a tone of pathos, which the

habit of high tragic performance gave to her voice, and which, as it could not be dispelled, but by leaving the buskin, more than the public or her own inclinations would permit, so I wished her never to lose it, although perhaps unsuited to the part. I meant to have seen her herself again, in Mrs. Beverley; but I staid too late at a dinner party, to go in time to the play, and I revolted at the thought of seeing her act the fine lady in the interlude of Æsop in the shades. Who would have wished to see Sir Isaac Newton auditing the accounts of the mint? or who would enter into the enjoyments of a catch or a glee sung by Lord Chief Justice Mansfield; a solo on the German flute by the King of Prussia; or a fandango danced by the Empress of Russia?"

I could not help laughing at the droll conclusion to Sir [——]'s remarks on Mrs. Siddons. When I asked him if the theatrical air and manner of speaking did not mar her powers of pleasing in private society, and had not often rendered her liable to the ridicule of persons far beneath her in every respect, he answered—"Oh! yes, frequently; I once heard her myself ask for the salad bowl, in a tone of voice, and with an emphasis on the personal pronoun, which made every body at table laugh. She said, 'Give *me* the bowl,' with a grandeur worthy of Lady Macbeth, but which sounded ridiculous when so applied." I further questioned Sir [——] as to her being vain. "Was she so, (I said,) to the inordinate degree of which she has been accused?" "Certainly," he replied, "she is aware of her unrivalled talent as an actress; and she has often betrayed that she is so, in a manner so simple, but so injudicious, that persons have been glad to seize upon the foible and magnify it tenfold; whereas Mrs. Siddons's knowledge of her own genius is as impartial an opinion as though she entertained it of some other individual than herself. Yet I must allow I have heard her express herself in a manner which I regretted for her

sake; knowing the injustice she did her own character by similar speeches; of which I remember one specimen which startled me, I confess, when I heard her give it utterance. A lady took her little girl with her one day, that she might be able to boast when she grew up that she had *seen* Mrs. Siddons; and the latter taking the child's hand, said in a slow and solemn tone of voice: 'Ah! my dear, you may well look at me, for you will never see my like again.'"

When Sir [——] told me this anecdote, I could not help shrugging my shoulders, and saying, it would have been better had Mrs. Siddons allowed some one else to make the remark; for although it was perfectly true, it came not well from her lips. The entrance of Lawrence the painter stopped our conversation for a moment or two; and Sir [——] shook his head as looking towards him, he said to me, "Ah, he knows more about Mrs. Siddons than any one." "So I should imagine," I replied. "Was she in love with him?" I asked. "Decidedly not," and added Sir [——], "no man ever behaved more cruelly to a woman than Sir Thomas did to Mrs. Siddons's daughter; the one that died of a broken heart on his account. There never was a greater male coquet than is our celebrated countryman yonder." I returned to Mrs. Siddons, and asked Sir [——] in what character he thought she excelled. His reply was,—"Without doubt in Lady Macbeth she far surpassed Mrs. Pritchard, (whom I had also seen perform the part, when I was a boy,) particularly in the scene preceding and following the murder of the King; and the sleeping scene of remorse, which was her own conception, was glorious. It was not fair, however, to compare these two great actresses together, because Mrs. Pritchard's figure was clumsy and wanted the dignity necessary for that lofty character."

Sir [——] told me, he was in great alarm for his friend the Duchess of G[ordo]n, who he had heard was seriously

indisposed.* "She is a good soul," he said, "and will be a great loss to the ungrateful world of fashion, who have profited by her brilliant assemblies, and been more nobly entertained under her roof than by almost any other lady of equal consequence in her time; yet it has laughed at the good Duchess, because she is not varnished over with the polish of refinement."

"But is Her Grace not *very* deficient in high breeding?" I asked.

"Never on essential points," was his reply; "for good-hearted feeling has always prompted her manners and speech; but rude and rough in dialect she was, especially on her first arrival in London after her marriage; as a well known reply of hers to George III. testifies. When he inquired how she liked London the Duchess answered, 'Not at all, your Majesty; for it is knock, knock, knock, all day; and friz, friz, friz, all night': alluding to the mode of dressing the hair in those days."

Wednesday, the 16th.—I received letters from England, one from Lady [——], a melancholy specimen of a disappointed mind. She has sought for happiness in pursuits which seldom answer. Of all the unsatisfactory modes of spending existence, that of a *toady* to people of higher rank and fashion than ourselves is the most so; and how a sensible, well informed gentlewoman like my correspondent could ever have become one of that species, I do not understand. Certainly it never failed more completely to any one than it has done to her; and her letter is a striking proof of the truth of the observation.

I have nothing [she says] to write of about myself. I lead a most unprofitable life, contrary equally to my pleasure and approbation; but only because it is less comfortless than any other I could substitute in its stead; and my life,

* She died April 11, 1812. This letter is misplaced chronologically like so many of the others.

will wear away in expecting to find a degree of comfort and happiness which every day makes appear more distant. I go about from "pillar to post," because it distracts more than amuses me, and because it is less disagreeable than remaining at home. I dine often with Lady W. G[——]; she seldom has any ladies beside ourselves. Her favourites are Lord H[——], Lord S[——] and Lord W[——], and the want of form in her house, both suit and divert me. The last drawing room and fête gave Miss G[——] the jaundice, and she looked very far from pretty with that disease; yet she would shew herself just as usual. Lady [——]'s conduct to me is of the same stamp as the Regent's; who, *à-propos de bottes*, picked me out, and for a series of years shewed me the most marked civility and kindness, without the smallest variation of manner; and I of course was as flattered and set up, as any person could be who had both their vanity and interest concerned in the affair:—when, for an equally mysterious reason, he tired of this, and much abated in his kindness; he chose, as they say in Scotland, to have the first word of *flyteing*—walks across a room, when he sees the Duke of C[——] asking me how I do—says, he had long thought I had been fond of himself, but now I have quite cut him, and never think of him—that I am very inconstant, but am wise to take a lover so much younger and handsomer than himself—and he makes over all his rights in me to his brother. I of course *grin* at this *royal wit*—tell His Royal Highness how much he had given me up, and how much I have regretted the honour being withdrawn from me. He replies, it is not true—that I *know* how inconstant I have been—and he makes me feel the joke in earnest by never looking at me again, and shewing me every marked mortification. Lady [——], on her part, after gradually withdrawing herself from a person who was never separated from her in all the most interesting and affecting moments of her life—who was her confidant in the most momentous scenes of her existence, and attended her husband's death-bed—situations that unite one more closely than any common worldly acquaintance, however intimate—now rarely sees or writes to me. Yet we have not quarrelled. I wish to heaven we had, for coolness between friends is worse than the most fierce wrath. I could bear it better than this unseen

spirit of unkindness and caprice dividing us. Yet I have no right to be angry with her; she has done me no wrong—she has broken no bond of faith or confidence with me; yet I am as bitterly disappointed, and feel, perhaps, a keener anguish than if she were my declared enemy. It is such a mortification to find a person one had looked up to as very superior, and very much more delightful than the rest of the world—on a par with their fellow beings in heartlessness; especially to prove that the creature we loved, and whom we had hoped loved us in return, did not care about us. It is so *provoking* to have wasted affection on an ungrateful object. Forgive me, my dear, for saying so much about my own feelings. Lady [——] would be glad if I wrote her long histories of news and gossip; but she displays no reciprocity of confidence; so our correspondence is gradually dying away. I wish it were quite at an end; for to write of the world—of *la pluie et le beau temps*—to a person who was used to tell you the smallest secret of their soul—it makes one feel so strange, so awkward. To write a common-place letter, in which the only forbidden subjects are the interests and feelings of the writer and the person they are addressing, is a wearisome and a heart-sickening task; and I should feel more at ease now, a great deal, with the old Queen in a *tête-à-tête*, than writing or being written to by Lady [——].

And now to other matters. You ask me if I ever remarked or thought about the Princess of Wales's letter to her husband? Of course I did. It was a subject on which every one spoke, and I heard it either abused or commended at the time of its appearance, just according to party; so few people are there that judge for themselves in the world. But every one, you must remember, on the occasion of the Princess's publishing that letter, agree in saying that Her Royal Highness did not write it; that she was only made the tool of a party. All the Prince's friends said it was written by Mr. Brougham; but as they chose to consider it "so horrid," she might have been the more obliged to them for taking it from her. I thought at the time, I remember, that all the letter said respecting herself, and the not being permitted to see her daughter, excellent; but that it was rather long, rather submissive, and rather too kind, which looked like insincerity.

Who could believe she can hope it will be a long time before her daughter reigns, or that she could be "His Royal Highness's *affectionately*" at the end? "*Toutes vérités ne sont pas bonnes à dire*"; but one need not go out of one's way to tell falsehoods; and from H. R. H. the flourish about *confirmation* could not come from the heart. But the violence with which some persons abused the letter *in toto*, rather made me defend it. This was not following the advice the poor Princess gave for me to you; but I had been too often disappointed to expect any good from the Regent; and I should have said what I thought to His Royal Highness himself, if he had asked me. I told Lady [——] my whole history with regard to his conduct to me the other day, in hopes that she might repeat it in an idle moment to Lord [——] and it might come round to his royal ears. I dare say it never will, but it was for my private satisfaction, as the Princess published her letter. Not that I have the least hope of redress from it; for the asking me to the next ball would be an expensive sort of retribution I should make nothing by. Should the opportunity, (which from all you tell me, I do not think likely,) ever occur of your being able to let the Priness know I never courted the Regent, and have no reason therefore to be "despised," I should be glad she knew it. No, on the contrary, it was he that made up to me. I never coaxed him half as much as I have done herself. I knew the Princess before I knew him; I thought Her Royal Highness in those days most fascinating and amusing; and she could have twisted me round her fingers if she had taken the trouble. But she never was to me more than *barely civil;* which she continued to be for some time in a uniform way. But lately, before His Royal Highness's departure for the continent, she ceased to be even that. But she was entitled to leave off civility towards me; for she never took me in by a show of regard and approbation. If the Princess calls courting people asking things from them for dire necessity, she may remember Lady [——] made an application about me to herself;—a great exertion on Lady [——]'s part, who hates to ask favours and be refused. I was ready faithfully and honestly to have served any body that chose to have me; but am certainly most obliged to the person who never raised false hopes in my mind. Now I may say, blessed are they

who expect nothing, for they cannot be disappointed! If the Prince or Princess were to take me to their bosoms, and give me the greatest place they could command, so certain am I of never enjoying any pleasure or blessing in this world, that I should be convinced they would die the next day after bestowing it, and I be dismissed by the opposite party. So *en noir* do I see every thing, that no piece of good fortune could befal me that I could believe was anything but a deceit. And now I will release you from this sad and stupid letter, and remain

Yours &c.

After perusing the above, I certainly did feel inclined to wish my poor friend would not inflict such long and melancholy epistles upon me, for they give one the *blue devils*, and impart some of their sombre and dissatisfied spirit to one self. Yet I blame myself for encouraging this aversion to hearing what is disagreeable or melancholy, for there is nothing which renders a character so useless and worthless as encouraging a morbid sensitiveness; it is the business of life to suffer

> The tenderness for other's pain,
> Their feeling for their own.

I was glad when Sir [——] came and changed the current of my thoughts, and we had a most agreeable walk and conversation together. We met Torlonia the banker, which brought to Sir [——]'s recollection an anecdote, highly characteristic of the nature of that worthy citizen. At the time of the first French revolution, it is said he discovered an old guillotine, which he sold for a good price, and which was the commencement of his wealth. It was a ludicrous, and at the same time, a horrible basis to build up a fortune by. Sir [——] knows a story about every one, yet he never tells an ill-natured anecdote in an ill-natured manner. I paid him the compliment of making this observation to himself, and he was both pleased and amused with my saying so, for he had

happened that very day to receive the same commendation in a letter from England, from Lady C. L[amb], which he pulled out of his pocket and showed me. It is a strange specimen of that strange person's epistolary style. Sir [——] is exceedingly partial to Lady C. L[amb], and thinks her both amiable and clever, though eccentric. I asked him to let me have a copy of the letter in question, to put into my collection of court correspondence, and he allowed me to have the original.

Copy of LADY C. L[AM]B'S *Letter to* SIR [————].

You end your letter by a question, and I begin mine by an answer. You say: "Are you ill-natured?" No heart ever was nobler, kinder, better; and that God may bless you and yours is all I have to say.

Ever most truly yours,
(Though we seldom meet,)
C. L[AM]B.

I inquired of Sir [——] if he thought Lady C. L[amb] merited the abuse of which the world had been so lavish. He replied, "No, but she has been most imprudent, and she is eccentric. Misdemeanours are never forgiven by the world, though very often actual crimes are suffered to pass without reprehension. As in the case of the Princess of Wales, it is more likely to be a whim that will betray her into the hands of her enemies, than any deed of sin or shame."

ROME, *January* 1, 1816.

Since I last wrote in my journal, I have been on excursions to the environs of the city, which have afforded me great delight.

I received yesterday several letters from England; all of them containing kind congratulations on the new year; but some of them conveying to me melancholy tidings; especially one from Lady A[——], who says,

You are right, in my mind, to continue in a warm climate, I wish I did not feel certain that having once enjoyed it you will never wish to come to this *freezing world again.* I own I know no charm England possesses, or at least, the *fine world* of England. To me it is a desert. The few I meet and like at all are foreigners. To be much sought after in London, you must keep open house, have great spirits, and youth. Now the two latter I have lost; and the great house I find useless; for misfortune upon misfortune pursues us, and we are not sure from day to day what is to happen. Poor H[——]'s state is without hope, though he may go on living these two months; and the anguish of seeing a being one loves wasting by slow degrees, is too much for any one to endure. Added to that, I am obliged to go out with [——] whose age makes it proper to have her see and be seen; and, as her poor mother may linger for months, this unfortunate event may not take place till the end of the year, when, of course, she could not go out; so that if she is not presented this year, she may not till late in the next. Besides, I am really fearful that her spirits will suffer, it she has not a little amusement. She has not, for these five years, witnessed any thing but misery. She is very handsome and much admired. I cannot tell you how my feelings revolt against going into the world under these circumstances; but do not make me any reply on the subject when you write.

Another letter from Sir W. Gell made me laugh in spite of myself, though after reading the former, I was ill able to enjoy the sunshine of his happy temperament. What a blessing it is to a person to be possessed of a good-humoured disposition! It lightens sorrow, and adds to joy. It is most praiseworthy and delightful to see how in this instance it enables Sir William to combat against the oppression of ill health, and to maintain a cheerful demeanour under his many trials. He writes from Bologna.

BOLOGNA, *December 27.*

MY DEAR——,—To a person of my romantic turn *réduit* by *di dizette* * of legs, and now of arms, to the fireside, it is a

* An humble imitation of our royal lady's orthography. [Original note.]

great comfort to have escaped from that land of wine, houses and carts, and wooden shoes, and neckless children, and to find myself once more in Italy, and to be able to leave my painful hind leg or arm for a moment out of bed, without finding it frost bitten. France, and the passage through it, entirely frozen up, and without sun for five days, seems as if it had settled my opinion for ever on the subject of the pleasures of the other side of the Alps; and the horror I have of your Apennines prevents my passing through Rome, which I should like to do, that I might see you and the [——]. But perhaps they also are not there.

Well, I hope you will remember how long I have threatened you with its *"oll"* coming out on the trial. The [——] never would believe it; but you must all be tried some day or other, and I don't see how you could have had it in merrier company; for I will answer for it, ours was much the gayest party during the whole progress of the royal tour. Indeed we laughed so loud sometimes that it was said to have disturbed the house. I conclude you will have seen my Lady C[——], who may not have given you so gay an account. But I was present in person till I fell ill, and was turned off as useless. The fact is, that for six weeks I was obliged to be in bed or in the fire, and Doctor H[olland] fairly had me carried to a chaise and packed off, which has recovered me in a great degree, so as possibly to enable me to drag through another year or two in this world with difficulty; when I shall confess my sins to you, die a good christian, and be buried in a pink velvet dressing gown, and a gold-fringed night-cap, like Sir Brooke Boothby.

C[——], not being ill, was left in London, a weeping beauty, but expects to get off after going in procession to St. Paul's, and singing a *Te Deum Laudamus*, or as she calls it a *Tedium* for *Laudanum*—for deliverance from all your enemies.

I will trouble you for that, ma'am, with a grand Lord Mayor's procession. Marry, come up! we don't intend to take things as we have done. A short life and a merry one is the motto now; for the Ministers have set up the Radicals and pulled down the Lords by their own consent, and the King now, good man, denies it all, and says, what rascals they are, for he never can keep them out of a scrape! You know, however, when you have got the game at Pope Joan

in your hands, if you cannot remember what are stops you may yet lose it. They say, they have no hope, however, but in provoking her to an act of high treason. But some of their own people tell me, that if they should, she is strong enough to say openly, "No, I did not do so, but I now will."

Was there ever such a set of idiots!—My letters to-day here say there is more general enthusiasm than ever—stronger addresses, and counties joining. Cra. [Craven] says his cousin of Buckingham has been nearly smothered with mud in his own borough. The Bishop of Landaff, who spoke against the divorce, and then voted for it, has been well rolled in the mud, &c., &c., &c. Lord, ma'am, vat vicked times does ve poor folks live in! Never vas sich times to be sure! I am quite sorry I don't see you, particularly as I dare say you will soon think it your duty to go and pray three times as much as you now do for a rheumatism in England. Adieu. Believe me

Most truly and affectionately yours,

EDMUND IRONSIDE.

I visited Lady W[——]. She was very much engrossed by some English news, which she had just received about Princess Charlotte's intended marriage with Prince Leopold. Her correspondent abuses the alliance, and throws out many dark hints against the bridegroom; she even goes so far as to say that he has promised, if not fulfilled, another matrimonial engagement already; and also that many persons think the Prince is only turned Protestant to obtain Princess Charlotte's hand. If these things are so, it is very melancholy. Lady W[——] told me she knew for certain, that the Regent had wished for another alliance, namely, with the Prince of Orange; chiefly because he had promised to go hand in hand with him against the Princess of Wales. This coming round to the young Princess's knowledge, she peremptorily refused ever to hear his name proposed to her as a husband. "She is very much in love with Prince Leopold," * said

* She said to Mme. de Boigne: "You are right; it is an unusual sight to see the heiress to a kingdom making a love match and giving

Lady W[——] "and I think it will be a happy marriage." Prince Leopold, it is reported, has promised to befriend and support his bride's mother. I hope it may be so, and that he will fulfil his promises; but a crown in the distance will make a man vow many things which, when he wears that crown, he will not perform.

Lady W[——] spoke of Doctor Nott in high terms and thinks he conducted himself with regard to his royal charge with great discretion.

Lady C[——] hints that Mr. Brougham intends to restrict the Princess of Wales to thirty thousand pounds, and to employ the remainder in paying the debts; and that the salaries of all her attendants must be diminished. Lady C[——] says she told him how herself and Lady C. Campbell were situated, and only desired him to do what he considered to be most just and equitable by all the household. He has a difficult task to perform, and she says he probably thinks that if he bears too hard upon her income, the Princess may do what she did before, viz., supersede the power of attorney and throw it all into more complaisant hands, which would ruin all the creditors though it would relieve Brougham of much trouble and vexation.

"How I do wish," Lady [——] continues in her letter, "that we could do as well without our salaries as we can without our Court duties! with what joy would we resign them! I have lately received letters from my mother from Milan. She had dined once with her Royal Highness at Como, and once at Milan. I am sorry to say the accounts of the style of her attendants is very unfavourable."

her hand where her heart is already pledged. Perfect happiness is by no means common, and I shall be delighted if you will often come and observe it at Claremont." . . . "She never missed an opportunity of displaying her opposition to her father's Government, and her personal hostility to her grandmother and aunts. She professed a warm affection for her mother, whom she regarded as sacrificed to the desires of her family." [Memoirs, ii. 130.]

UNIVERSITY

I dined with Sir [——]. In speaking of Adam Smith, with whom he was intimately acquainted, he said, that notwithstanding his great superiority of mind, he had his weaknesses, but that they were the weaknesses of a learned and a good man—a man more conversant with books than what is commonly called "the world." Sir [——] added that Smith's mother, who was a most superior woman, impressed the Doctor's mind, when a boy, with the most correct and exalted principles of conduct, which he retained and improved to a degree exceedingly uncommon. He was always of Doctor Young, the poet's opinion, that high worth was an elevated place—that it made more than monarchs can make—an honest man. "I never," continued Sir [——], "knew a man more amiable in this respect than Smith; but when he met with honest men whom he liked, and who courted him, he would believe almost any thing they said. The three great avenues to Smith were his mother, his books, and his political opinions. The conquest of him was easy through any of these channels; and this came to be very soon known to the dolphins that played in the waters where sailed this great navigator in literature. He approached," Sir [——], observed, "to republicanism in his political principles, and considered a common-wealth as the platform for a good government; hereditary succession in the chief magistrate being necessary only to prevent the common-wealth from being shaken by ambition, or absolute power being introduced by the collision of contending parties. Yet Pitt and Dundas praised his books, and adopted some of its principles in Parliament; and they sent him down from London, on his last visit, a Tory and a Pittite, instead of a Whig and a Foxite, as he was when he set out. By and bye," Sir [——] said, "the impression wore off, and his former sentiments returned, but unconnected either with Pitt or Fox, or any one else. I saw Adam Smith for the last

time, in the February that preceded his death. I said, on taking leave of him, that I hoped to see him often when I returned to town in the ensuing year; in reply to which, he squeezed my hand and said, 'I may be alive then, and perhaps for half a dozen years to come, but you will never see your old friend any more. I find that the machine is breaking down, so that I shall be little better than a mummy.' I found a great inclination to visit him when I heard of his last illness, but the mummy stared me in the face, and I desisted."

Sir [——] continued to say, "Smith's misplaced affection for Hume and others of his caste hindered him, I believe, from being a Christian. From the same foible I have already described, he had no ear for music, nor any just perception of the sublime or the beautiful in poetry. He was too much of a geometrician to have much taste in the fine arts, though he had the justest perception of moral beauty and excellence. He was replete with anecdotes, and a highly amusing companion. One anecdote, I remember, he told me of Dr. Johnson, of whom Smith entertained a very contemptuous opinion. 'I have seen that creature,' said he, 'bolt up in the midst of a mixed company, and without any previous notice, fall upon his knees behind a chair, repeat the Lord's Prayer, and then resume his seat at the table. He has played this freak over and over, perhaps five or six times in the course of an evening. It was not,' Smith observed, 'hypocrisy, but madness.' Though an honest man himself, he was always patronizing scoundrels. Savage, for instance, whom he so loudly praises, was a worthless fellow. His pension of fifty pounds never lasted him longer than a few days. As a sample of his economy, you may take a circumstance that Johnson himself once told Adam Smith. It was, at that period, fashionable to wear scarlet cloaks, trimmed with gold lace, and the Doctor met him one day, just after he had received his

pension, with one of these cloaks upon his back, while, at the same time, his naked toes were breaking through his shoes."

Adam Smith, Sir [——] informed me, was no admirer of the Rambler or the Idler, but was pleased with the pamphlet respecting the Falkland Islands, as it displayed in such forcible language, the madness of modern wars. Of Swift, he made frequent and honourable mention, and regarded him, both in style and sentiment, as a pattern of correctness. He often quoted some of the short poetical addresses to Stella, and was particularly pleased with the couplet,

> Say Stella,—feel you no content,
> Reflecting on a life well-spent ?

Smith had an invincible dislike to blank verse, Milton's only excepted. "They do well," said he, "to call it blank, for blank it is." Beattie's Minstrel he would not allow to be called a poem ; for he said it had no plan, beginning or end. He did not much admire Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," but preferred the "Pastor Fido," of which he spoke with rapture.

Sir [——] is a very amusing person to converse with. He is quite like an old chronicle, so full of curious anecdotes.

In the evening, I visited Lady [——]. She is also an amusing person in her way ; but she is quite a woman of the world. Yet I think she has preserved more feeling tha n peoplewho have lived so entirely for society generally possess. We talked a great deal of our poor friend, Lady E[——], and Lady [——] said she thought the portrait of Imogen, in the Novice of St. Dominic, was a fac-simile of her character, and not at all a flattered portrait ; that it had always appeared to her wonderful how the authoress of that novel should have so correctly pourtrayed Lady E[——] without knowing her ; "for,"

continued Lady [——], "she was unique in charm and worth, and folly, as regarded the wisdom of this world."

Lady [——] and myself then discussed the merit of Miss Owenson, and agreed, as I believe most people do, in thinking her a very extraordinary woman, with genius of a very high stamp. When I told Lady [——] I had never read the Novice of St. Dominic, she was much surprised, and said, "Read it without delay, for the enthusiasm and exquisite sentiments which are conspicuous throughout the whole work, will enchant you. It is a most fascinating book. Perhaps you will find the half of the first volume heavy, and the language, though beautiful in parts, inflated. But I greatly prefer Imogen to the super-human Corinne, whose character, though pleasing as a whole, is not always natural or consistent."

Lady [——] spoke of the late Duchess of D[evonshire] and said, "Poor thing, with all her faults, she was very ardently loved by her friends, who severely felt her loss. Among them none were more sincerely affected than the Prince of Wales. The Duke cried bitterly and incessantly for a week before her death, and apparently felt much sorrow on her account. Her friend, Lady E[lizabeth] F[oster], was her constant nurse, and was also said to be in great grief. The Duchess, to the last moment, expressed the warmest attachment for her, and Lady E[lizabeth] said she never could believe the scandalous stories told of the reason of their friendship. The Duchess was attended by almost all the physicians in London; but she had an accumulation of disorders, liver complaint, &c. The immediate cause of her death, however, was a fever, and this fever, Lady [——] said, was brought on, she believed, by the vexation and agitation of mind caused by a novel published a short time before her death. A character was introduced in it, supposed to be meant for the Duchess, and who is made to swindle

and do all sorts of dishonourable actions; at the same time, suffering deep remorse, and struggling against amiable feelings and much natural sensibility. It was astonishing, how, in consequence of the report of this novel having hastened her death, it was universally read, and with the greatest avidity. Lady [——] added that her debts were immense, and she suffered the most dreadful agitations from a constant fear of discovery, and the many exigencies she was driven to.

Lady [——] read me a letter she had received to-day from England, in which, her correspondent says,

> I hear the Prince has been in the greatest rage, and desired Lord Liverpool to go and announce the sittings about a divorce in the House of Lords; which Lord L[iverpool] refused to do—declared, in the first place, that it was impossible—secondly, that it would cost themselves their places, and perhaps the Prince, his; and he has been, it is said, obliged to give it up, and there is nothing publicly to be done at all against the Princess. So if the book comes out, it will be by the sanction of the Princess, I suppose, as the other will think it better to stop it; but how that will be I know not. I wish, as we all do, that the Princess of Wales would act more wisely; but I fear that is a useless wish. How foolish she was in England, in the choice of her associates. The B[urdetts] and Oxfords are so much despised in this country, by both sides in a political sense, that no one can have any credit in associating with them. As to her last letter, the Prince's friends never will say what they think of it, and they all swear they know Mr. Brougham wrote it. I am sure he did not compose the whole of it. It is much more like a woman's writing than a man's, and has some bad English in it, and expressions nobody but a woman would use.

This letter told me no news, and Lady [——] and I agreed there was no hope of matters ever mending between the ill-matched royal couple.

Lady [——] is very anxious her friend, Lady [——],

should leave the Princess of Wales's service. I told her I did not think it signified, for that lady's character was so irreproachable, she could venture to live with persons with whom others, of less perfect reputations, would not dare to associate; and that the pecuniary advantage of the salary was a matter of great importance to Lady [——]. "Aye, very true, my dear," replied she: "but the world blames her for doing so, and I have latterly heard several persons express their surprise at her continuing to live with the Princess of Wales."

I replied again, that after all, nothing had been *proved* against H. R. H.,—that I, for one, felt certain she had, by imprudence, often incurred abuse which she did not deserve—and that, considering how many persons of doubtful character were generally received and courted in society, as long as no public disgrace fell upon the Princess, she ought to be considered at least on a par with the numerous instances amongst her own sex, of whom we entertain doubts, but not knowing facts against them, we forbear from condemning; and that it was very unamiable in people to cut the Princess of Wales, only because her husband did not support her, and to try to gain his favour by treating her with indignity and unkindness."

"That is all very true," answered my worldly friend; "but it is requisite to mind what the world says; it does not do to run counter to its established rules; even though they may be unjust, they must be obeyed."

I differed totally from this doctrine, and feeling inclined to become angry, I changed the subject, and we next spoke of Lord M[——]'s return. Lady [——], I think immediately praised him, saying he had such a thinking mind, so original and unlike other young men. His wife, Lady M[——], is very sick and miserable looking, and so shy, I have never been able to converse with her.

In a letter from [——], she informs me,

I saw Lady W[——] in her chair, making a great moaning about the drawing-rooms and balls; for her vanity keeps pace with her indolence, and she gives herself much trouble about her dress.

Lady S[——] S[——] is going to be married to Mr. L[ygo]n. I cannot imagine how he thinks of her or she of him, for he is very ugly. Miss B[——]e is also to be married to Mr. P[atrick] M[urra]y.

Lord K[innair]d is selling off his house, furniture, and every thing belonging to him. Mr. Vaughan and Lady Portarlington are dead. "Thus wears the world away."

I was sorry to hear the latter was gone; for we have lived together, and liked each other sincerely, I believe. I think you know Mrs. Cunliffe. I hear she sings ballads so beautifully, it is enough to turn people's heads, and makes them dissolve in tears. It is a talent more rare, and as powerful as Mrs. Siddons's, of moving and melting people. Did you ever hear Mrs. C[——] sing?

[——] was charmed with her visit to Lord and Lady D[udley]. Their home is such a beautiful picture of domestic felicity. I wish [——] could realise such another. Oh! that she was married to Lord W. S [——]r. She is fond of lords. She has often told me she would not marry any man who was not of a higher rank than herself. Now for a woman who analyses the real worth of things, that is such a strange sentiment; since what more is there in the enjoyment of high rank than the gratification of vanity? Even the homage rank receives cannot be attributed to its own merits, or to a preference which the individuals themselves or their good qualities inspire, but to an adventitious circumstance, that gratifies the vanity of their acquaintances, but for which they do not really love or value the possessor. It gave you, for instance, no pleasure to trot round [——] with H. R. H. of [——]; on the contrary, it spoilt the amusement and pleasure you might have had;—although many a one would have found the idea of self so magnified by the ideal honour, it would have been more gratifying than all the fun in the world.

Lady Georgiana Buckley and her daughter are here. They are great beauties, and far different from Lady Matilda Wynyard, who is like an isicle. Ever since your departure

from England, *the young lady* has remained under the guard of three old women, and is now removed to the country house,* near Windsor. Except Miss M[ercer], who was allowed to go to her, she has seen none of her friends. I hear her mother wrote to her only a kind letter of inquiry, which had no notice taken of it, and on a second being written to one of the guardian ladies, the answer was returned, that she was "pretty well."

There is a great fête at Carlton House to-morrow—a ball to which all the fine world are invited; but Princess Charlotte does not return from the country to attend it, H.R.H. being, they say, too ill to dance.

The Duke of Sussex, last night, in the House of Lords, made a foolish motion about her, which can answer no end: or rather, he gave notice of one he intends to bring forward on Friday, as the ministers would answer none of his questions.

Lord Cochrane's sentence, so far as the pillory is concerned, is remitted as a favour; not that he is supposed to be more innocent; and he is again returned for Westminster.

Emily P[ole] † is going to marry Lord F. S[omerset] and becomes a resident at Paris, as he is Duke of Wellington's secretary.

The fête given by the Generals was very fine.

Lord Morton ‡ is going to be married to a Miss Buller. This event will be a great disappointment to Lady H[amilton ?]'s family, who thought themselves sure of the succession.

I never saw the Princess of Wales after you left London; some persons who dined with her told me that she was in wretched bad spirits before her departure.

I hope Lord M[——] has been, or is, at Rome, as he will be quite a person after your own heart. He reads more, and has more genius, and unlikeness to other people, than any person I know,

Now that the Princess is gone, all the Opposition abuse her for leaving England; though I believe many of them prayed her to do so. But they were divided in their opinions

* Cranborne Lodge.

† Daughter of William, 1st Lord Maryborough, married, 1814, Lord Fitzroy Somerset.

‡ George, 16th Earl.

amongst themselves, and some of them wished to keep her at home, to make a cat's paw of her. I think they have done her much more harm than any of her enemies have, by making her give up the £15,000 a year. Were I her, I never should forgive them. She has, I am sorry to hear, lost Mr. C[raven], who was such an agreeable and reputable chamberlain for her. Princess Charlotte is still in the same situation, with her old ladies guarding her at Cranbourne Lodge. The Duke of Cumberland is married to the Princess of Salms [*sic*—Solms]. I never knew till lately that she was the Prince's kinswoman.*

Lady Barbara Ashley is married to William Ponsonby—a very great marriage for him. The Jerseys and Seftons are at Paris. The Duc de Berri came over to invite the Regent to make a visit to Paris; but he found he could not leave the country without an act of Parliament.

I send you some verses written by Lord M[elbourn]e, better known to you as William L[amb], which will please you I think. And now, adieu for the present.

Ever yours &c.

VERSES

BY THE HONOURABLE W. L[AM]B WRITTEN IN 1797.

A year has pass'd since, oh! my friendship's choice,
I saw thy countenance or heard thy voice;
A year has pass d, yet scarce a day I view,
But what that day, my friend, I think on you—
Think on thy talents, on thy virtues more
And hope that time has added to their store.
With eye prophetic through the veil of time,
In honour firm, in sentiment sublime,
A rising patriot youth o'erjoyed I see,
And glory to behold that youth in thee.
Proud to anticipate thy future fame,
And pleased to call thee by a private name,
Hoping that I thy friend may have thy praise,
And catch some gleam of splendour from thy blaze.
A year has pass'd—a year of grief and joy—
Since first we threw aside the name of boy,

* She was his first cousin, being one of Queen Charlotte's nieces and *née* Princess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

That name which in some future hour of gloom,
We shall with sighs regret we can't resume.
Unknown this life, unknown Fate's numerous shares
We launched into this world, and all its cares;
Those cares whose pangs, before a year was past,
I felt and feel, they will not be the last.
But then we hailed fair freedom's brightening morn,
And threw aside the yoke we long had borne;
Exulted in the raptures thought can give,
And said alone, we then began to live;
With wanton fancy, painted pleasure's charms,
Wine's liberal powers, and beauty's folding arms,
Expected joys would spring beneath our feet,
And never thought of griefs we were to meet.
Ah! soon, too soon is all the truth displayed,
Too soon appears this scene of light and shade!
We find that those who every transport know,
In full proportion taste of every woe;
That every moment new misfortune rears;
That, somewhere, every hour's an hour of tears.
The work of wretchedness is never done,
And misery's sigh extends with every sun.
Well is it if, when dawning manhood smiled
We did not quite forget the simple child;
If, when we lost that name, we did not part
From some more glowing virtue of the heart;
From kind benevolence, from faithful truth,
The generous candour of believing youth,
From that soft spirit which men weakness call,
That lists to every tale, and trusts them all,
To the warm fire of these how poor and dead
Are all the cold endowments of the head.
Happy 'twill be if interested man
Instruct not *us* upon his general plan;
If chilling prudence, and suspicious age,
If fortune favours, or if Fortune rage,
Succeed not. (Oh! may I withstand)
To freeze the breast, and close the liberal hand,
To dry those eyes whence pity used to flow,
Suppress the sighs that sympathise with woe,
Teach us to spurn those, Fate from high has hurled,
With all the barbarous knowledge of the world.

January 3rd 1816.—I received a letter from [——] who had been visiting the Duchess of Y[ork]'s friend, who in speaking of her, said, "The Duchess was very ill received at Carlton House, on account of her still continuing to visit the Princess of Wales; but she always maintained her determination to do so nevertheless,—saying she had visited the Princess once a year, and she saw no reason for making a change." I think she was quite right. But what effect power has! people are afraid of *appearing* to belong to the opposite party, when it is the oppressed. "I should rather be vain [says my correspondent] of doing so, and on the contrary, ashamed of courting the rising sun; it would look so like mere self interest."

Miss J[ohnston]e, the concert giver, is going to marry Count St. A[ntoni]o! she has got 40,000 pounds. They say he is going to become an Englishman, which he thinks, I suppose, he will find more profitable than being an Italian Conte.

I went to see Lawrence's pictures. I think he is the first portrait painter in the world. The picture of Lord Wellington, between Platoff and Blucher, is splendid. I saw Lord W[——] himself yesterday, bearing the sword of state at the House of Lords, and heard the Regent dismiss the Parliament. He looked very well, and was magnificently dressed, but I think the Duke of Kent is the handsomest of the brothers.

The Prince Regent left town last night. He has been so much hissed by the mob, he is quite disgusted; and the old Queen also, in going to her last drawing-room, was hissed and reviled, and the people asked her what she had done with the Princess Charlotte. They stopped her chair, and she put down the glass, and said, "I am seventy-two years of age—I have been fifty-two years Queen of England, and I never was hissed by a mob before." So they let her pass on, without further molestation.

The Regent sent several aid-de-camps to attend her majesty: she would not permit them to do so, but desired them to go back to Carlton House. They replied they could not, for that they were ordered by the Prince to see Her Majesty safe to Buckingham House. She said,—"You have felt Carlton House at his orders—return there at mine, or I will leave my chair, and go home on foot;" so they left her. There was something like coolness and magnanimity displayed on this occasion.

I never hear now from dear [——]. Our friendship, without correspondence, is decaying, and I do not like such things to decay, but they do so very fast in this world.

Pray write to me soon. Of course you have heard of Miss P[ole]'s marriage to Lord F. Somerset; they say there never were people so much in love. The only other marriage on the *tapis* is Miss F[itzroy]'s, to Lord W[orcester]. I admire her; I think she has a better manner than most *Misses*. What a sweet creature Mrs. G[——] is! I have seen nothing like her.

I have been living lately a good deal with Lady B[——] and her daughters, especially Lady [——], who draws better than any artist known to fame in the present day; from imagination too! and with a spirit and boldness and taste that are quite astonishing. She has lately executed some drawings from the Lay of the Last Minstrel; and when she sent for Mr. Scott, to show them to him, he pronounced them to be very fine; but she was very disappointed at his manner of praising them, and says he evidently does not understand drawing. She also sang to him the Boat song in the Lady of the Lake. She has a good voice, and it suited the wildness of the air, and they said Walter Scott wept; I did not look at him, otherwise I would have flown to catch his tear, and exclaimed,—"O to chrystalize this treasure," &c. It was quite a sublime scene. I have the most profound

respect for Mr. Scott I ever had for any person. A man who conceives such elevated and tender thoughts, and expresses them in undying language, is more deserving of this sentence than any body one can meet. I could not help thinking it was a pity that people of such sublime genius in poetry, painting, and music, were not more sightly; for Lady [——] was never pretty; and she has become crooked, and her figure all going here and there. But there is something I think graceful in Walter Scott's hitch; it would be a pity he should walk like any body else. I am sorry I can find no other expression in his face save good nature.

I cannot resist sending you a note I received to-day from Lady C[aroline] L[amb], for I am certain it will make you laugh.

I wish you would come early on Thursday, and bring with you a few agreeable people, as I fear you will not know one of those whom you will meet here. They are most of them artists, writers, and musicians. You are well aware that these sort of people are not always agreeable, but vulgar, quaint, affected, and formal. Still I feel indebted to them, as they have one and all received me with kindness, when sent away from [——] House; and if their manners are not quite pleasing, they are in their various ways clever, and many of them good. The following is the list of their names and ages.

Ever yours, &c.

Miss Spence	aged 56
Miss B[——]	„ 48
Miss Landon	„ 18
Miss Wheeler	„ 17
Mr. Hall	any age
Mr. Bishop	„ 40
Mr. T. K. Hervey	„ 20
Mr. Browning	„ 100

In the evening I visited Sir [——], he amused me as he always does by his conversation, which is full of entertainment and information, though generally of

the olden time. In the year 1766, he said, when Pitt went up to London on his grand popular errand of opposing that very strange act which he had deliberately permitted to pass through the House of Commons without any opposition, I was very desirous of hearing his speech, the heads of which he had stated frequently to me in conversation, and even repeated the *Ipsissima ardentia verba*, of his peroration,

> Be to her faults a little blind,
> Be to her virtues very kind.

I went therefore to the House of Commons, and sat below the gallery, on the side of the Opposition, that I might observe all the stage tricks, that that strange man would exhibit when he made his appearance. He had only arrived in town the night before the debates, and when he entered, after having made his bow to the chair, he walked along covered, and with a stern and haughty look eyed George Grenville, and the heads of the secret cabinets of St. James's, and South Audley Street.* It was late when he arrived, and the debate had been purposely delayed until he should come. Nothing could be better managed than the whole of this famous oration; but it was full of that art in mountebankism which his second son inherited; and this mountebankism was in some parts very visible. In every other respect, it would have done no discredit to Cicero; his dignity of manner, his pauses, his modest respect to the galleries, and his proud contumely towards his eminent opponents; —his kind but overbearing politeness to Conway and the ministers; in short the whole of it *well practised at the looking glass*, was all-powerful in the circle. Neither had the system of corruption in the senate—the *master piece* of the *reign*—been then so perfectly matured as to prevent his oration from having an effect on the sentiments of the house. I believe (from what I know)

* Lord Bute's town residence.

that above a score of members were gained, by the power of his eloquence alone! an extraordinary assertion, but which after mature consideration, I repeat. Lord Shelburne, now Marquis of Lansdowne, was the only man of great property and abilities with whom Pitt was in the habit of friendship, and he appeared to me a much more proper person for Pitt to bring to the head of the Treasury, than the Duke of Grafton. But Pitt was forced to make the best bargain he could with Bute and the King's party, and they were averse from bringing in a man of Shelburne's great fortune and parliamentary abilities into the first office of the state; where, by intrigue, and flattering the moneyed interest in the city, he might have become too strong for the haunts of St. James's.

"Through the whole of the transactions," said Sir [——], "the interests of the nation were quite out of the question. Court intrigues and aristocratical cabal or coalition, regulated every change and appointment, and the people continued to be nettled, as usual, by the sacrificed pretensions of the soi-disant patriots. By continual changes and exhibitions of aristocratical falseness and corruption, and by jumbling men of all political descriptions together, the king and his friends hoped in time to be able to trample them all in the dirt, and along with them the remaining rights of the people, by the interposition of the hated and venal senate."

Sir [——] also spoke of the late Lord Melville, with whom he was very intimate, and whose death occasioned a great deal of regret in all those who knew him. Sir [——] told me he was certain it was the consequence of Lord Melville's sorrow for the death of his earliest and greatest friend, President Blair. They had been early school-fellows together. Blair * was the son of an

* Robert Blair of Avontoun, 4th son of the Rev. Robert Blair, author of "The Grave;" born 1741, died May 20, 1811. Henry Dundas, 1st Lord Melville; born 1742, died suddenly, May 28, 1811.

obscure country clergyman. He was to have become tutor in a gentleman's family. Lord Melville, of nearly the same age, had then eighty pounds a year, and divided it with him, that they might follow the law together, in which they both made so distinguished a figure. Lord Melville was terribly afflicted by Mr. Blair's death, and went from Dunira to see the President's daughters, with whom he remained some hours; and the next morning he was found dead in his bed. It was the day on which his friend was to have been buried. "It is very uncommon," Sir [——] observed, "to witness such strong feelings at so advanced an age, and especially after a long political life, which usually destroys all the finer sympathies."

Sir [——] next mentioned Mr. J[——]y. He said that he knew no person so clever, whose manners are in such bad taste, and whose appearance is so little prepossessing. He also observed that he was reperusing Miss Seward's Letters, and said, what an odd fancy it was to bequeath them to Constable, enjoining their publication after her death. "There are parts," said he, "I like very well; but there is too much gall in them, especially for any one to wish to have it spread when they were in the dust."

January 4th.—I received a letter from [——]. He says:

In reply to your eloquent letter, I perfectly agree with all you say in favour of retirement, and the danger of living perpetually in the world. Still I have been so long accustomed to constant society, that, though I often encounter people who do not suit me, and hear sayings and doings which are hateful to me, still I feel certain it would not suit me to retire from the world altogether. Neither do I think the essays you sent me to read would suit a romance. Novel readers do not care for prosing. You and I love it dearly, and all sorts of analysis of human nature; but the generality of persons desire only fine stories and events, and bustle, to

amuse them. When they read a story-book, it is for entertainment, not instruction, and nothing answers out of its place. Dry reflections are not palateable when one expects amusement. I cannot invent stories; though it is one of my theories that every thing may be done by practice to a certain extent, by people of common sense. The way to make a novel, I think, must be to lay a plan, and then, after the outline is traced, shade it to please the fancy.

Are you not sorry for the poor [——] being obliged to leave her children in the care of Lady [——]?

I believe I told you I had been reading Horace Walpole's Letters over again, and also Madame du Deffand's Letters to him, and that I like them better. I hesitated for so long before reading them, because you disparaged them to me. I do not admire herself; she is a hard, unfeeling, misanthropical old sinner. But her mind is so laid open to me, that I pardon her faults and think she could not help them, as I do and think of my own. I have finished her letters to Horace, and am quite angry there is no account of her death. I am now reading her letters to Voltaire, which I cannot endure; they are full of nothing but fulsome flattery, which disgusts me. How much true affection dignifies every thing! but flattery when seen through, is odious. I like the portraits at the end of her book.

Did you ever write your own character at different periods? for it does change in some degree from circumstances, and often very much, in one's own opinion. You see how different Madame du Deffand's two portraits of herself are at thirty and seventy; though *some* of the same traits subsist unchanged.

People here bore me, by asking me if the "Spirit of the book" was written by the Princess of Wales, or if she patronised the writing of it. I protest not, as you told me such an idea never entered the enlightened heads of the people in London.

I hear C. S[——]a is living with the Margravine. Is not that an odd association?

I have been staying at G[——]e, which is full of ancient magnificence, and done in very good taste. I never admired the mechanism of any of Lord G[——]'s houses that I have seen; but perhaps I am wrong.

Sir Sidney and Lady S[mith] and the R[umbolds] were there. They are going to [——], and Lady S[mith] intends

Lord [——] to marry E[mil]y R[umbol]d.* But I will not let him marry the grand-daughter of a footman; for Sir P. [*Sic*—T.] R[——] was a foot-boy it is said; † if so, it is ignoble blood; and do you not suppose that would stagger Lord [——], although the lady is very beautiful?

In answer to your question, I am not sure whether I think human nature very bad or not. Wickedness makes much more impression than goodness, just as misery does than happiness. A thousand enjoyments pass away unheeded, when one pang is commented on and lamented for ever. Life is a very mixed state, but it is the more entertaining on that account. Constant goodness would pall very much. We should cherish lenity to the faults of others, and strictness to our own; on the contrary we have many apologies for our own, but few for those of other people.

Yesterday I witnessed a very extraordinary scene. To oblige a young lady, I accompanied her to the profession of a nun in the Ursuline Convent. The crowd was very great, the novice being young, handsome, and a native of the place. There were nearly a hundred strangers breakfasted in an outer apartment, for the ceremony begins at nine o'clock in the morning. We, with many other ladies, were admitted into the choir, and every thing went on as is usual on such occasions; when, in the midst of the most awful part of the solemnity, a girl, seated near us, broke out into a fit of raging madness, prayed louder than the priests, and called on God to come to her directly. The bishop and priests stood aghast; the orisons were suspended, and only the shrieks of this unfortunate creature resounded through the place. It was in vain the women tried to drag her out; her strength was supernatural, till one of the priests left the chapel and came to their assistance. Never shall I forget her screams or her looks. I had never witnessed any one in the same state, and it fell on my heart like a bolt of ice. Some were in tears and others were fainting. The only person who remained unmoved was the nun about to take the black veil. She was kneeling before the grate, and she never once turned round to ascertain what disturbed the ceremony. Could any thing be a greater

* She married a German Jew, the Baron de Delmar.

† This is a fable often repeated. It was said that Sir Thomas Rumbold, Governor of Fort St. George, 1778–1780, began life as a "boots" at "Arthur's." He, however, was a son of William Rumbold, of H. E. I. Company's Service at Tellicherry.

proof of the complete subjugation of all worldly feelings? The girl who was seized with the dreadful fits, was a relation of the novice's. At length, with great difficulty, she was conveyed from the chapel, and the prayers recommenced. The miserable rite was finished without further interruption. Doubtless she was shocked at the unnatural sacrifice in progress. Can any cruelty exceed that which arises from religious bigotry? The Roman Catholic church needs no other proof to shew forth its spurious character than the immolation of all nature's dearest affections to its idolatrous worship; as if such a *burying alive* could be acceptable to the Supreme Being, "whose service is perfect freedom."

I have been reperusing Madame de Staël's De l'Allemagne. I cannot very well express how much I am charmed with that work. As Midas's hand had the art of transmuting every thing it touched into gold, so her pen illuminates every object, turning the rude ore of the mine into current coin, and rendering it useful to every one. It is certainly a most luminous emanation of the human mind, and proves the female intellect may perchance equal, if not surpass, that of the other sex. I never read any style I liked so well, and the candour, liberality, and impartiality of her sentiments are truly admirable. But I am dilating too long on a work you are a better judge of than I am. It has given me, what I had not before, a desire to see her, which, I dare say, will never be gratified except in the shades, and even there, I fear she will be so far above me as to be out of my sight. And now I will say adieu for the present, &c.

I remained at home all day writing letters for the next post to England, and in the evening, I walked on the Pincian Hill with Lady [——]. She was in low spirits, and therefore less excited and more agreeable than usual. She told me the manner in which Lady R[osebery] went off with her brother-in-law; Sir H. M[ildmay], or rather was turned off, for it was no part of her plan to elope; but she was detected shut up with him one evening, that of her birth-day, when the servants were dancing at a ball. Sir H[——] had been concealed, in the disguise of a sailor, in her neighbourhood for two months. Lord R[osebery] had

had reason for suspicion before; so Mr. P[——] ordered the carriage and put her in it. She joined her lover, and they went to London, and they are now living together in his house in his B[——]h Street, I believe it is.

Lady Elizabeth Montgomery, the wife of Sir James Montgomery, has died in child-birth. It is shocking how many persons have fallen victims to the same misfortune lately; among them the Duchess of Buccleugh * and Lady Carmichael. Lady [——] added that she dined at Lord R[osebery]'s a few days before Lady R[osebery]'s elopement. She did not appear till dinner was on the table, and apologized, saying she had lost herself in the woods. She had indeed lost herself in the woods. Lady [——] said it annoyed her, that a woman living in such guilt, should have appeared happy, and without a cloud on her mind.

I was glad to hear Lady W[——] is coming to Rome. She is such a delightful person. Lady [——] and I had a discussion on the subject of matrimony, for which she is a strenuous advocate; but not all her eloquence could convince me that I was wrong in preferring a state of single blessedness. I observed that fortunately all states and conditions have their advantages, if people will look to the fairest side, and endeavour to make the best of everything; and much good is to be made. A happy marriage I should think the height of human felicity; but I fear there are few which are truly such. On the other hand, an unhappy marriage must be the extremity of misery, and even a poor old maid must be happy in comparison, and a rich old maid in the third heaven of delight. But riches I think are more necessary for that state of solitude than any other. In general I do not think the richest people are the happiest, though

* The original note here is: "The beautiful and the good Duchess, beloved and admired by all who ever knew her." She was Harriet Townshend, wife of Duke Charles, the friend of Sir Walter Scott. She had died in 1814.

we all wish to be rich. A little struggle to make the ends of the year meet, animates one, and excludes repinings and envyings, and all the numerous train of evils attending those who possess all the good things of this life in abundance. No bad tempered person I am certain should marry. The ill-natured infallibly ruin their children's tempers. Tormenting their husband is of less consequence; that is only one individual; but it extends the evil in a wider degree to children, for it destroys their tempers, and they torment their children again in their turn, and so the misery is perpetuated from generation to generation, and often becomes hereditary, like their titles or broad lands. In no way can the influence of a woman be so immortal as when, by her example and precepts, she bequeaths good dispositions to her children. Though they may be unruly when young, and the good seed not seem to grow at first, it tells in the end; and most persons, with certain modifications, bring up their children as they themselves were brought up. If ever I venture on matrimony, the first quality I shall seek in my companion shall be good temper, the second good sense. I am certain it ranks higher in the scale of every day comforts than talents or accomplishments.

Lady [——] read me part of a letter she had received, which was as far as I can remember it nearly as follows:

I dined the other day at the "Man of Feeling's," Mr. Mackenzie's, and had the honour and pleasure of sitting next Walter Scott. He talked a great deal of you, and I think he is rather in love with you, and wishes you to return here, and he expressed his opinion that Edinburgh would suit you much better than Rome. But I said you did not think so, unfortunately. Mrs. Scott was also present at that party, of which I made mention, and seems a merry good humoured body. He (that is her husband) is very kind to her, and calls her Charlotte when he speaks to or of her.

The "Man of Feeling's" family are all charming. I never saw seven such clever and agreeable people in one house before. The eldest daughter is rather long winded; but then

she is wise and good. All the others are perfect. Miss M[——] has been attending all the country balls she could go to, and has been accused of trying to win the Duke of A[——]; she is a strange girl, and I wonder how she will end. She encourages attentions from persons whom she certainly would not marry. She refused Colonel Cadogan lately. She follows all her own propensities without the least restraint, whether it be *brusquer les gens* or to cajole them, and does both in a way hardly permitted to ladies, young or old.

Lady M[ar]y L[ennox] was with her, who seems very agreeable, moderate and mild, the reverse of Miss M[——]. Lady Elphinstone's beauty, I regret to see, is beginning to fade. Alas! how soon bright things come to confusion! I cannot bear to see people's beauty fade. Mrs. M[——]s is more than fading, it is nearly gone.

Miss Wynne is taking a husband. He is a good looking, but vulgar looking man.

Lord P[——] has been skirmishing about in Scotland, making all the young ladies anxious to win him, but none have succeeded, though not for want of will or attempt to do so. Three of the Duchess of Montrose's daughters appeared at Stirling, and were much admired. Lady [——] is much disappointed at not being able to execute her intended Spanish expedition; but Lord M[——]'s mother is a strange sort of a personage. Lady M[——]'s brother has been wounded in Spain, and they have set off in great haste to Gibraltar, leaving Lady [——] without one word of explanation, and she is affronted. Lady [——] was in a fault-finding humour with every body and every thing, and when I admired the genius of [——] in modelling, she replied that for her part, she thought she had meddled so long with marble, that she had become a block herself; she looks and talks so harshly. Nevertheless, [——] has infinite talent, and on one occasion, when Lord Byron observed a bust she had executed of a brother of Lord M[——]l, he remarked what a beautiful antique Greek head it was; which was a flattering testimony to her powers of sculpture.

After this period it does not appear that the journalist kept any notes until the beginning of November in 1817, when we find the following memorandum:

A friend who was present at Princess C[——]'s marriage, said that when Prince L[——] repeated the words "with all my worldly goods I thee endow," the royal bride was observed to laugh. But however she might then ridicule his pretensions to her hand, every person agrees now in thinking it is a happy marriage, and all Britain is looking forward anxiously and joyfully to the birth of an heir to the English throne. Shortly after their marriage I received the following letter from the Princess of Wales, on her return from her travels.

Dated VILLA CAPRILLE, PESARO.

Je viens de recevoir votre lettre de Rome, avec l'estampe du Prince Léopold de Cobourg. Je vous en suis infiniment obligée nonobstant que mon cabinet est déjà rempli des portraits de ces deux tendres époux. J'étais cependant enchantée d'avoir encore une preuve de leur souvenir, et j'attends maintenant de jour en jour l'heureuse nouvelle de l'accouchement de la Princesse Charlotte, ma fille. Je me trouve très heureuse ici, dans un climat délicieux. La situation est vraiment enchanteresse, et la meilleure société de toute l'Italie, surtout celle d'une dame, la Comtesse Perdicati, qui est une seconde Corinne. Elle est très belle, jeune, et danse à merveille. La Marquise Masio est une jeune veuve intéressante, remplie de grâce, et chante comme La Catalani, ainsi la musique est une de nos plus grands amusements. Nous jouons aussi la comédie dans un joli petit théâtre que j'ai dans ma maison. Nous avons beaucoup de personnes en hommes qui sont très distingués, grands antiquaires, poètes, et métaphysiciens. Je m'occupe maintenant d'écrire mes voyages que j'ai fait en Sicile, en Afrique, en Grèce, Athènes, Constantinople, Syrie, et Palestine jusqu'au Jourdan, avec les dessins que j'ai fait moi-même, et ceux des personnes qui m'ont accompagnées dans ce long voyage. J'ai rapporté des tableaux, des bas-reliefs, des marbres très rares et curieuses, des médailles d'or, d'argent, et de cuivre, au-delà de deux milles, tiré des fouilles que j'ai fait moi-même à Athène, à Ephèse, à Aphrodis, à Troye, à Attique, à Carthage, et à Jérusalem ; c'est une très rare et belle collection d'antiquités. J'ai aussi fait faire des dessins pour

l'inspection du Marquis de Canova, qui en est très satisfait. J'ai une belle maison à Rome, avec un superbe jardin, ce qui est très rare à trouver. Cependant j'ai été assez fortunée d'en avoir la possession, et au printemps je m'y rendrai. J'ai déjà passée trois mois à Rome, et on se trouve très bien sous le gouvernement du Saint Père, excepté que l'air est y très mauvais surtout en hiver. Le courier part, et je n ai plus de temps.

Croyez-moi toujours, &c.

CAROLINE, PRINCESSE DE GALLES.

The above effusion is in the same style of forced gaiety which has generally been so visible lately in all the Princess of Wales's letters. The travels of which she speaks with so much pride and satisfaction were not, I fear, productive of any pleasure to her; for she met with so many slights, and proofs of the malevolent persecution which followed her into the remotest foreign lands, that she could not feel at peace.

November 3rd, 1871.—I received a letter from [——].

I shall not attempt to apologise for my long silence, feeling convinced, (however vain it may appear,) that your goodness extends beyond all the bad excuses I can make. We are,—that is all the Neopolitans,—just emerging from a lovely autumn, and far advanced in a very chilly winter, whose baneful effects will be severely felt in a country which has already shared in the universal distress which seems to pervade our European Continent. One hears of nothing but famine, epidemical disorders, misery in every shape, discontent and robberies; so that one is almost tempted to look back at a state of warfare, as the golden age of this century. I could give you such an account of a certain horde of banditti, headed by three brothers of the name of *Vandarelli*, as would furnish several highly finished pages in a romance; but I believe even romances are out of fashion. I have not space to do justice to my picture; suffice it to say that these worthy gentlemen are the terror of Apulia, and will, in a very short time, be the ruin of that, the richest province in this kingdom. They are only thirty in number,

and have, as yet, eluded the vigilance, and not unfrequently defeated the attacks, of the forces sent against them. They are mounted on excellent horses, which, with their knowledge of the country they infest, enables them to perform the most surprising journies in one day; so that when some lucky district thinks itself perfectly free from their visits, on account of the distance at which they have last been heard of, they suddenly make their appearance, and like locusts, leave only the marks of their passage by the devastation they have committed.

How surprised you would be, whilst moralising at Dovenest, to receive a scrap of dirty paper, containing these words, "The Great Champion of Apulia commands you will deposit two thousand pounds at the foot of a certain tree, by such a day, under pain of seeing your trees and house burnt down": all which never fails to happen in these parts, in case of disobedience. They have, however, as yet, not been very cruel; though there is a terrific anecdote of their lately cutting up a steward into small pieces, boiling them in milk, and forcing the wretched labourers of the farm he belonged to, to taste of it. But you need not implicitly believe this.

So much for horrors, which, I fear, are the most entertaining subjects I know of.

Poor Gell has been very ill, which prevented my partaking of the gaieties which were to be enjoyed in abundance here for some time past. Amongst the English families here are the Breadalbanes, Ponsonbys, Comptons, Freemantles, Lady Charlotte Pindar, and a hundred others, among which, Sothebys and obscurer names. I hear of the Princess of Wales being at Rome, or her being immediately expected there. Is this so? I hope not, for your sake, as I well know that Her Royal Highness is rather *exigeante*, and demands such an entire sacrifice of time on the part of those whose society she values, as it is not always in one's power to make. I think this report must be false,* as it does not

* She was at Carlsruhe on March 26, 1817, and was known as "The Mad Princess" from the Turkish costumes she and her suite appeared in. Karoline Bauer mentions that she was "an elderly, stout little old lady in a scarlet riding habit. . . . Upon the Titus-head of the Princess there sat defiantly a cap of black velvet, with white nodding plumes. With what loudness and unconstraint the scarlet amazon talked and laughed, whilst she boldly mounted her horse, so that her

accord with her residence at Munich, from whence I last heard from her; but the papers mention her expected arrival at Stutgard, and she travels so expeditiously, that I should not wonder at her acting the part of the *Vanderelli*. I cannot help suspecting that something has happened to give her a disgust, at least a temporary one, to her residence at Como. If you can give me any intelligence respecting the Princess I should be happy to receive it.

Yours truly,
K[——]. C[——].

I visited Lady [——], who was engaged in reading Miss F[errier]'s new novel. I told her, I heard she did not acknowledge being the authoress. Lady [——] observed it was surprising she should be so well acquainted with the living, talking, &c., of fashionable people, as she had heard that Miss F[errier] knew nobody belonging to that class of persons except the Argyll family.

Lady [——] is at present occupied in copying an original picture of Emma, Lady Hamilton, by Madame Le Brun. It is the portrait of a graceful woman, but though handsome, she must, I think, to judge by this likeness, have had a hard, vulgar expression of face. There is nothing soft or feminine in her countenance; in short, this portrait conveys the idea of a woman who would go through thick and thin, and think nothing of seeing an old man of eighty hung up at the yard arm!

I am reading Goëthe's life. With what enthusiasm he made his journey into Italy. It is pleasant to read or hear of any persons who allow themselves to go beyond the commonplace bounds of hacknied feeling, and who dare to think and judge for themselves, independently of

dress was lifted up high—very high—and the shocked people of Carlsruhe, who were assembled in great numbers, got a sight of flesh-coloured tights!" She then appeared in a Pasha's dress, and finally at the Opera as a guest of the Grand Duke of Baden, in the Margravine's box, in the costume of an Oberländer peasant with huge head-dress, flying ribbons and glittering spangles. Bergami was also dressed as an Oberländer. [Memoirs, ii. pp. 269–272.]

the dry maxims laid down by road books. I like Lord Byron's conversations, that is to say, they interest me.

I wish he had lived to grow better; which I think he would have done when he was old. Captain Medwin, I dare say, is bad enough himself. He praises Mrs. Shelley who I have always heard was anything but amiable. Her own father, G[odwin], said so, and reproached himself with her errors, as having originated in the education he gave her.

I heard to-day of a new novel, which all the English are busy reading. But whenever I do obtain this wonderful book, I do not know enough of London life as it now exists, to understand the characters. I hear, however, it is clever. Since these fashionable tales are now the favourite reading of all classes, and all ages, I wish, whilst the mania for such literature is at its height, that they were made the vehicles for good purposes; which it appears to me they might be; though I once heard a very sensible man say that no book ever did any good except the Bible. What I should like to see lashed, and which is from all I hear, the most prominent folly of London, and the most in vogue amongst the first classes in the metropolis, is the system of exclusiveness. The continual desire to get into a higher grade, and to keep out intruders, is the business of some of the greatest persons of the land; and not only is this system to be deprecated in a moral point of view, but it also totally spoils society. People do not enter it with the desire of being mutually agreeable, but of being on the defensive with those perhaps of higher talents if they are in a less modish set. In short, it is a complete system of selfishness, to the exclusion of all general benevolence. In France, the English are laughed at for keeping the world at arm's length. In a novel, this want of sense and kindliness might be nicely quizzed, and the vulgarity of the practice shown up; for it is

certainly gross vulgarity to estimate oneself, not by the intellectual advantages of one's associates, but by their rank or fashion, which is more fluctuating and less tangible still. In short, if rumour does not exaggerate, London selfishness is an exquisite theme for ridicule. I am glad that people of ton have taken to writing novels; it is an excellent amusement for them, and also for the public.

I was sorry to hear that Mr. Mackenzie, "the Man of Feeling," has lost a daughter. She was a very superior person.

Lord [——] is dead; he was a man I knew in former times. He has at last finished his licentious career, and died, they say, in consequence of his own excesses. Yet he was very clever, and very agreeable. I forget who it is, but some very wise person, who remarks that, "To be good and disagreeable, is high treason against virtue." Yet it is often the most worthy who are the least captivating.

W. [——] is just arrived here from England, and came to call on me. In answer to my inquiries if he had seen his friend, Sir Walter Scott, lately, he replied, that he was sorry to say he had not; for that he was, as I well knew, such a devoted admirer of his, that he would go further to hear him talk than any man on earth. "Even to see him, there is," said W. N[——], "such good sense in the cast of his mouth, and the expression of his heavy, clumsy features, that it is quite refreshing to one's soul. But it is in his eye, when it does light up, that all his genius lies."

November 4th.—I went to Lady [——] who has been confined for some time to the house with a severe illness; she spoke of her residence in Ireland a few years back, and gave me a very amusing account of the society as it existed when she lived there. The system of hard

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drinking was then at its height, and on one occasion the poor mayor of Cork was confined to his bed for a fortnight, after entertaining the Lord Lieutenant; and if the latter had remained much longer, he certainly would have killed half the natives, with his excess of joviality. He was by no means prepossessing in his appearance; but the Lady Lieutenant was, though enormously fat, good humoured and unaffected in her manners. Her dress was always most gorgeous, and she wore generally a blaze of diamonds. Lady M. L[——], her daughter, was a fine looking girl, and her brother, Lord M[——], was beautiful, but it was the beauty of a girl. One of the vice regal train appeared to appertain to the Lord Lieutenant's suite exclusively, as he paid her unremitting attention. His wife never spoke to the lady in question. It was shameful in that little gipsy to behave so in her husband's absence, who was then with his regiment in Spain.

After the dinner Lady [——] gave the vice regal party, they all adjourned to a public ball at Cork. The head of the room was railed in for the aristocratics; which gave some offence; but there is always something taken amiss on these occasions. On the succeeding day they dined at the bishop's, and from thence they all proceeded to Lady D[——]y's ball; which Lady [——] said was without exception the most brilliant party of the kind she had ever seen. Blazing lights, beautiful exotics, &c., throw a transient glory over all such scenes, which leave little on the mind except a vacuum the next day. "At the royal table," said Lady [——], "we were highly amused by Sir Charles [——] singing humorous songs. I also saw on that occasion a most beautiful Mrs. White, by whom I was quite captivated, for she paid me most flattering attention. She invited me to her place, which is one of the lions in Ireland, and already, with the presumption of my age—for I was young *then!*" said Lady [——], with a sigh—"I hoped to have found a person of

whom I should make a friend. Alas! how often are such anticipations disappointed. Over how many graves of mortified feeling does not every one mourn in the course of their lives! Well, next ball, we scarcely recognised each other. She did not look so frank, and I felt too indolent to try to please her; so there our acquaintance ended. At supper, however she handed me a glass of champagne. I smiled at the simile I made between our acquaintance and champagne; brilliant, sparkling, animated for a moment, but subsiding into a thing 'stale, flat and unprofitable.'

"The wife of the Lieutenant," continued Lady [——], "doated on her brother, Lord [——] and from all I knew of him, I thought him very delightful. What he was with boon companions I cannot say; but I am certain it can only be an innate spirit of glory which could animate to the field one who may always repose on a couch of down, or crown himself with roses. There are, I grant," she continued, "two kinds of courage—the courage of the animal, and that of the moral or rational being. But when either is deficient, the fiat of the world has gone forth against the want of it. The failure of our unfortunate campaign was no surprise to those who heard the sentiments of officers who served in the first Spanish campaigns; and our disasters on the continent were foreseen from fatal experience, particularly those commanded by Lord Chatham. But every thing at that moment," Lady [——] observed, "was sacrificed to party spirit. In fact, since the death of Mr. Pitt, there has been no leader. The set then in power had no heads, and the former were all heads; so that, whoever was in or out, the country suffered from the spirit of party, which like the Roman Catholic religion, rejects every thing, however meritorious, that is not within its own pale."

Lady [——] described a watch which a person at Cork showed her, which had belonged to the unfortunate

Louis XVI. It was only the size of a common French watch, but was full of mechanism, and comprises, besides the ordinary functions of a time-piece, an almanac, a diary of the weather, and various other singular contrivances. It was given to the present owner by Lord Llandaff, who it is hoped will make a wiser use of the lessons taught by time, than did the unfortunate monarch to whom it first belonged.

"Sad news reached us at that time from Spain," continued Lady [——]. "And Lord [——] was quite cast down about Sir John Moore, of whom he thought very differently from some, of a certain convention, and was enchanted with Lord Moira's dissent on that business. About Waterford and Limerick, many families were obliged to leave their country seats, to take refuge in the towns, from different sets of ruffians, who scarcely knew what they wanted, assailing their houses; and though in fact they were not Bonaparte's emissaries, yet if he had made a landing, they would have joined him for the sake of plunder. The love the lower orders of Irishmen have for fighting, is almost incredible. They kill their antagonist, and cut their joke, with equal coolness. There were annual fairs held in some of the towns, where fighting with all sorts of weapons was the chief amusement; and rather than lose the fun, they would swim a broad river at the risk of being drowned. On one occasion, at such a *festival*, a fellow cut off his antagonist's hand, which he lifted up and tossed to him, saying coolly: "Arrah! honey, you've dropp'd your glove." Brennan, the famous highwayman, who was a little Bonaparte in his way, laid every body under contributions, and caused great alarm to travellers. He once robbed three officers in a post chaise, and going away told them he would report them to the Duke of York, as unworthy to serve the King, for allowing themselves to be robbed by a single man. He wore a leathern girdle round his middle, stuck

round with pistols. There was an attempt made by two police officers in the town of Tipperary to arrest him early in the morning in bed; but he jumped the window, and his wife threw a pair of pistols out to him. They pursued him to a bye field, where they came up with him in his shirt, but he kept them at bay with one pistol, while with the other, he stood over the poor policeman, till he made him strip off his clothes, which he put on himself; thus making him return to town as he (Brennan) had left it, namely in his shirt.

"On the occasion of my visit to Blarney Castle," continued Lady [——], "I thought myself in great danger for a few moments. On entering the portcullis, a ruffian figure, with matted locks, issued forth, and washed his hands in a puddle near the door. On entering the house, I observed the marble passage to be stained with blood, while a trembling figure of a female appeared to shew us the old tower, whose walls are eighteen feet thick. Even in my terror, which was not small, I thought what a subject for Monk Lewis, Radcliffe, or any of the ghost-mongers: ruffians scowling at us—blood-stained passages—pallid figure—old tower—a keep, &c. Alas! my sober matter of fact had very soon developed the causes, or rather traced them to the slaughtering of a bullock or sheep; and as Pat is not very ceremonious, he had in his master's absence, taken the nearest way to wash off the effects from his hands. As to the trembling housekeeper, a fit of the ague, which was very prevalent in that neighbourhood, accounted for her perturbation. The air from the tower was so cold, that I declined going up to kiss the famous stone at the top, which endows those who salute it with the gift of flattery for ever and aye. Blarney Castle used to be the seat of Lord Clancarty; but it had come into the possession of a Mr. Jeffries, and there were no remains of ancient splendour. Within the walls there were marks of present poverty; but some

traces of *past* taste in the drawing room. I thought I could perceive that an elegant female mind had once presided there, and I felt more touched by those little relics, than if they had partaken of more masculine studies. I learnt afterwards that the lady had been indeed a woman of taste and talent, daughter to a man of very fine parts, and the first banker in Ireland, Mr. La Touche."

I asked Lady [——] how she liked W. D[——]y's wife; to which she replied: "Why, there was something about her I could not help liking; she was warm-hearted, frank and lively; though haughty, tenacious, and somewhat satirical. But in the world, one should always take the favourable side of things and people; and though more cautious in my opinion than I was twenty years ago, I hope always to be young enough to take the sunny side.

"At that time," continued Lady [——], "all the world were engaged in reading Ida of Athens. I think it was likely to please a vivid *imagination*, but would displease the matter of fact reader. The language is, in my opinion, pedantic, and fatigues the eye and ear with a constant glitter of high flown words; though some parts of it are doubtless very beautiful. But the sentiments are so bedizened with tinsel that they are hardly to be made out."

Such was the substance of Lady [——]'s conversation yesterday. She is an agreeable person, and much softened lately by ill-health, which is, I think, an improvement to her manners and her mind.

On my return home, I found several letters from England; amongst them, one from Miss [——], in which she speaks of W[——]'s "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life"; and her opinion is valuable and curious, as being that of a clever writer. She says:

I hear you were charmed with the "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life." Some of them I think beautiful, some of them ridiculous, and all want truth and reality; for though I still can relish a fairy tale or a romance, yet I do

not like fiction in the garb of truth. As in m Zurich, from fancy, they are fine; as pictures of Scottish 's house. My nature, they are false. But do not let me f
[——] is an *awfu'* man to have for one's enemy.
wonder of the day, I think, is that "Adam Bla r character, the author of "Valerius"—two works so totall h Rousseau every respect. What prodigious versatility e her, which writer of them must possess! Of course yo are dirty, Lockhart, the son-in-law of Scott.

he idlers th the for d at

Another correspondent from Ireland writes:

I have just received an excuse from Miss O[——] l him was coming to pay us a visit. Miss O[——]'s first letis dis-me was so romantic, at fourteen it would have been suspicion ing, at forty it seems extravagant. Her second is rational. She appears a very obliging person. She is very enthusiastic, as you may judge by her writings; but she is lively, and very ready at repartee. The family she has been visiting like her extremely, and there is to me an enchanting *frankness* about her which is very pleasing; though her enemies term it *forwardness*. I had some conversation with her about her works, and she candidly confessed that, like all young writers, her first essay was full of pedantry, but that time and practice had worn that off; and that as far as it was possible to say any thing human was original, her work in the press just now, was entirely her own, without any quotations whatever.

I wished to have seen the famous Curran while in Dublin, but the Bishop of Cork tells me he is a disgusting, ugly, disagreeable fellow.

The Irish are either the *richest*, or the most thoughtless of all people; as they live like princes. I told you of my surprise at seeing an Irish wake, and the howling of the pall bearers: it seems there are howlers by profession, and of different degrees of excellence, as there are in opera singers. A woman named Sheela, is a Catalani in the science, and they say: "Have you bespoken Sheela? Och, *she howls* iligantly! Ah! God bless you, do get Sheela, or it will not be worth going to!" So you may judge what the house of mourning is amongst the low Irish.

traces of *past* ch at General [——]. He is a fine old Welsh-
could perceiv mounted on horseback, looks like one of the
presided ther rough's warriors. The Lady D[——] is hand-
relics, than i perhaps rather *embonpoint*, but she is very
I learnt I form of the late Empress of Russia. She has
woman c kind to me; but I can see she is of a violent
fine part hich is only reined in by policy, which makes her
of not offending general opinion.

I ask bishop of C[ork],* brother to the Earl of Howth, is
to w the pleasantest men I ever met.
he dy D[——] says "Miss [——] is an odious little toad";
an Miss [——] says "Lady D[——] is no better than she
satl ld be." So much for ladies' quarrels, which seem to be
favo nt indigenous to every soil and climate.

w an Irish funeral yesterday. It is really a curious
eticle. There were two hundred mourners, and the coffin
as painted all sorts of colours, and was borne by women
whose distressed faces and discordant howls were fitted rather
to waft the soul to the lower regions rather than the supernal.

I was introduced lately to a sort of literary curiosity, a
Lady Saxton. She was intimate and corresponded with some
of the members of the *bas bleu* a hundred years ago;—Mrs.
Carter, Montague, &c. I was disappointed. I had heard
too much. I expected an original work, and I found only
extracts bound in *yellow* parchment; or to speak plainly, a
walking index of quotations from every author, dead or
alive. This may amuse for a little time, but to live with! Oh!
no, give me in a companion the mind which is imbued as it
were with the *spirit* of what it reads, rather than the words:
not but after all, I would give a great deal for a share of the old
lady's tenacious memory. She appears very good humoured
notwithstanding her pedantry. I expected to have seen more
drinking and gaming in Ireland than I have met with. As to
the first, I have literally not seen one gentleman *confused* even
with wine, either in public or private company; but I am
told there is much gaming goes on in female society in and
about Cork; and there is a place about four miles off, Casino
Row, where in the finest weather, cards are produced im-
mediately after breakfast, and the set agree in avowing that
they never wish to see anything green but the card table!

* Hon. Thomas St. Lawrence (1755–1831), Bishop of Cork and Ross.

November 5th.—I received a letter from Zurich, from a person who had been visiting Rousseau's house. My friend writes thus—

It is a plain farm building of no particular character, either of a rural or romantic kind. The room which Rousseau inhabited, is a small square chamber within another, which bears no distinctive mark of any kind. The walls are dirty, and scrawled over by all the nameless names of the idlers who would fain have associated their insignificance with the memory of its extraordinary inmate. I looked in vain for some sign to indicate that Rousseau had lived here, and at length I perceived a trap door which might have served him to escape by had he been pursued. The sensation this discovery produced was painful; why should such suspicion have lurked in such a mind? Suspicion without cause is the attribute of mean minds. But how faint is the shade which divides sensibility from madness. Certain it is that except in this one instance neither the room, the furniture, nor the place had in them any thing in their air or appearance which assimilated with the genius of Rousseau. But it is a mistake to expect always to find the dwellings of eminent persons analogous to the pre-conception we have formed of their tastes and pursuits. The greatest minds frequently despise the more puerile objects of taste or comfort, and they contemn those who are slaves to these graces of life. I once had a striking instance of the truth of this remark, which occurred on the occasion of Madame de Staël's visiting Lady [——] at a small country house, which she had taken pains in honour of her visit, to decorate with particular care. Madame de Staël's only observation upon the pretty villa, and its comfortable apartments was to exclaim to the proprietor: "*Ma chère, vous avez trop de luxe,*" she considered the overgrown state of luxury in England as a moral danger; and in individuals, she reprobated the system as tending to weaken the mind, and make it a slave to mean desires. Madame de Staël's own house at Coppet was a specimen of what she considered a proper dwelling; and certainly a more comfortless and barren looking abode could not be found; yet how proud and gratified were the persons whom she invited to visit her there! and the total want of outward

objects of taste and ease were in truth never missed by those who enjoyed the intellectual delight of her society, and listened to her wonderful conversation. Yet I cannot agree with her in thinking that a *locale* furnished with good taste impedes the powers of the mind. I would rather say the imagination is assisted by a judiciously selected class of pleasing objects; and I cannot help thinking there is a degree of intellectual pride, in disdaining all the refinements of existence; just as there may certainly be reason to despise an overweening desire for them, and to apprehend that too great a subserviency to their influence may render a person insignificant and trifling. Literary genius is seldom united with taste. Human nature on its great scale is the study of powerful intellect. "The proper study of mankind is man"; but the accessories of the portrait are to such minds an indifferent and trivial matter.

I have felt half inclined lately to leave Rome. I am weary of the place; yet I know not where to go, whither the same ennui and restlessness would not follow me. It is not change of scene, but change of mind, which would give me peace and content; and since that cannot be obtained by removal, I may as well continue here as go elsewhere. The city itself is full of interest, as well as the surrounding country; but without any native attachments to the soil, or even with it, can any features of any country confer happiness? No; great remembrances, works of art, charm of climate, may give physically and morally, an existence out of *oneself*, which confers a species of factitious felicity—perhaps the only species of felicity which really exists. But mere magnificence or beauty of landscape cannot effect it.

This morning I was agreeably surprised by the arrival of my friend [——]. But when the heart has been often bruised, often disappointed, it opens with reluctance to any approach of joy which is likely to expose it to further disappointments and fresh regrets. A new Englishman is arrived, by name S[——]. He is full of literature, full

of aspiring sentiments, vain perhaps, but not unpleasantly so. He would be very delightful, if a doubt of his sincerity did not check the feeling of good-will one is tempted to pay his apparent qualities; but he is too diffuse in his preferences, too general in his admiration of others. Yet this ought not to be a fault. Why is it so in him? He told me the Princess of Wales is again expected at Naples. I should imagine, from many accounts of other Mr. and Mrs. Thompsons, that the *séjour* at Naples would be very unfit for *our* Mrs. Thompson. But then, when we take things *in our heads*, neither devils nor angels can drive them out again.

I received a letter from [——] from which the following is an extract:—

I cannot bear to have you out of England; yet I think it very natural to like being abroad, especially when one grows old, and tired of things one is used to. To change the face of nature, moral and physical, must renew youth, at least in a mental sense. I confess that people who have been used to live abroad, prefer it to their own country so much the more. The advantages of climate are greater; but I do not see that the society, when the charm of novelty is at an end, would be preferable to that of your own country. It is true, there is much more brilliancy, less coldness and reserve in foreigners; but is not there something of frivolity in that constant effort—in that unceasing desire to please in company—in that inexhaustible chatter—and in that weariedness they have of themselves? Madame De Coulange is admirably drawn by Miss Edgeworth, and is, I believe, a very common French character. There is an emigré here, who resembles Madame De Coulange to the life.—So you say no love but one fills the heart. I believe it is true; but is not that *one* love of such a strong nature that it hardly ever confers happiness? As to myself, I am too ugly now to seek for love, though as Love is *blind*, I may indulge a hope on the score even yet. One thing is certain—"No person is happy who has not some duties to perform. These may be dull and disagreeable; but they certainly give us solid satisfaction

in the end, when properly attended to." As for me, I am now quite convinced that there is no permanent happiness in this world. There is always, even in the things and people we best like, *some* defect, and the aching void is left in the heart. Yet there are numberless sources of enjoyment also, if we do but open our minds to their reception; but they are enjoyments of another class from the imaginative ones of youth. I reckon myself a person of a very *aimante* disposition. In all my castle-buildings I never, in my whole life, desired wealth or grandeur. My ideal happiness rested on affection. Yet the strongest affections of our nature I was never destined to enjoy,—those of daughter, a wife, or a mother. *My* mother never cared for any of her children. Thus disappointed in all those sources in which women should look for happiness, I have been a very lonely creature; still I have not been altogether unhappy, as all these deprivations have sat upon my spirits lightly; and now that I have bid hope good night, I feel a greater tranquillity than formerly. What does it signify? I always ejaculate; it is the old story of the Mountain and the Mouse; we must bring our mind to our fortune, not being able to bring our fortune to our mind; and there is one love that creates no disappointment—the love of what is good—the love of purifying and ennobling our own character—the love of all that is upright and benevolent in morality—of all that is beautiful and pure in nature.

I hear the Regent has given a mad daughter of James Boswell a pension. She is insane, and very unworthy in all respects.

A piece of scandal happened here lately, that has made me feel doubly indignant, because I knew the hero. What a brute he is! and I am among the very few ladies who were acquainted with him. Lord S[——] is a tall, fat, butcher-like man, in personal appearance, between forty and fifty, who has forfeited respectability of every kind, and lived by charity and keeping a school; and a young, pretty woman, a Mrs. D[——], has gone off with him. Her husband, it is said, is a very agreeable young man. He had been in Sweden, and she was living in the luxuries of London with her sister, Lady H. [——], and as soon as her husband returned she eloped with Lord S[——]. He must have gained her heart

by writing love-letters. I once saw one he had addressed to a servant girl, which she dropped, and it was given to me to read, and it was delicate and beautiful—in the style of Werter to Charlotte. I am sure the abigail could not understand it. They say this foolish Mrs. D[——] is a most agreeable person. What a fool every woman is who sacrifices her reputation and honour to any man, even were there no higher consideration to deter her from error.

I have been reading Wraxall's Memoirs of the House of Valois. It is a very diverting book. The discovery that I make from it is, that men were at that time sooner old than they are now. All the kings of France died of old age at fifty; but ladies lasted longer. At sixty-six, Diana of Poitiers was so beautiful that no man could behold her without love.

I heard the little heiress, Miss D[——], was called before the police the other day, at the complaint of her maid, whom she had beaten and thrown down on the fender and cut her face. I could hardly believe it until I heard her say so herself!

Is it possible that any woman, much less any lady, can so far forget herself as to allow passion thus to demean her in the eyes of inferiors? and yet it is confidently asserted that many similar instances exist, which are only hushed up by large sums of money.

I hope it is not true that the Regent's heart is set upon obtaining a divorce from his poor wife. It will do the country infinite harm to make a disturbance on this subject. But he does not care, in fact, whether she is without fault or not; therefore he might be satisfied with forsaking her. As he *has* an heir, there is no occasion for him to marry again. He had better look at home; there is something to be done, which he had best do quickly.

It is said Mrs. P[——] is going to take another husband, a colonel of the dragoons. Is it not a shame? The woman must have no feeling and no taste. All England will upbraid her for such a sinking in poetry.

Talking of widows, Lady M[——] is coming here on her way to London, and desires a party may be made for her every night, for she cannot bear to be a minute alone. She is going to look out for another husband. I wonder who will take her.

I heard that one of the Ladies [——] had run away with a Captain M[——]n, the man who stands on his head. It is the third one of that family who has eloped, if it be true.

"Discipline" is come out, by the authoress of "Self-Control."* It is very good, and I like it better than the other by the same writer. It is methodistical in the second volume—too much so; but the last is extremely interesting. Certainly she is a powerful writer. I was told Walter Scott received six thousand pounds for "Waverley," and as much for "Guy Mannering." There are some highland persons drawn in the characters in "Discipline," which are very cleverly sketched, and amused me beyond measure. I am to meet the authoress, Mrs. Brunton, to-night; but I am told she has no conversational powers. I have lately had the advantage of becoming acquainted with Mr. J[effrey]; he has reviewed "Waverley" and given it high praise, and ends by desiring Walter Scott, if he is *not* the author, to look well to his laurels, for that he has got a much more powerful opponent than any who have yet entered the lists with him.

"The Lord of the Isles" is a charming work, and so esteemed in this town. I hear it is so everywhere. I heard to-day, in the way of gossip, that the Duke of B[——] has run off with a beauty from Brighton; but that none of the Ladies [——] have had any thoughts of eloping—only one of them is to be married to Lord A[——]. Sir H. M[——]y's letters are published, and never was such stuff read. Surely it is a very bad trade to write love-letters. And now I must bid you adieu.

Yours, &c.

November 5th.—I went to see a nun take the black veil, or inviolable vow. The ceremony was long, as the bishop performed mass, which is the only difference between the forms of a noviciate and a professed nun. It is a solemn ceremony, and must be dreadful when the vows are constrained. In this instance, the young woman appeared to go through it with the utmost composure, and read her engagements with a clear steady voice. She was

* Mrs. Brunton, *née* Mary Balfour of Elwick, wife of the Rev. Alexander Brunton, D.D.

only three-and-twenty, I was informed; and though not handsome, very pleasing in her appearance. To my feelings, the prospect of a convent life is, without exception, the most melancholy fate; to be buried alive is another word for the same thing.

Mr. and Mrs. S[——] are arrived; they are not suited to any place but London, or any society but their own narrow circle of acquaintance. They wearied me for an hour by grumbling at the want of English comforts, and abuse of the Italian manners and customs; at length, these complaints over, Mr. S[——] conversed well; he is an amusing person, though his manners are not in good taste; he is so self-sufficient. In speaking of Mr. J[——]y he said that he had not been pleased with the Princess of Wales; that he had called her vulgar, and cited an instance when, in a large party, Her Royal Highness had cried out, "What are you doing, there?—come tell me the joke?"—upon which, said Mr. J[——]y, we had to repeat what was very *fade* in repetition. Then, continued Mr. S[——], he found fault with the Princess's mode of dressing. I replied, that as to the first cause of his dissatisfaction, I could not see it was so very wrong in the Princess to inquire what had occasioned the mirth of her guests; but that certainly, I and all her friends had often lamented the style of her toilette, in later times especially; but that I thought it was cruel in Mr. [——] to allow his political feelings to make him speak ill of any individual; and that, as his predilection in favour of the other party was so well known, his opinion of the Princess would never go for much with unprejudiced persons.

Upon my making this reply, Mr. S[——] joined with me, and seemed well pleased to have an opportunity of disparaging Mr. [——], and said, "It is laughable to observe how he is himself constantly running after the youngest, handsomest, and most fashionable girls. They will not always receive his attentions; but, for the value

of his wit and penetration, they bear with his ugly face and gnawed nails."

Mrs. S[——] diverted me by the account of a masquerade which took place lately at [——], in which several of my old acquaintances figured with great *éclat*. "Lady [——]," she said, "was quite inimitable as a belle of the last century, in a gorgeous flowered brocade sack and petticoats, hoop, high heels, dressed head, and all the other ensigns of torture that the wit of woman ever invented. Her manners corresponded perfectly with her attire; she was such a happy mixture of the prudery and coquetry of the old school, with a shrill voice, a flippant tongue, and a squeaking laugh. Miss [——] attended as her lover, in a coat and waistcoat that I think could only have been presented by the queen of Sheba to king Solomon, in those blissful days when 'silver was accounted as nothing,' neither was gold anything. Walter Scott furnished her with her head-dress. She observed, 'would it had been the inside rather than the out!' It was an enormous and most superb flaxen wig, all over curls and ringlets that descended to her waist. Such she was, as Sir Hercules Dimple of Violet Bower, World's End Close, handed her in as the Lady Penelope Primrose, Meal Market Stairs, Cowgate!—Miss [——] exhibited as an old ballad singer, whom nobody would listen to; and in truth she presented a most unpromising aspect, as she had chosen to mask in a nose and chin, not *meeting*, but actually *met*, never to part again."

I should have liked to see all these worthy and celebrated personages bedizened according to this description; the more so as they enacted the parts to the life, I am told.

I heard that there is a son of Lord Donegal's who will have about five hundred thousand a year one of these days; and a Mr. Thellusson, who has nearly the same enormous income. I should not be believed, were I to

say so, but I have not the least desire for such great riches; and, whenever I did indulge in castle building, I never imagined more than an elegant abundance; but no state or show—I could not abide it. "La grandeur et l'amour vont mal ensemble," though fine people would be loth to allow it.

Mrs. S[——] dined, a short time before leaving Scotland, in company with Walter Scott at Mr. Mackenzie's. She said he was most uncommonly agreeable, and also his wife; for she is natural and lively, and speaks broken English;—all charming accomplishments.

After my visit to Mrs. [——], I returned home, and read Miss Seward's Letters. I think them very entertaining, though the style is much too laboured and affected for letter writing. She is a clever woman, and they contain much reflection and criticism; there is more in them than the generality of published letters, but not one atom of simplicity or nature. In one of her letters to Walter Scott, she praises C. S[harpe ?]'s poetry, which pleases me, and will him, still more, though he has forsaken the Muses now, I hear, to pay homage to the Graces, and runs about from balls to masquerades.

Sir [——] has been pursuing Mrs. [——], Lady [——]'s mother, for five thousand pounds, paid for the maintenance of a child, and which he now repents of having given, and denies it was for that purpose. One would suppose a public man's character was of more value to him than five thousand pounds. Will Lord and Lady [——] go on as usual, and take no notice?

Lady [——] lent me Mrs. Grant's "Superstitions of the Highlands," and I like what I have read of it; but, above all things, I admire Mr. Jeffrey's review of it, and also a review of Ford's plays, in which latter there are some beautiful pieces of writing, especially in "The Broken Heart." I am sorry they are disgraced with such coarseness. It does not do to tear off the drapery

of a moral imagination, and expose our naked and shivering nature. But certainly those powerful pictures of the passions that were exhibited in former days, make a good contrast to the tameness of modern performances. I do not like "Love's Melancholy" at all. The character of Penthea in "The Broken Heart" is very fine; but I could not see the advantages of making Calantha dance on when all her friends are dead.

Lady [——] harangued for two hours about the Princess of Wales having lost herself so much, and asked me why she had canvassed against her friend Lord Eldon at the election for Oxford.

I heard rather a good conundrum:—"How is the greatest heiress in Scotland in danger of being drowned?" —(Answer.) Because she will be *long lost* in a *Pool:* and another addition was made to it—and then in Welles-*lye*.

I am sorry Lord [——] did not get Miss Long. I am sure he is handsomer and more agreeable than young Pole, whom I do not admire.

The Duke of C[ambridg]e is running about asking all the girls possessed of money to marry him! I wonder Miss M[erce]r was not deluded by the prospect of perhaps becoming the mother of kings.*

I received a letter from Mrs. [——], who, by some strange report, supposes me living at Geneva, instead of Rome.

I will not let you have your heart taken away from making the *agrémens* of society, by Madame de Stael, or any other bookmonger, whom you are worth fifty of. By the way, *I* think that celebrated lady very worldly, in *deeds* if not in *words*.

More extracts from Letters.

The assizes here are not quite over; yet I cannot say they have produced any very gay amusements, except the play-

* He did not marry until 1818, when he married Princess Augusta Wilhelmina Louisa of Hesse-Cassel.

house being open. When I wrote to you last, I was in the agonies of doubt whether to visit or not to visit Miss Smith; not so much from any illiberal scruples concerning her profession, as from an indolence which makes me hate the formality of making a new acquaintance;—though I rather like to see strangers; but then it must be unpremeditatedly. However, in this case, if I may be allowed the expression, a certain feeling of benevolence overcame my torpors, and I visited her. When I tell you that she has dined twice with me, and that I disposed of three dozen tickets for her benefit, you may conclude I have found her by no means a disagreeable acquaintance; which is the fact, as she is quite a gentlewoman, in private company, both in manners, dress, and personal appearance. She is an actress of great merit, particularly in tragedy; and her recitation of "Collins's Ode to the Passions" is most exquisite. Mr. Crampton, whom I believe I mentioned to you before, as being called the Apollo, seems a great admirer of her's, and I should not be surprised if he married her. So much for the subject of the drama, of which I am afraid I have told you more than you will care to hear.

I went last week on an excursion to the Cove of Cork, which is one of the lions of this part of the country. The scenery on each side of the river for about five miles is close and woody, till within sight of the harbour, when consequently the vicinity of the ocean changes the scene both by land and sea. The former is bolder and more bleak; the latter is *animated* by myriads of ships of all descriptions, riding on its surface. This harbour is large enough to contain the whole British navy. It is gemmed with several little islands, which are fortified for its defence—Camden Fort, Carlisle Fort, and Spike Island. On the last named we landed, to view the fortifications and barracks carrying on for defending the mouth of the harbour, which were begun four years since; and although they are not half finished, they have already cost government the sum of forty-five thousand pounds annually. It seems a singular thing to praise and admire a stone wall; but I can figure nothing more perfect of the kind than the workmanship of that round Spike Island. It gives one an idea of the works of the Romans or Egyptians. There are six hundred men now at work

daily. I never saw so busy a scene, and all one mass of bare bleak land in the middle of the ocean; proving (if proof were wanted) that nothing is made in vain

The Lord Lieutenant, and his lady are expected here, which of course will occasion a great commotion. I am told she is very fond of her regal dignity, and tenacious of her honours.

I also went another day to see a beautiful parsonage of Mr. and Mrs. B[——]. He is son to the Archbishop [of York]. He looks like a lad of twenty, and has six children. But in general they marry very early here; and in the lower ranks there is no such thing as procuring an unmarried servant of either sex. But alas! this does not make them more moral; for having five or six children born to them, they disperse them amongst their friends, and then the man goes one way, and the wife another.

[——] is here, and talks a great deal to me about the Princess of Wales. He said the other day that no act of her life ever put him into such a rage at her, as when the report reached England of her brother, the Duke of Brunswick's death.* She went on, he said, as if nothing had happened, and had company the day after the event was generally believed to have taken place. She had received no official notice, it was true. Still one should have supposed she would have been in a state of suspense almost more painful than after having received the certain intelligence of his being no more.

I hear William B[——]l has given her Royal Highness his resignation. She is at Como, I was told just now, and quite deserted by all her English attendants. Faulty and foolish as that poor woman is, there is something horrible in her being so totally abandoned by the whole world, and forced to seek comfort and amusement in society which is degrading, and will ruin her, sooner or later, in every sense of the word. A person staying at Como writes to me that they were very sorry for their *voisinage*, as well as for the gossip that is already raised in that small district, and the anecdotes they hear from their landlord. The courier was bred and brought up there, and lived as valet de chambre with a comtessa close by Como; and all the people knew him in that capacity;

* June 16, 1815.

and now he visits them in a carriage and four! and his sister * has succeeded Lady C[harlotte] C[ampbel]l! What a pitiable arrangement! The Milanois made a great inquiry about the *name* of this woman, and the Princess tells everybody she has been recommended to her by a policeman,† who is a most respectable person, and that everything he recommended to the Princess was proper. The prefect at Como asked *the policeman* if this was true, and he said he had never recommended anybody to her Royal Highness. So all Milan and Como are in wonder, and talk of nothing else. The Oldi is nobody, even by marriage, and before that she was a servant's sister of the lowest order. The report is, that this vile courier compels the Princess to live here in the midst of all his relations, that he may show off what a great man he is. Can you imagine anybody not out of Bedlam being so blind to their future interests? Even allowing there is nothing wrong in the intimacy, how this story will tell against her! and how impossible it is that a matter of this sort can be concealed! The foreigners are all so affronted at the person honoured and put above them, that they talk more than we British should do had she taken an English menial into her service, and elevated him above his proper sphere.

I hear Lady [——] is going to be divorced for [——]; but the infamy of [——] House and her husband will save him from having to pay damages; and they say that there will be most disgraceful disclosures proved.

The T[——] B[——]s have been living, I hear, a good deal with the Princess of Wales, and there is a report that she has taken a house at Venice for the next winter.

Notwithstanding all that is alleged against this unhappy Princess, I cannot help feeling sorry for her, and she is, in despite of abuse, an interesting person. I always wonder why her brother remained passive in her defence, and why so near a relation did not demand the reasons of her being so insulted and so maligned. Who could so properly have avenged her rights as the Duke of Brunswick? Alas! the age of chivalry is long since gone by; those in place and power will not risk the loss of those advantages by raising

* Countess Oldi, the sister of Bartolomeo Bergami.

† The Marchese Ghisilieri, who was at the head of the police.

their voices in the cause of the oppressed; and the voices of those who have neither would be raised in vain.

If we ever meet, my dear friend, in this world, I would ask you some questions on this subject, respecting assertions which, from my ignorance, I did not dare to combat. Lord Forbes is still absent, and General Heron remains here. He is gentlemanlike, and very useful in franking; and is a smart little man, who seems to hold number one, and his teeth so well set, in proper respect.

Farewell for the present, and believe me, &c.

November 7th.—I had the pleasure of receiving a brief but very welcome letter from the Princess Charlotte, in which she says,

The only person now remaining with my mother, and who, I trust, will take courage and continue with her, is Dr. Holland, who, I believe, from everything I have heard of him, is a most respectable and respected character. I have it not in my power at present to repay any services shown the Princess of Wales; but if I ever have, those who remain stedfast to her shall not be forgotten by me; though I fear sensible people like him never depend much on any promises from any one, still less from a royal person; so I refrain from making professions of gratitude, but I do not feel them the less towards all those who show her kindness.

I have not heard from my mother for a long time. If you can give me any intelligence of her, I should be much obliged to you to do so. I am daily expecting to be confined, so you may imagine I am not very comfortable. If ever you think of me, dear [——], do not imagine that I *am only a princess*, but remember me, with Leopold's kind compliments, as your sincere friend,

CHARLOTTE PSS. OF S. COBURG.

The Lord Advocate left off supporting the falling ministry, I heard the other day, (with whose fall he will lose his lord advocateship, three thousand a-year,) to attend his wife's confinement. She would not lie in of her ninth child without him! She is pretty, and clever,

A. Wivell, delt. *T. Wright, sculpt.*

COUNTESS OLDI

and agreeable. He is ugly, and reckoned a screw; but I think him agreeable; and he has proved he liked her better than money.

In a letter from [——], I am told, Mrs. A[——]e is popular, which I did not expect she would be, though I think her charming; and nobody laughs at Mr. P[——]'s adoration of her but the wicked S[——]. It is evident to all the world, the former is in love with that lady; but as for her loving him, it is, I should think, quite out of the question. I suppose his head and heart are made of the same materials as other men's. The first must suggest to him that three thousand a-year and so agreeable a companion would be very desirable objects;—the last may suffer from disappointment in the pursuit.

"Hardly anybody," says my correspondent, "who walks two or three miles from town fails to meet them. Some people have amused themselves walking behind them in a lane. One individual declares Mrs. [——] complained of being cold, then took off her glove, and—gave her hand, which he held between his for a mile. I cannot help thinking that was mighty ludicrous; yet, they are quite in the right if they like it; and if the professor does not break his heart, no harm will come of it. After all, it is very pleasant to please; and those only who have no loves, rail at those who have."

I was in low spirits all the day, though I had no new or particular cause for the depression. But it is often thus—past griefs cast a dark shadow over many years, long after their actual occurrence. I happened by chance, when in this mood, to open the "Lady of the Lake," and I thought, as I read it, so long as there were such sublime poems in the world to elevate and abstract the mind, that I never could be quite unhappy in any situation. There are so many interests and pleasures independent of the world! Everybody must be disappointed that the heroine's lover is nothing, and derives

no interest from any circumstances except in being the object of her love; and I was sorry Fitz-James kills Roderick. Fitz-James, perhaps, could not help it, but Walter Scott could. It gives an uneasy sensation

All the world seem to be eloping. Lady [——], whom I called upon, informed me Mr. G[——]e has eloped with a Mrs. D[——], and Mr. J[——]y is always living at H[ollan]d House. What a strange thing power is! How it domineers over every human being! Lady H[olland] is not liked by one person out of ten, yet she commands attention, from terror of her despotic will.

In a letter from England, a person says,

The only person of note I have seen lately is Mr. [——], Lady M[——]'s husband. I was prejudiced against him, as I hate men who marry ladies of disreputable character, especially other men's partners. Besides, he told her daughter, Lady M[——], that she did nothing more than other people, only she was found out. Now I dislike the immorality of the sentiment, and nearly as much the *bad taste* of declaring it; therefore I could not bear Mr. [——]. But when he came here, I wondered no longer at any one being charmed with him; his appearance is so agreeable, his manners so insinuating he is quite a second Belial.

I hear Mrs. A[——] was enchanted with [——]. I wish she would come back, and puff her off. Puffing does an insignificant person so much service in this world; so few people take the liberty of judging for themselves. I wish Mrs. A[——] would puff [——] to Lord W. S[pense]r, who, I think, is just the husband made on purpose for [——]. He is learned and handsome, and *her* grace would compensate for the mantle of awkwardness that enfolds him. But I fear he is not a marrying man.

Lady R[osebery] and Sir H. M[ildmay] are gone abroad; and Lord R[osebery] lays his damages at thirty thousand pounds. Sir H[enry] has spent all his fortune already; so I should think the lady will be very sorry for what she has done, as romance in poverty soon wearies, and wears out.

A Mrs. D[——]l went to Bath lately for her health, and ran away with her physician, a Dr. D[——]; but she

protests it was *en tout bien et tout honneur*, and that he had only accompanied her on a jaunt for her health.

Our affairs seem going on badly in America. Lord Beverley's son was saved, though his ship was blown up. Sir George Murray is made commander-in-chief there.

[——] is beginning to grow gay; but I think gaiety is a fatiguing thing; it wears out the spirits; and unless one is in love, or goes forth to gratify one's vanity in being admired, there is no fun in large parties.

Do you know the Chief Baron? What a delightful person he is! and what a bright ray of sunshine he throws round him! Never was any one so popular.

Southey's long epic poem, called "Roderick the Last of the Goths," is the new work. Every one is busy reading it, or sleeping over it.

Sir H. Davy is going to publish a volume of poetry. I saw one of the poems; it is very abstruse, and metaphysical, on the nature and essence of man, beginning with him as a suckling at the living rill, and going on till death infuses the natural parts into the dew and the firmament. Yet it does not cover a sheet of paper all this process!

I have become acquainted with a Mr. Cumberland, who must be agreeable, for he has an hereditary right to it. I have been reading his father's life. It explains the story of a paper in the Observer, written by him, that always interested me much, of his going to see a friend's place after his death, with the circumstance of his decease. It was the late Lord Sackville.

I was sorry to receive a grumbling letter from Miss [——], who threatens to leave the poor Princess of Wales. Now though, for any one else, such a service would not be desirable, for her, who is alone in the world, and has no other source of interest, I think it must be pleasant to reflect she was doing the Princess some good by remaining in her household. But reasoning with her is useless. The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger doth not intermeddle with its joys. Yet, I think we may have some influence on our own feelings, if we resolutely exert our reason.

I heard from [——], that he got a blank in the lottery; and he has little hopes of court preferment. Poor soul! what odd foundations he builds his hopes on! I would as

soon expect to make a fortune by weaving stockings, as either by the lottery or the favour of princes. He was to meet the prince at Lady Hampden's the night he wrote.

> Full little knowest thou, who hast not tried,
> What hell it is in hoping long to bide.

Perhaps you may sometime or other endeavour to turn the Princess's favour towards him; though, to be sure, as the proverb says, "between two stools," &c.

You ask me if it is not a hard fate to be an old maid. In my individual person, I do not wish to be married, because I think I am *too old*. The only husband I should like, would be an agreeable man of fifty, with six or eight children, the eldest about ten or eleven years old. I would like them very much and be very merry with and good-humoured to them, so that there would be a chance of their liking me; and if one is kind to children, and gives them a good example, I think they always turn out well; and if they were fools or knaves, why it would not be my fault, and I should not care so much as if they were my own flesh and blood.

I saw a man I fell in love with the other day; he is a bachelor, as he told me; a Sir George Paul. He is handsome, and has *l'air noble*. He is a kind of successor to Mr. Howard, and goes about into prisons, doing good.

I am going to copy two beautiful pictures, a Venus and a Danae; the latter is the finest thing I ever saw. I intend to give it to Lady W[——]y, to whom I solemnly promised a painting two years ago, and I always fulfil my promises sooner or later: 'tis a point of conscience. Now tell me, do you think it would be better to copy the head only of the pictures? Venus's face is very handsome, but the flesh not so good as Danae's. The former is putting on a piece of dress which I never knew Venus wore.

There is an old man of seventy-three, who has a lovely place in this neighbourhood. He quarrelled with an old sister he had; and my nephew, Mr. J[——], who is his friend, said, if I would give him twenty pounds, he would give me five hundred, if I had not an offer from him. Not meaning to marry him, and thinking myself so irresistible he could not fail to propose had he an opportunity, I lost five hundred pounds; for ten days after, he married a woman no older

than I am, and who is reputed to be very handsome and agreeable. I have often observed nothing makes a woman so courted as marrying an old dotard, or driveller of any kind. It is a foil to her; though it only shows she is a stone of no price, to be *so set.*

I hear Lady E[lizabe]th B[ingha]m is reckoned the most beautiful girl in London; and so ends my stock of gossip, which I dare not read over, lest I should be disgusted with all the nonsense I have written. However, I hope you will forgive it.

[——] &c.

My correspondent need not make any apology for her letters, for they are always entertaining, though I allow them to be often imprudent. No correspondence that is amusing is ever a safe medium of transmitting intelligence.

In another letter from Lady [——], who is at Paris, she writes:

I have been here two months; and no person who has, like myself, been confined for many months to one secluded spot, can imagine the strange excitement produced by removing to so opposite a scene as this capital. I have felt hitherto incapable of any employments, so much have I been taken up with sight-seeing; yet although I have been amused, I doubt if I have been as happy as I was in my own land, and amongst my own people. Yet I have had every comfort and kindness bestowed upon me since I left England. Lady Hampden is the kindest person in the world, and very agreeable; and not her least recommendations are her riches, which are so enormous that she is enabled to be generous; for which she has all the power as well as the inclination. I lived a sort of court life,—at least was always at the Tuilleries. Madame de Gontaut * (perhaps you know her) is a clever agreeable person. We dined there every day if we pleased. But we had never above six or seven people at dinner; sometimes a trio only, of Lady Hampden, herself, and I. But at eight o'clock her *monde* began to pour in, and remained till near twelve. A variety of persons of all nations are acquainted with her; that is to say, the *best* of the strangers

* Eventually governess to the grandchildren of Charles X. of France.

who visit Paris. I became acquainted at her house with Soult, the Duke of Dalmatia. He is the cleverest looking man I ever saw, and has a very fine head. He showed us his pictures, and a glorious collection they are. I never in my life saw pictures which went to my heart like them. I am quite certain the Maréchal would have let me copy any I had chosen; but, unfortunately, I only made his acquaintance a short time before our departure; for I think Frenchmen are much more liberal in that way than English, to make up for their deficiencies in other good qualities.

I was at one very great assembly at the Tuilleries, where all the French noblesse were. I had great pleasure in playing with the royal children. As for the Duc de Bordeaux, if he had not been a future king, (that is to say, if they do not assassinate him like his father,) I should not have cared at all for him; but mademoiselle, his sister, I should have been especially fond of, even if she had not had the misfortune of being royal. I used to tell them stories; and she, being a very intelligent child, and never having heard them before, liked hearing them exceedingly. Mademoiselle is a very pretty child, as fair as fair can be. I admired the buildings at Paris,—the Louvre and Tuilleries, the Place Louis Quinze —all that part of Paris which is built along the river, &c., with the utmost enthusiasm. I had great pleasure in walking about by myself, for I found when I was in Lady Hampden's magnificent equipage, the price of every article was doubled; and I was exceedingly struck with some of the shop girls, and thought them the most elegant and graceful creatures I ever beheld. Indeed, I think there is a grace in the manners of the lower orders of women in Paris, I did not find in the higher. On the whole, they are a lively agreeable people, and kind-hearted; but there is a want of truth and moral integrity about them which, when you find it out, is very disgusting; also a want of sense and reflection; and their religion is of a very demoralising nature; but of course there are exceptions to all rules.

I saw your old acquaintance, Mr. N[——]h, there. I always thought him very agreeable, and he is so still. He lives at Paris for the purpose, I believe, of indulging his taste for gambling.

Adieu, yours, &c.

Sir [——] called on me. He talked for a long time of the Princess of Wales; and he told me how she had once annoyed him by making him borrow for her Royal Highness several beautiful and costly Spanish dresses, which she had seen the Duchess De H[——]s wear, and which she admired greatly. "The latter," said Sir [——], "was a slim tall woman, exceedingly thin and *elancé* in her figure, consequently her dresses could not at all fit the shape of the Princess. But she was determined to put them on, and in doing so, tore and destroyed the clothes, which were very expensive; and the poor Duchess was exceedingly mortified at their being spoilt. Sir [——] told me that when he saw the Princess soon after Lady [——] having left her, she was loud in the expression of her indignation against that lady, but still more against the English nation in general, and their excessive selfishness on all occasions. Her Royal Highness said that they never did anything for anybody but when it suited their interests, and that they thought they were to gain profit by it, of some kind or other. Many Englishwomen at Milan, she told Sir [——], had refused to supply Lady [——]'s place, even for a week or two, and therefore she was obliged to take a person of whom she knew nothing. This assertion, observed Sir [——], "was so much dwelt upon, that the night I heard it I was almost seized with compassion. Lady W. Bentinck was the only exception who was named. All I could do for her, poor woman! was to make W[——] B[——]l offer to go to Venice, which he did, but no further; upon which she almost knelt to thank him, and said he was the most amiable person in the world. This occurred just as the Princess was going to dinner, and she asked him to come the next day to talk over the arrangements. He is afraid all his relations will be angry with him for having offered to attend her, for they are all the devoted slaves of the Regent. When she said she wanted a lady, he replied,

'I wish I could put on petticoats, and attend you, madam, in that capacity!' She answered, 'I wish to God you could!' yet she never proposed his becoming her chamberlain. Poor William expected, at least, to have had a place in her carriage; but when he went next day to receive his orders, he was told he must find his own way. The Princess went with the Italian woman she had hired, and the rest of her suite followed by her maids in the coach; so William much repented his offer, as he did not enjoy the thoughts of spending his money on that journey; and next day the Princess behaved very oddly, paid him no attention, and did not even wish him good night: in short, treated him quite as one of the servants of her household; which, as he did not consider himself such, made him bitterly repent of what he had done. As to the lady whom her Royal Highness has got about her, she cannot be very illustrious, or well educated, for she speaks no language except her own, and that vulgarly; while the Princess talks of her, and of everything that comes into her head, in French, of which this dame d'honneur does not seem to understand a single word. I think," added Sir [——], "that the dumb woman," as the Princess herself styles this Countess Oldi, "must *sham*, in order to be saved from the trouble of replying, as well as to find out everything that may be going on. In appearance I hear she is quizzical, and that William and all the servants laugh at her. In short, William was very sorry in having got into such company. I hear that Miss [——], out of pure good-nature, offered her own services, and sent up her name to her Royal Highness; when the Princess, in the presence of [——], who was with her at the time, indignantly tore the card in pieces and said there was no answer. What infatuation! The very fact of a respectable Englishwoman having tendered her services, was a piece of good fortune, which, at that juncture, the unhappy Princess ought to have

acknowledged with gratitude. When he heard there was a *dame dans la voiture*, he could not imagine what guilty object it was, till Miss C[——] informed him afterwards it was herself. [——] desired Mr. [——] to find out what her offence had been. The only cause she could think of for the Princess's strange conduct was her being an ally of Lady C. C[ampbell], against whom her Royal Highness is furious just now, on account of her having left her service. Miss M[——] declares she will have some apology made her, before she ever enters the Princess's presence again. Miss M[——] will go, however, to her when she arrives at Como, for the sake of society; but will not attend the Princess on her travels if she sends for her for that purpose—not at least till she has explained her conduct towards her."

"What a curious woman the Princess is!" said Sir [——], "it is quite melancholy to see the foolish game she is playing of her own interest."

The favoured person who, I am told, now dines at table, is styled *Count*, is said to be of an ancient decayed family, and is seen driving *in* the carriage with her at Como. These accounts may be lies—at least exaggerations; and I trust they are such. The Princess, when Miss M[——]e wrote to me, was going to give a great *fête* at her new abode, and intends to christen it Villa d'Este; and the tickets of invitation, which Miss M[——]e saw printing, are signed "Caroline d'Este." I really think she must be mad, and I should like to see her for an instant, to assure myself she is the same woman whom we remember—so agreeable and so well behaved, but a few years back at Kensington.

In speaking of Mr. Whitbread, Sir [——] told me he was quite an altered person for some time previous to his death. He told Sir [——], in the beginning of May, that he felt something ailing him, and that if it was, as he supposed, to end in apoplexy, he only hoped that it

would kill him at once, and that he should not outlive his reason. For the last three weeks of his life he never slept for a single hour together. His death was a great loss to the Princess of Wales's cause. "Not that I think," observed Sir [——], "he was interested so much in her individually, as he was in supporting the opposition. However, be his motive what it might, he would have served, and perhaps saved her from coming to destruction. Therefore I was truly sorry at the event; besides that he was a most amiable man in private life."

Sir [——], who saw Lord E[——]n after his visit to Elba, told him many things which, he said, awoke an interest in his feelings towards the exiled Bonaparte; and Sir [——] is of opinion that the English behaved shabbily at Naples to Murat. "What is the use of treating people ill in their adversity? I cannot bear it," he observed.

Lord G[——] is very extraordinary in his flirtations, dress, and love-making, just now at Florence, and he is quite the ridicule of the place. I am informed Lord C[——]n, Lord W[——]n's son, married in Edinburgh lately a Scotch heiress, a Miss M[ackenzi]e, of K[intail]e. I never heard of her before. The story goes that W[alter] S[cot]t gave her away. This appears a *mésalliance* for a future Marquis. After the wedding W[alter] S[cot]t set out immediately for Brussels, as he is engaged to write a poem on the battle of Waterloo. Miss W[——]e made up her marriage on the road home,—not at Nice. I think she requires a great deal of dress and candle-light to set her off, and wonder at a man falling in love with her in a packet-boat.

On my return home, I found several letters from England; among them a long melancholy one from [——], giving me a detailed account of Lady B[——]y's death. The writer says,

I should be the most ungrateful of human beings, my dear [——], if I were insensible to your kindness and affection, and did not feel sincerely obliged by the sympathy of your letter, which I have not been able to thank you for sooner. There are some misfortunes it is impossible to prepare the mind for; and the one I am now suffering under is of that class. A few days before the death of my dear friend she was considerably better, and I ventured to write a consolatory account to Lady E[——], which she received a few hours after the event was over. The sufferings of that beloved angel were great, and it was fortunate they were not protracted. At the moment of her decease she was not aware she was dying; so she was spared some pangs of separation. A life of the most unexampled goodness had thoroughly prepared her for the awful moment. It was a gradual decline, brought on by constant anxiety for the fate of Lord B[——]y's and her separation from him, and the constant tantalising state of hope and disappointment concerning his release, that she lived in for five years past, when the management of his affairs, and her duties to her children, brought her to this country. That monster Bonaparte has her life as much to answer for as those of any of the victims he has sacrificed. No lady was ever more adored by all who knew her, and nobody will ever be more lamented. The wretchedness of all her servants and dependents is a thing you can have no idea of. All her children must long and severely feel her loss; for never was a more affectionate parent. Her brother and sisters worshipped her; indeed it was impossible not to do so. To most people it would appear ridiculous if I were to put my loss in comparison with theirs; but she was the idol I had set up for myself to worship, and every plan of my life, every castle in the air I ever formed, she was interwoven with it. I did not live with her; our destinies might be separated at any moment; but the hope of meeting her, and talking over all that occurred in our parted time, would have enabled me to support the temporary separation. Now all this is over, and I feel myself a wretched being—a burden to myself and others. She was certainly a most perfect creature. Never, in my long and intimate acquaintance with her, did I see a look, or a word, or any idea, I could have wished different. Her manners were enchanting;

which I often wondered at, for they were perfectly natural, and impossible to be imitated. My feeling about her might, perhaps, be *infatuation;* but I thought her person as beautiful as her mind, and her countenance, from the variety of expression, the most fascinating I ever beheld. On Sunday last, just before it was dark, I went to [——] Square, and went alone into her apartment. I had never seen a corpse before; but I felt certain that any remains of one I had loved as I did her could at no moment inspire me with horror or terror. She had been so much altered by the dreadful degree of emaciation the last time I saw her, that it was only the sound of her voice brought her to my recollection; so I did not expect to have her former self at all recalled to me: therefore, my astonishment was great when her face was uncovered, and I saw her to my eyes restored to her former looks; and never did I admire her beauty so much, even when covered with diamonds and dressed for a ball. By looking at her *in profile*, (in which view she was beautiful,) her excessive emaciation was not discoverable; and the yellowness of disease had, by candle-light, only the effect of giving her countenance the glow of life. The worn look of care and pain was quite gone, and not a wrinkle or mark was on her fair countenance. I cannot describe to you the enchantment that came over me, and I sat watching beside that dear one all night, with my eyes fixed on her countenance —so exactly as I have seen her on a sofa asleep, and every moment almost imagining she would open her eyes, and say something kind to me. Never in my happiest moments did a period appear so short. Every time I heard the watchman I regretted another hour was past. I am a foolish coward, and have sat up often, or laid awake in the stillness of the night, and fancied all sorts of terrors. But *then* murderers might have entered the room;—I should have looked on that placid, unmoved, heavenly countenance, and not have even started. Never shall I forget that night —never pass such another. Even in death she possessed the power she had over me during her life, of making me forget every care and annoyance, in the joy of being near her. When I left the sad scene, I could not look at her decidedly for the last time, and promised myself the melancholy pleasure of returning once more to gaze at her beloved remains. But

Lord L[——], her son, would not allow any one to see her again. I hope and believe I shall never forget her; but that her image will remain engraven on my mind as it is at present. The recollection of her kindness will form now my chief happiness; rendering me superior to disappointments, and to the want of it in others. She was too perfect for me ever to hope to meet her in another world, or that there I could expect to be remembered by her. I was too insignificant ever to have any other merit in her eyes than that of adoring her; and *that* she never knew, for I was a little afraid of her. I thought her so superior to every human being, that I was rather shy with her. How one regrets past enjoyments when they are over for ever, and thinks one could have made more of them!

I prized every hour that went by
  Beyond all that pleased me before,
But now they are past and I sigh,
  And grieve that I prized them no more.

What a long letter I have written! but you, I know, will not laugh at this *exposé* of my feelings. Do not mention what I have written. Some people would think my passing that night as I have related, more wonderful than swimming across the Channel, or encountering a tribe of banditti. So pray mention it to no one; as I hate, on such a subject particularly, to be an object of speculation. If you should think it was an odd fancy to sit beside Lady B[——]y's corpse, I can only say it soothed my grief to do so. Mr. B[——] said he would not have allowed Mrs. B[——] to see that beloved sister when she was no more, for—what compensation do you think he named?—not even for one thousand pounds! Although speaking on so sad a subject, the nature of the man betraying itself, even at such a time, and on such an occasion, almost made me smile. But I know he meant no disrespect; for he revered and honoured her as sincerely as any of her family; but money is, in his opinion, the greatest temptation that can be held out to a man.

Lady L[——]e told me I must have *strong nerves* to remain beside a dead person alone. How little nerves have to do with it! I was raised above nerves—above this mortal clay—and was, whilst in her presence, half in heaven with her, &c.

I am truly sorry for the poor person who wrote the above letter; well knowing how she depended on Lady B[——] for every happiness she enjoyed. Yet I must say I deprecate the system of one woman attaching herself in so romantic a manner to another of her own sex, for it always produces disappointment; as generally one of the friends marries, and has other interests which lessen, if they do not altogether divide, their maiden friendship.

Every woman should make it her business, as a duty she owes herself, to find a husband; for no other interest in life is ever stable, abiding, or sufficient to the happiness of a woman. I never yet knew or heard of female friendships answering completely to both parties, or enduring throughout life; and in my reply to this melancholy effusion, I have endeavoured to turn the mind of the writer to the consideration of seeking some legitimate source of interest in life. But advice is a cheap drug, and a despised one.

December 9th.—A lapse occurs in my journal, which has been occasioned by a severe illness, from which I have scarcely yet recovered; and now I have no memorandum to make, except the melancholy intelligence of poor Princess Charlotte's death, which gave me unfeigned sorrow of an individual and selfish nature, as well as regret for the irreparable loss her country has sustained in the death of that kind-hearted princess. Every nation has appeared to sympathise with Britain, and to dread that this national calamity is the forerunner of many future woes. There is now no object of great interest to the English people, no one great rallying point, round which all parties are ready to join, and willing to make their opinions unite in concord. A greater public calamity could not have occurred to us; nor could it have happened at a more unfortunate moment. The instant I heard the sad news, I thought of the poor

Princess of Wales, and felt grieved from my heart at this blow to her every chance of happiness and support. It was more as the future queen's mother that she had a strong claim on the English people, than from her own position; and her daughter would, I feel convinced, have supported her to the uttermost; for not only would the good motive of affection for the Princess of Wales have actuated her in doing so, but certainly also the Prince Regent had rendered himself an object of dislike to his daughter, and she would, from the haughty nature of her disposition, have felt satisfaction in upholding the person whom he persecuted and disliked. The Princess of Wales may well now feel careless of life; and her conduct, poor woman! as far as this world is concerned, will not further influence her fate; for be it circumspect or the reverse, she is of no consequence. She has no *bribe* to offer; and there are few who would undertake to wage war in her cause against her husband, who is all-powerful. I feel certain she will now become quite reckless in her behaviour, and I almost dread some tragical end for this unfortunate Princess.

I wrote to her, and offered her Royal Highness the assurance of my sincere sympathy in this her greatest affliction. When sorrow visits our fellow-beings—even those most obnoxious to us, or the most guilty—the treachery, or unkindness, or neglect of their fellow-creatures should be stayed. The vengeance of man must give way to that of the Almighty, and the mean revenge of human beings sinks into contempt when such judgments are sent from on high.

I have used the word judgments, which I repent of; for no one has any right to decide what are judgments, and what are not. And after all, let all that the world has accused the Princess of Wales of be true, this affliction may not be intended to chastise her; so I retract the sense in which I made use of the word.

Letters reach me every day, filled with nothing but accounts of, and lamentations about, this melancholy event. To-day I received an answer from the Princess of Wales. I am certain it was written with the deepest feeling, knowing, as I do, the meaning of her expressions. Others might have written more, and felt less, than she did in writing the following note.

VILLA CAPRILE,
the 3rd of December, 1817.

I have not only to lament an ever-beloved child, but one most warmly attached friend, and the only one I have had in England! But she is only gone before [——].

I have her not *losset*—and I now trust we shall soon meet in a much better world than the present one.

For ever your truly sincere friend,
C. P.

I could have wept over this strangely-worded but heartfelt expression of the poor mother's grief, and I am anxious to receive tidings that she has not committed any rash act of despair—at which I should not be surprised; for the Princess is a woman of such violent feelings, and her situation is indeed now so desolate, that it would not be astonishing if, with her disposition, she were unable to endure this overwhelming calamity.

In a letter from Florence, Lady [——] says:

Your melancholy letter reached me yesterday, and with it various others, giving the same lamentable intelligence. Such a blow England has scarcely ever received. The nation may well droop its head. God knows if it will ever raise it again! I felt this awful death in a most heartfelt manner, and with something of intimate and tender sorrow, which Princess Charlotte's uniform kindness to me necessarily inspired. It will be a long time ere I recover from the shock, and I can never forget the deep impression it has made upon my mind. There are some things we cannot forget. The great change this tremendous dispensation will make in Britain, is one that involves such a complicated train of

events, and is so gloomily portentous, that one shudders at the consequences. But this is not a subject to enter upon fully by letter. You know my feelings, and I know your manner of thinking. Of course there is an end to all our participation in the *fêtes* given at this court on the marriage of the Grand Duke's son. On account of not being very well, I had not gone on Thursday night to a ball given by the nobles, and I feel rather glad I did not; for although these things, in fact, make no real difference in our *feelings*, it might have been imagined I had already heard the tidings, since it was whispered yesterday, that the event of the Princess's death was known before to some who chose to divert themselves. Perhaps this is not so; and it matters little whether ill-natured busy-bodies are at work to spite their neighbour or not just now, in such trivial matters, when a whole kingdom is plunged into mourning.

In a letter from England, I am told the Regent is but little affected. I do not believe he loved the departed Princess as he ought to have done; but I never can think a father can feel otherwise than as I feel, when a young and innocent child is taken away from him; and I make no doubt all petty wrongs and ancient feelings of animosity are forgotten now by him when mourning for his daughter.

Believe me, &c.

P. S. Amongst the innumerable verses written on this melancholy occasion, it strikes me that those I send you are the most remarkable, as being supposed to be addressed by the dying mother to her deceased child.

IMAGINARY ADDRESS OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE TO HER INFANT.

Farewell to thee, child—silent fruit of my anguish,
Bright hope ere thy birth—now my sorrow when past:
May angels receive thee, and waft, as I languish,
The kisses for thee on my pillow impress'd.

I must weep for thee, Babe—nor shall my single sorrow
In fast-falling currents thy obsequies lave,
For o'er thy hapless fate, ere the night of to-morrow,
The sorrow of millions shall stream on thy grave.

Had a mother's exulting alone been inwoven
In thy destiny grand, then my sorrows were mute;
But the root of the cedar majestic is cloven,
And nations confounded shall mourn for the fruit.

I saw the long vista of bliss and of glory,
An empire convuls'd by thy virtue upheld!
But a horror prophetic now darkens the story,
Awful clouds stop the *light—or too much is reveal'd.*

Resign'd for myself—was I selfish, still grateful
In a lot for which thousands ambitious have sighed;
But to me the dominion of worlds would be hateful
Had I selfishly lov'd, or if selfishly died.

But be still my lament—lovely Babe, soon I join thee,
The big-swelling bosom shall heave o'er us both;
Death has barbed his dart a few hours to purloin thee,
And, in leaving me last, has exhausted his wrath.

Then be merciful, Death, from my anguish release me,
For fresh joys O exchange my heart-rending farewell;
So my infant extends his fond arms to receive me,
Whilst his smiles from my bosom all darkness dispel.

I come to thee, Child, now in glory resplendent,
Which leaves not a grief for thy destiny lost,
O aid and receive me, ye angels attendant,
O shorten my pangs as ye beckon my ghost.

November 10th, 1817.—To the original of these verses was appended the following letter:

MY DEAR [——],—I have done myself the pleasure of enclosing the lines you appeared to approve. I was not allowed the liberty of giving a copy, but my acquaintance with the author's mind is such that I felt no hesitation in offering them, being assured he would have been highly gratified by your acceptance of them. They will not bear the severe eye of criticism, but to a feeling heart they must be touching. I conceive they may be improved by com-

pression, but they were written on the spur of the moment, so I send them as I received them, &c.

I went to Lady [——]'s the day that the news reached Rome, and I found there congregated all the English residing at this place, who had come to tell and to hear whatever they had heard from England on the sad occasion. Some maintained that the Regent had not evinced any grief. Impossible! But one circumstance I believe to be true, from the quarter from which it came; it is, that no official notice of the event was forwarded to the Princess of Wales, and that she learnt it through the medium of a common newspaper! Truly one's heart revolts at the idea of a mother being so treated—not to mention a princess; for in such a case as this, all remembrance of the observances of etiquette sink into insignificance, compared with the want of common humanity of feeling, shown in this respect for so near a relative of the departed Princess. But this act of cruel negligence accords with the treatment almost invariably shown towards the Princess of Wales: for certainly, however much she may have been in the wrong, the Prince is fully as much to blame as she is; and however greatly the Princess of Wales deserves censure, she deserves fully as much pity. She has a great claim on the English nation's kindness and forbearance, and I only wish to heaven she had never forsaken the shelter of that protection.

But partially as this cause has been spoken and written of in the present day by eye-witnesses, future historians will be more partial still; and in future ages the faults and follies of the Prince and the Princess of Wales will be exaggerated or diminished, until there will be no truth told of either party. All history is false, and it is difficult to avoid its being so; for even those who dwell perpetually at courts are deceived. No one who has not lived in such a sphere can have an idea of the

duplicity and double dealings which are carried on by all countries and all parties.

To return to the actual news of the day: there are whispered (and I think totally false) rumours afloat, of the late Princess Charlotte having been neglected during her confinement; and all sorts of marvellous stories are spread, which I wonder at any person of common sense listening to for a moment. It is strange how eagerly people always receive marvellous histories on any subject. But in such a case as this they should not be allowed to disseminate such idle gossip, which, if the lowest orders of people were to become acquainted with, might be a pretext for them to cause some serious disturbance. Another, and, I fear, a more true report is afloat, namely, that the Princess of Wales is watched by mean and paid hirelings, who will not scruple to tell lies, so long as they receive a sufficient price to tempt them to sell this poor woman. I do not know one of her Royal Highness's attendants, even by name; so I have ventured again to trouble her with a letter of inquiry about her health, which I have requested her to employ any person to answer she thinks fit to appoint, as I am truly anxious to hear she has not suffered in health from her late bereavement. I should hope and believe this inquiry will not offend, as it is truly and kindly meant. But she is a strange person, and in general, on other occasions of supposed sorrow to her, she has been offended at expressions of condolence; not liking it to be imagined that any grief could affect her strength, either of body or mind. I have always regarded that feeling as a foolish boast, and on the present occasion I think even she will not be ashamed to confess that she is in deep affliction.

The Regent did not attend his daughter's funeral. I am told it was not etiquette for him to do so; but I own my feelings would have inclined me, on so uncommon

an occasion of public sorrow, as well as from the private affliction of a parent at the loss of a child, to waive the usages of ceremony, and to have seen her laid in the grave. Her husband is very miserable, and I believe his grief to be sincere, as much for his young and pretty bride, as for the loss of his future queen. It always struck me that Princess Charlotte's personal advantages were not so highly esteemed as they deserved to be; for certainly her figure and deportment were truly beautiful; her limbs all faultless, and her general appearance very dignified and royal looking. But everything and every person that concerned the Princess of Wales seems destined to have been despised, and to meet with an unkindly fate. In her own person (I speak of the time of her youth) her face and figure were both very pleasing, her features delicate and regular, and it was strange they did not then, at least, win the admiration of the Prince; for he was a great judge on female charms. Truly, when one reflects on the manner in which she was treated from the first moment of her arrival in England, one feels inclined to be very lenient to all her subsequent faults and follies. If we only consider her as a young, pretty, and slighted bride in private life, we must pity her, when she found herself so contemptuously treated by her lord. *That* was the portion of her life in which the Princess of Wales was a real heroine, and that bitter portion of her existence alone gives her a strong right to national sympathy, and ought to preserve for her in future generations a kindly feeling of compassion, and I feel sure it will do so.

December 10th.—I received the following strange reply to-day from the Princess of Wales.

Thank you a thousand times, my dear [——], your kind inquiries after my health, which has suffered as little as I

could expect from my late misfortune. I cannot at dis moment inform you where I shall go to; my plan depends on letters from England, about dat vile money, who do always annoy me. As to my household, I hear people are meddling wid it, and saying it is improper. In de first place what would they have me do? All de fine English folk leave me. I not send them away, though, by-the-bye, some of dem not behave as civil as I could like. No matter—I wud have had patience wid them, but dey choose to go, so I not prevent them; but I must have some one to attend me, and I make my choice of some very agreeable persons, in every way fit to be my attendants; though de jealous English beggars, such as Miss[——], and one or two more of or our acquaintance, dear, wud have liked to have had the situation which La Comtesse Oldi now fills, to her and my great satisfaction. Her brother * also is a very intelligent and gentlemanlike person. Dey are of a decayed nobleman's family, much better born and bred than William B[——]l. But I know people are very ill-natured, and choose to abuse me for the choice I have made in my household. No matter, I not care—from henceforth I will do just as I please, that I will. Since de English neither give me de great honour of being a Princesse de Galle, I will be Caroline —a happy, merry soul; but, *simplement*, what do you tink, my dear [——]? just before I and Lady [——] parted, I hope never to meet again, I gave her a very pretty cast of an antique. I should have been proud of it in my room. Well, a day or two after she broke it, *purposely* I know, and had de impudence to come and say to me, "Oh! ma'am, dat figure your Royal Highness bought for bronze is only plaster"; to which I reply, "I knew that, Lady [——], very well, when I gave it to you. Dat is so like de English people; dey always ask, when one make them a *souvenir*, how much is cost? how much is worth? You are a true English, my dear Lady [——], there can be no mistake."

She laughed, but I saw she looked ashamed of herself. I cannot say I regret any one of my old household. I have been disappointed in dem all, and am much happier now I have no longer *des espions* about me, such as Lady A[——] H[——], watching me into every place where it is possible for a human

* Bartolomeo Bergami.

being to set foot. I must conclude, my dear [——], wishing you well, and remain ever your sincere friend,

C. P.

P.S. When you have any amusing news from England, I should like to hear it if you will favour me wid some.

Truly, did I not know the Princess of Wales, I should be tempted to believe this letter was a *forgery*. It is such a strange manner of writing immediately after her poor daughter's decease; which, not to mention the affection I believe she entertained for the Princess Charlotte as her child, selfish interest must have made her know was the greatest loss she can have sustained, and one she never can recover. Others, not acquainted with the Princess, on reading the foregoing letter, would judge her as an unfeeling and light-minded person. But I know that often, when she affects the greatest jocularity and indifference to affliction, her heart is not the less sore; and it is only a wish to forget her misery that makes her talk and write in such a strain as the foregoing. It is impossible not to laugh at her encomiums on her present household, and her observations on her former one. Yet at the same time I feel sincere regret for her wilful blindness to her impending ruin, and the infatuation she has taken for such disreputable people as the foreigners she has now in her service. But it would be worse than useless for me to incur her displeasure by attempting to give her any advice. So God keep her, and preserve her from coming to any fearful end! is all that her best friends can say.

I received a letter from Lady [——], who is at Como just now, and mentions the Princess.

The locale, [my correspondent says,] of this place is exquisitely beautiful; but the walks are confined, and I think one becomes tired of perpetually being on the water, which is the chief amusement. Lady G. Heathcote passed by the other day on her way to England; but only for a short visit.

Her beauty is almost at an end. "Woe is me!" how soon bright things come to confusion!

The weather at Como changes every hour; and yesterday we were visited by a most violent thunder-storm, after which it rained in such torrents which served as a specimen of the deluge. I happened to be on the lake at the time, and notwithstanding the boatman's assurance of "*non c'è pericolo, non abbia paura*"—I was considerably frightened. I believe myself a heroine, too, and if I had been in a Thames wherry, with English boatmen, I should not have been afraid. However, I was *quitte pour la peur*, and they tell me there are never any accidents on the lake, which I try to believe.

I went the other day to Pliniani, the house your favourite, Pliny the Younger, lived in—not exactly the house, but the spot, and which you may read the description of in his epistle. It is very beautiful, but I think the lake and its banks *la tristesse même*. Lady S[——], strange to say, likes the life she is leading, playing with flowers in the garden, and schooling and scolding her children. I am not amused, but I am not *bored*. The Comte and Comtesse, to whom the house we inhabit belongs, live in the gardener's house, on the top of a rock. She is a Parisian by birth, and we are rather growing friends. They are great grandees by their own account; but he lost all his fortune by the failure of a bank. The Comte talks without ceasing, and knows everything. They were great friends of Prince Eugene's and the ancient régime. The Comtesse has travelled all over the world, and is also communicative and amusing. She has a *library* of novels—literally; so that I wonder she has not, by filling her head with such a mass of trash, committed half a dozen murders and run away from her husband at least as many times, to make herself a heroine;—and, what is more, she cannot be *scrupulous* in the selection of these novels, from the specimen of some she has lent me. Yet none of this idle reading seems to have injured her mind or manners; she speaks French beautifully, has very good manners, and is, I am told, very amiable.

I related to you the trouble I had taken in going over the Palazzo Litta, and visiting the Duchessa, out of a sentiment connected with former days. Well, I found the Countess Litta was an intimate friend of this Comtesse, our landlady;

so I made many inquiries about my friend, Madame de Litta, whose name was Emilie. But Comtesse [——]'s friend was called Barbe de Litta: so there we came to an explanation; —*my* Madame de Litta, who had the most beautiful eyes in the world, and was in love a hundred years ago very foolishly with all the young Englishmen, was La Marchesa Emilie de Litta, wife to a brother of the present Duke, and has been dead eight years, and her husband likewise. All that is left of her is a son, whom I passed in a room at the Palazzo. I wish I had looked at him. He is heir to the present Duke, who has no children. My poor friend, Emilie, was never allowed to live in the palace I went to see, as the Duke did not approve of the acts of folly she was constantly committing. She was also *belle sœur* to the man you saw, who was chamberlain to the Archduke. Here is a distinct account of the family, and must end our anxieties about them.

I have not heard a word from Milan, or from the idle M[——]s, since I left them. He and his love, Lady E[——]th wait the return of W[——]. There are things much talked of here—I mean by my foreign allies—much more than they *could be* anywhere else, because the person who excites all this indignation is a native of this place, and has always lived in *situations* on this lake, &c. The change of his circumstances is much remarked. I am totally ignorant and disbelieving; but can you conceive anything so foolish as for the Princess to settle here? I cannot write all I hear; people tell me letters are not safe, and are opened at the police offices; but I cannot believe it.

Since writing the preceding part of this letter, I have seen the Princess of Wales. To my infinite surprise, her Royal Highness wrote, and desired me to wait upon her yesterday, which I did accordingly, and found her looking very well, but dressed in the *oddest mourning* I ever saw; a white gown, with bright lilac ribbons in a black crape cap! She was gracious in her manner to me, and spoke friendly of Lady [——], which I was glad to hear, as by all accounts she was much displeased with her for leaving her service. But if she was angry, her wrath is at an end. I have often observed with admiration that the Princess never *retains* any revenge or unkind feelings long, even towards those who most deeply wrong her. She soon forgives what she considers slights or

treachery towards her; which is a noble trait, and a rare one, and which ought always to be mentioned to her honour. She invited me to dinner to-day; and when I have been, I will tell you *all* I have seen, feeling certain you will not betray me.

I dined accordingly last evening with her Royal Highness. The *Comtesse Oldi* sat at table, but her brother *did not*. The Princess talked sensibly, and cautiously, I should say, and appeared in very calm spirits. I watched the attendants closely, and could not discover any want of proper respect in their manners, &c., towards her. Perhaps they were on their guard before a stranger; but certainly, as far as I could see, they were as well-behaved as possible. The Comtesse Oldi seems a stupid silent woman. Her appearance is not particular in any way. The Princess's apartments are comfortable, and altogether I was agreeably disappointed; for I own, from all I had heard, I expected to find things very different from what I did. The Princess avoided speaking of England or the English people, and only once alluded to the Princess Charlotte's death, by pointing to the *lilac* bows of her gown, and saying, "What an ugly thing mourning is!" I could scarcely help laughing, and asking whether that colour was considered as such. But I thought it best not to make any *impertinent* remarks; and my visit passed off pleasantly and quietly, but certainly not so amusingly as I have generally found the time to do in her Royal Highness's society. I hope the respectable appearance of her house and mode of life is uniformly such as I witnessed; and I am tempted to believe shameful and ill-natured lies are invented against her. Yet, I will own, I can scarcely think she is always satisfied to lead so monotonous a life as it would appear she does. She showed me her villa, and appeared proud of its beauty and comfort, which is certainly very great. The only circumstance which took from my pleasure in this dinner, was the fear that all the decorum I witnessed might not be habitual, but only put on for the occasion. However, I have no right to suppose so, and would fain not; so I beg of you to give me up as authority; and having been an eye-witness, I am ready to testify that I saw nothing that was not strictly proper in the Princess's household when I visited her Royal Highness. Adieu for to-day.

Believe me, &c.

I took this letter to Lady [——], and read her the part concerning the Princess; but she is not favourably inclined to her, and she only said, "Ah, she is sly enough. She was capable of sending for your friend, and showing off propriety before her, in order that she might talk of it to others."

I did not attempt to defend the Princess to Lady [——], for she is a bigoted person, and partial to the Prince, so I knew it was useless to do so.

In talking of Lord [Abercor]n, Lady [——] told me some curious circumstances about his wife, Lady A. C.[*sic* —C. A.]. In the first instance, Lord [Abercorn] would not even marry her until she was ennobled; * and he went to the King, and obtained for her a title, after which he made her his wife. For a time, they lived well together; but she soon fell in love with Sir J. C[ople]y, and made known her resolution to Lord [Abercorn], her husband, to run off with her lover. The former behaved most nobly to her, and said if she would promise never to see Sir J. C[opley] again, he would forgive her what she had done, and save her from public disgrace. But this offer she refused. She told Lord [Abercorn] that she had wronged him to the utmost—that she loved Sir [Joseph] passionately, and that she *would* elope with him. Lord [Abercorn] then replied, "So be it"; and he promised to arrange matters for her departure. But this also she rejected, and sent to the neighbouring village to order post-horses; and so, in a common hack chaise, she left her great and splendid home, for the love of a man who did not repay her sufficiently for the sacrifice. Lord [Abercorn] was much distressed; but he was not a person to make himself long miserable about anything; and,

* James, 1st Marquis of Abercorn, married, secondly, 1792, his cousin Cecil, daughter of Hon. George Hamilton, Canon of Windsor. For her, in 1789, he obtained grant of precedency of an earl's daughter. The marriage was dissolved in 1799, and she remarried in the same year Sir Joseph Copley of Sprotborough, co. York, Bart.

after obtaining a divorce, he married again. "Some years ago," said Lady [——], "I was at a ball at [——]; I had been dancing, and sat down beside a lady whom I considered a stranger to me, when suddenly she accosted me. I remembered the sound of her voice instantly, and accosted her by her former name of Lady [Abercorn], but corrected myself quickly, and said, 'O Lady [——], I am very happy to meet you again.' We conversed together for some time; and she invited me to go and see her, which I did. At our next interview, she told me how her life had been passed since we last met. 'I have suffered much,' said she; 'but the worst is past now.' And she related to me how she could not resist an impulse she had when one evening passing near [——] to look in at the window of the house, and see her children and Lord [Abercorn], who were assembled there. It was a sad strange pleasure, but it *was* a pleasure. I gathered from what my poor friend, Lady [——] said, that the sacrifice she had made to attain happiness had failed; for the object of her love was not all that she had hoped to find him. I soon left [——]," continued Lady [——], "and I never saw her again, or heard of her till after her death, when I learnt that she had requested her first husband, Lord [Abercorn], to go and see her; and she took leave of him for the last time." It must have been a most painful interview, I should suppose, and I almost wonder at any person imposing such a trial upon themselves; but it proved that she returned to her first attachment, and, that,—though not the most faithful husband in the world, was a better and a kinder man than the object of her unhappy passion.

Lord [Abercorn] was a strange being. The only piece of sentiment I ever knew him possessed of was evinced in the following anecdote, which a friend of his told me. There was a tree at his place, [——], to which was attached some remembrances of a mistress whom he had loved;

and when she died, Lord [Abercorn] caused it to be cut down, and the branches and trunk burnt.

On my return home I found a letter from Sir William Gell; his letters are always welcome.

MY DEAR [——],—I still make inquiries about your man, though I know that all I shall get by it will be your abomination, if anything happens to you on your journey. Here follows what I copy from the Duchess of Devonshire, to whom I sent for M. La Croix's character:—"I always heard Monsieur de Livarot speak with great regard of La Croix, who lived with him for six years.

I can inform you he is a powdered, respectable, French-looking, middle-aged man, and says he knows all about not letting you be cheated. He has been in England twenty years, lived with the Marquis de Livarot, who died one day, and '*do speak now leetel English for de make de understand—no much.*'" I retire rather in disgust, recommending you, who don't want advice, to let me give you a letter to my friend [——].

Since the removal of all our worthy friends from the court of *Queen Mab*, I hear very little royal news; and what is wafted to my ear by the rude breath of scandal does not please me much. I am told "*we*" are very happy, living at Como, in one "most beautifullest" *little house* "that ever was seen, enjoying the society of a select few." The happy man increases in favour daily, and Mrs. Thompson declares she is in paradise. I am happy she is pleased; but I live in fear of hearing of the fall of Eve; and then the Regent will, with his sword, chase her for ever from English ground. At present, "we" completely despise England, and hate all its inhabitants; but we are apt to change our opinions, and I fancy when good King George the Third walks off, "we" shall choose to go and show ourselves as "*Queen*"; and then if our well-beloved husband can raise any objections to our doing so, the will will not be wanting—so we had better take care—which, by all accounts, we are not doing just now.

Oh! how happy a certain personage would be with the heiress apparent dead, and Mrs. Thompson's head chopped off for high treason! * There would not be so happy a

* When the death of Napoleon was announced to George IV. under

mortal on the face of the earth. I also heard "we" are engaged in painting *His* picture. Now as you may not be aware who the *His* is, be it known to all here present, it is the *Counte Alexander Hector Von Der Oth*, a prince in disguise; and his sister, the Comtesse Austerlitz, is a Venus, and a Madame de Sevigné; so that "our" letters are all written for us in the most perfect style; and "a Catalani," and every thing else that is perfect, except "Joan of Arc," which title is still held sacred to Lady Anne Hamilton. The Count is an Apollo—a *Julius Cæsar*—Adonis—a Grammont—and what not. I wish you and I could find such charming folks to live with. It is very strange that people of such taste and discernment have never been able to discover such paragons of perfection. We are most unfortunate.

When "we" were at C[——], a person who had a side-saddle sent Mrs. Thompson one to ride upon; but we preferred cross-leg fashion, and wore hessian boots and a sabre! What would I not have given to see the show! We always miss what is best worth seeing in this life.

My dear [——], if ever you and I meet again this side the Styx, you will be astonished and delighted with the improvement in my beauty. Gad! I grow handsomer every day, and each fit of the gout adds new grace and agility to my limbs; and my locks are profuse, and of a most glittering hue; they outshine the finest set of diamonds you ever saw. No matter, I am always faithfully yours to command under all changes of fortune, time, and any other transmigration, known, or unknown. So no more at present, from your devoted

ANACHARSIS.

Pray remember me to the eldest daughter and heiress of Phidias.

December 11th.—I received a letter from [——], who is still in Ireland. He says,

I went the other day to see the famous Lake of Killarney. I slept at Mill Street, a poor little hamlet. The inn was so full, I was put into a parlour with an Irish *gintleman*, who

the phrase, "Your Majesty's greatest enemy is dead," the King, thinking it was his wife, replied, "Is she, by God!"

LADY ANNE HAMILTON
From an engraving

had all the easy assurance of his countrymen. What amused me, was his ignorance of the roads and places round which he had apparently been born and bred, and his perfect knowledge and lively account of the minutest gesture of the last *criminal* who was hung at Tralee. So much did he talk on the subject, that I suspected him of being the hangman of the place. On approaching Killarney, the mountains assume a very magnificent aspect; their tops are more pointed, their sides more rugged, and, on the whole, they are more picturesque, than Scottish mountains. An ancient Castle of the O'Donoghues (Kings of Ireland) stands in gloomy solitary grandeur at the base of the first chain. The little town of Killarney is neat and pretty, and one of the approaches through Lord Kenmure's park is very pleasing. Marble of a coarse kind is so plentiful, that the flags of the pavement are of a grayish kind—coarse, but still it is marble. As usual the day was rainy. It is said no party of pleasure was ever made to go to Killarney, that it did not rain. However, I still persisted in seeing the object of my excursion. I paid a visit to Rock Forest, Sir James C[——]'s place, where there is a spacious house, and the inhabitants the worthiest of human beings. Sir James distributes the milk of human kindness to the whole parish. Their eldest daughter was on the eve of marriage with an amiable young man, Mr. La T[——], of good family and fortune. The next day I proceeded on my expedition. We passed "Spencer's Classic Vale," and saw part of his family estate, which looked forlorn and neglected. I stopped at Clifford Cottage, a lovely spot, belonging to a Mr. Martin, a clever but whimsical man, who has erected a mausoleum in his shrubbery for *his own heart* after his decease, surrounded by yews and cypresses. It stands on a pedestal, with Latin inscriptions, surmounting which is the *urn*, which is to receive the embalmed deposit; and a curse is entailed on the profane hand that dares to remove it. "My heart rests here," is the only one of the inscriptions I recollect. In other respects Mr. Martin is a sensible man, and an elegant scholar; but this eccentric fancy causes him to be laughed at all over the county.—I stopped also at C[——] House, a fine seat of Lord Innismore, but possessed by his son and his family. The Hon. Mr. Hare, and Mrs. Hare, an interesting and lady-like looking

woman, received me with polite kindness from Lord [——]'s introduction; and I had the pleasure of seeing a collection of pictures, reckoned the finest in Ireland.—Arrived at last at my destination, I can only say that I was *not* disappointed in the beauty of the famous lake, which I expected to have been; for when one has heard so much in favour of a place or person, we are apt to feel disappointed in our expectations when beholding the reality.—The visit of the viceroy is the event to which all the people are looking forward with impatience; but I own I do not. *He*, it is said, drinks *oceans* of wine, and *she* is fond of regal pomp. All is in preparation for their arrival, and I am invited to dine on the 18th at the bishop's, and on the 19th on board the admiral's ship; so that both sea and land are in a commotion. I shall certainly not go to the sea party. Ceremony is bad enough on land, but on board of ship it must be ten times worse. Besides, the chance of being *sick* in the royal presence is an awful thought. I must release you from this dull letter, and assure you that I am yours, &c.

Sir [——] called upon me, and we had a long conversation on a variety of subjects. He has heard from England that the Regent is not very partial to Prince Leopold; and that now the Princess is dead, he does not scruple to evince his contempt for him. "The Regent is in high spirits," said Sir [——], "as we expected he would be. He can now with truth say,

> I am monarch of all I survey,
> My right there is none to dispute;

which suits his taste precisely."

I asked Sir [——] what he thought of Prince Leopold. He said, "I consider him a dull harmless kind of person, who would have made a very peaceable king-consort, and suited his wife, who would not have endured any assumption of power in her husband, or interference with her sovereign will. No one could have been so well calculated to submit to that situation as a petty German prince, who felt that he had no right to give himself airs.

But the princess would never have submitted to any interference on his part, or even control. The last time I was at Claremont," continued Sir [——], "I remember a trifling circumstance which showed me how the land lay in that quarter. The Prince advised Princess Charlotte to retire, as it was growing late; but she did not choose to do so, and remained talking to several persons in the circle; so that the prince was obliged to sit down again, and await her pleasure."

I received a letter to-day from Miss [——], in which there are some passages of such melancholy beauty, that I transcribe them into my diary.

I quite agree with you in thinking it a heavy sorrow when a wife and mother parts from her own and her children's protector. I never think of conjugal duties and happiness without recollecting some lines (an epitaph) in Croydon churchyard. They please me so much, I must give them to you, as far as my memory serves me. They are as follows:—

They were so one, it never could be said
Which of them rul'd, and which of them obey'd:
He rul'd, because her wish was to obey,
And she, by obeying, rul'd as well as he.
There ne'er was known betwixt them a dispute,
Save which the other's will should execute.

I am sure you will smile at us *old maids* writing so much of *conjugal* happiness; but once in my life it was a sweet subject; and my favourite poet (Milton) made me think it still more beautiful. In truth, dear [——], I believe in *early* life it is woman's end and aim, and perhaps does not cease to be so until sorrowful disappointment tells her that the fondly-cherished hope, nursed for years, may in an instant be blighted, and the confiding heart thrown back on itself to feel all its bitterness. But on what forbidden ground is my pen wandering?

Another letter of a very different class arrived later in the day, to dissipate the melancholy impression which

poor Miss [——]'s letter made on my mind. The following I received was from the Princess of Wales.

My dear [——],—The portfolio of Sir [——] will be delivered safely into your hands next week, through the medium of Lord Glenbervie. He is since yesterday with us. On Sunday I set out for an excursion about the country. If I have any adventures of murder, robbery, or violence, to meet with, you shall be the first informed of it. Willy is, thank God, quite recovered.

I never doubted, dear [——], that, wherever you are, you have the capacity of making yourself comfortable, and others about you the same. But I will be frank wid you. I detest Rome. It is the burial place of departed grandeur; it is like one vast sepulchre; and though there are few alive I like to live wid, I prefer them to being wid de dead. There is no amusement to be had at Rome. It is very well to see it once, like a raree show; but never twice. Oh! it made me so melancholy! I shall die of de blue devils, as you English call it. It is certainly de dullest place ever was made. Excuse me for saying all dese evil things when you are at Rome. I am truly glad to hear of you happy anywhere. I never hear anything from Mr. Arbuthnot, or any English person; they have all cut me; so be it. I say, Amen.

The only news I am able to inform you of is, that Princess ——] has been graced with a present from the Duke of [——], which consists in an eagle, which is the entertainment of the whole palace; and no doubt a beautiful poem, equal to that of Verd Verd will be published. I was much amused at being told my Lord Essex vas going to bring my cause before de House of Lords, to be seconded by my Lord Oxford!! What a fine hodge-podge dese two would make of my affairs! and what an idea of anybody's that either of dem would burn their fingers for me! As to Lord O[——], he has been very treacherous to me;—no matter. My dear [——], I have broken my chains, and I will not be a state prisoner again in a hurry if I can help it, but wander about, and divert myself—now here—now there. I wish my letter could offer you some amusement; but I am completely dullified—silly as the geese who defended the Capitol with their intolerable talk; though they had some merit, which

I am afraid I am not entitled to, by defending and being upon guard on any subject or object. I must conclude with this wise speech, as dinner is on table.

Yours sincerely attached,

C. P.

I went to Lady [——] in the evening, who had got up some private theatrical representations, which are certainly always amusing, even if the actors are very second rate, because there is so much contention and rivalry amongst the performers, and all their different natures come out in the choice they make of their parts; and altogether it produces a great deal of fun and merriment. I cannot say the ladies and gentlemen who performed "The Rivals" were first-rate actors and actresses; but the principal amusement was, that Lady [——] was so much more applauded than Lady [——], that the latter was considerably annoyed, and cried with vexation. The affair was dull enough; and I left the theatre as soon as I could without rudeness

December 12th.—I called upon Lady [——], who had heard, in letters from England, that the old Queen is exceedingly unwell; but her death would make so little change, and affect so few people in any way, that the intelligence does not create much alarm. Certainly, *as a queen*, there is no fault to be found with the consort of the good King George the Third. Her court is (and justly so) famous for its propriety; and her manners are a model of royal grace and dignity; yet I should not say she is beloved, though she has been Queen for more than half a century, or that her death would be much regretted. Her conduct to the Princess of Wales has certainly always been very cold, to say the least of it. She never was partial to the Princess, and has a blind idolatry to the Regent, which has made her always concur in his views regarding his wife.

In speaking of the D[ouglases], Lady [——] said, she believed it was only Sir J[ohn] who had ever offered to wrong the Princess of Wales, and that his wife was frightened into doing so; but that she had of herself no evil intentions respecting her royal mistress. Lady [——] once heard that, many years ago, Lady D[ouglas] was sent for by the Prince Regent to Carlton House, and when shown into his presence, and that of several of his favourite attendants, &c., she was commanded, under pain of his Royal Highness's everlasting displeasure, to say if she had indeed made known circumstances about the Princess of Wales, which Sir J. D[ouglas], her husband, had repeated to the Duke of [——].

Lady [——], who does not at all incline to favour the Princess, said she thought the Queen's conduct towards her unwarrantable; for that, until she was publicly disgraced, she had no right to exclude her daughter-in-law from her public drawing-rooms, and she wondered that no friend of the Princess's took the matter up at that time, and brought it before public notice, as an unprecedented act of despotic and unjust tyranny on the part of the old Queen.

I received a short note from the Princess of Wales, sent by a person whom she introduced to me—a German flute-player. The letter of introduction was certainly a very novel one. It was as follows:—

DEAR [——],—The bearer of this epistle is Monsieur R[——], a fiddle-player, or a pipe-player,—I don't know which you would call him in English—no matter; he was recommended to me by a cousin of mine, whom I wish had been in de Red Sea when he sent dis man to my retreat here, which I would like to keep unmolested from tiresome people. But I find dat impossible; so I must submit like a martyr on de steak, to being annoyed all my life long, and live in hopes of a reward for my patience and my virtue in anoder

world, which cannot be worse than de present. Monsieur R[——] teazed me to present him to you; so I beg to waste your anger upon him, and not on me. His appearance will make you laugh till you die—that, at least, he has the power to do; *au reste*, he is the dullest man God ever did born, and I recommend you to have nothing to do wid him; he is a grand bore.

Why do you not come to Como? I voud make you welcome at my anchorite's dinner every day, if you voud eat my humble fare. Neither de Comtesse Oldi nor myself are epicures; and very often we cook our own dinner! What vould de English people say if dey heard dat! Oh fie! Princess of Wales. The old *begune* Queen Charlotte is on her last legs, I hear. *Mais ça ne me fait ni froid ni chaud* now; there was a time when such intelligence might have gladdened me; but now noting in the world do I care for, save to pass de time as quickly as I can: and death may hurry on as fast as he pleases—I am ready to die. But I weary you, my dear [——]; *ayez de l'indulgence pour moi* and my grumbling, and believe dat

I am ever yours,
C. P.

I dined with Sir [——]. In speaking of Mrs. Fitzherbert, he told me that she had a stronger hold over the Regent than any of the other objects of his admiration, and that he always paid her the respect which her conduct commanded. "She was," said Sir [——], "the most faultless and honourable mistress that ever a prince had the good fortune to be attached to; and certainly his behaviour to her is one of the most unamiable traits of his character. I remember, in the early days of their courtship, when I used to meet them every night at Sir [——]'s at supper. The Prince never forgot to go through the form of saying to Mrs. F[itzherbert] with a most respectful bow, 'Madame, may I be allowed the honour of seeing you home in my carriage.' It must be confessed," added Sir R[——], "that it was impossible to be in his Royal Highness's society, and not be

captivated by the extreme fascination of his manners, which he inherits from his mother, the Queen; for his father has every virtue which can adorn a private character as well as make a king respectable, but he does not excel in courtly grace or refinement."

Sir [——] agreed with me in thinking that Mrs. F[——]'s beauty was never of a high order, and he said he was surprised at so good a judge of female charms being captivated by her.

"What state secrets and court stories she might unfold!" he added; "but she never will."

Sir [——] said, that he knew it to be a fact that, on the evening previous to the Princess of Wales's departure from England, the Regent had a party, and made merry on the joyful occasion. I even heard that he proposed a toast, "To the Princess of Wales d——n, and may she never return to England." It seems scarcely possible that any one could have allowed their tongues to utter such a horrible imprecation. But I can believe the Regent did, so great was his aversion to his wife. Besides, he was not probably very well aware what he was saying at that moment.

Sir [——] complained of the Princess of Wales's custom of imposing her protégés upon others, and in particular, that H. R. H. wearied him about subscribing to S[apio]'s concerts, till at last he told her he would not do so any more. On one occasion he said to the Princess:—"S[apio]'s concerts are well known, ma'am, and at one time every one subscribed to them, and many I have been at myself; but they became the worst in London in point of performers, and then the company was so disreputable, it was quite a disgrace to go there. He allowed every description of person to subscribe to them. I am no ways nice, madam; but if I might be allowed to give my opinion, I should say your R. H. would do well not to patronise those concerts any more.

At all events I never will do so, and I will not attempt to coax anybody out of their five guineas for Mr. S[apio]."

I inquired how the Princess received this blunt avowal of his opinion. Sir [——] replied, "With great good humour. I for one never remember to have seen the Princess of Wales angry. Certainly it does seem very strange that the Prince could not bear to live with her; she would have been so easily managed by a little kindness."

Late in the evening, Sir [——] and myself looked in for a few moments at Torlonia's assembly, where the only novelty I discovered was Madame Nicolay, the Russian envoy's wife, who is not much worth seeing. The only news that I heard was, that Mr. [——] was in great trouble about some disturbance which had broken out on his estates in Ireland. He told me that he was certain that more than three-fourths of the people in Ireland are Roman Catholics, and said, "Perhaps I am not competent to judge, and that it is presumptuous in me to speak at all on the subject; but as far as I can form an opinion from having lived in the country almost all my life, I fear that if the Catholic question were to be carried, Ireland would very soon be lost to Great Britain, and nothing but the Catholics being *kept under* saves it. I hope I am neither bigoted nor intolerant; but those who have so strongly advocated this measure have either been guided by party spirit, or that philanthropic and amiable though mistaken idea of liberty which has, by not being deeply studied, created so much evil."

Mr. [——] also told me that a great proportion of his tenants are Quakers, and not the most peaceably inclined set of people. I asked him about their customs, and he gave me an account of a Quaker's wedding: "It is a mighty *hum-drum* business. The meeting-house is always crowded, all the FRIENDS being assembled

whenever one of their sect marries. There is no pulpit, but where it is usually situated stands a small table, with a green cloth and an inkstand. The bride sits between the bridegroom and her mother, with her face so concealed that it cannot be seen during the ceremony. She usually wears a pale gray gown, a cap, and a white shawl, with a large veil thrown over her head and face. After sitting *mute* for three quarters of an hour, one of the "Friends" is generally moved by the Spirit, and ejaculates accordingly. The couple then take one another by the hand, and sign a paper, after which one of the congregation says a prayer, and the ceremony is concluded. The Quakers in my neighbourhood," he added, "are all very rich and powerful; but a sad radical set in their political opinions."

After this conversation with Mr. [——], I soon left the assembly.

December 15th.—I received letters from England, and one from my friend [Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe], the most amusing of correspondents. Dated thus:

93, [——] STREET,
ATHENS, SIBERIA.

Drawing towards the close of the year, thank Heaven!

It was my duty, dear [——], to answer your obliging letter much sooner, but I was very unwell when I had the honour of receiving it. I will not trouble you with a chorus of sighs and groans, much duller than that in Greek tragedies (which people of taste cry up because they cannot construe it). In a word, I am now better; and, ill or well, always your most humble servant. But why, in the names of Asmodeus and Adamant, is your friend [——] going to meddle with the heart? Is she going to make a chronicle of all the hearts she has conquered? In that case she must employ the American child, the wonderful summer-up, that I did *not* go to see some years ago. She should hate that odious word heart. Two of her ancestors lost their heads formerly,

and gained nothing in return but glory. Now I am old enough, shame upon me! to think that a living ass is much better than a dead lion. I will go on with my confessions. Here cometh something that I fear is not orthodox; but pray betray me not to [——], and the Christian (anti) Instructor. You must know that I have, ever since I knew the world, been firmly persuaded that our first parents, whether black or white, with tails or without, (Lord Monboddo held the tail system, and several other things which the Rabbis dispute about,) were certainly created without *hearts*. There can be no happiness with a heart. The heart is the seat of love, friendship, and compassion; consequently of that hell, jealousy, distrust, and pity, even for devils. My notion is, that our parents acquired hearts from eating that crab of an apple. Perhaps they swallowed the pips, (hence black hearts,) and so the mischief grew. I am vexed whenever I think on it only. For a great many years I have never had the bad luck to meet with anybody that had a heart; which proves the common assertion, that we improve daily; and I wish the elect joy. However, I have questioned some anatomists, and they tell me that in their subjects they always find a sort of heart, frequently ossified, and frequently very small. I scarcely believe them. Burnet says, that the Duke of Lauderdale's heart was found at his death to be about the bigness of a walnut; which I firmly credit; but not that Hackston's trembled on the knife after it was cut from his bosom. Anatomists hold such a thing impossible. Of one thing we may all be certain, for Holy Writ hath it so—"The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Fie on Lady [——] for attempting to write on such an improper subject! Pray advise her to give up the attempt to make anything decent out of such materials.

We have nothing here but bad weather, and worse company; not improved by the late importation, now settled at [——] house. Those fools and monsters go out with guns and shoot every bird they can. They bagged a peacock the other day, and carried it in triumph to [——], with the tail sticking out. Almost every morning they hunt a tame rabbit to death in the [——] gardens. This sport reminds one of Domitian and his flies.

Whatever her plan may be, tell Lady [——] to look into

"Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy," which contains many curious hints about hearts. It is a copious mine for almost everything. I have read, or heard somewhere, that in the Hunterian Museum there is preserved a lady's heart, exactly resembling a roll of point lace! Doubtless the owner felt for nothing else. How has it chanced that the passion for point lace, monkeys, ratafia, and the spleen, has died with our grandmothers? In a work I lately read, I was informed that a stone was found in the heart of young Lord Balcarres. It was lucky the lad died young.

The gossips here are making a great fuss about the Princess Charlotte's heart, and are most curious to know what was found therein. Foolish people! they might be satisfied that of all the worthless hearts, a royal heart is the worst. But of this they are incredulous, and I will not attempt to make them believe that there is nothing worth finding in the poor Princess's heart. There is one person's heart of which I would give a good deal to have the dissecting: it is the Princess of Wales's. That certainly must be a curious receptacle of heterogeneous matter, very full of combustible qualities, I should think, from all accounts that reach us Athenians, though we have a great respect for her Royal Highness. Why has she never disturbed our peaceful city by doing us the honour of coming thither? I think she would find it an agreeable *séjour*. We were threatened, you know, with a visit when she was to be sent to Holyrood Abbey. We are in a sad state of torpor and dulness, and I, for one, should be vastly delighted at her arrival. I am quite ready to be at her Royal Highness's command; for I think she is excellent fun, and should much relish eating "mutton chops and toast and cheese" in her royal presence.

Dear [——] excuse this useless stuff, and believe me, &c.

I met Sir [——] when I was out walking, and he joined me, and I had some interesting conversation with him on the subject of America. He was acquainted with Washington, and another American patriot, Arthur Lee, of whom he spoke in high terms. "He was," said he, "of a respectable family in Virginia. A man of uncommon activity of body and mind; very honest,

and truly attached to the interests and happiness of America in general, as well as of his native province.

"Arthur Lee told me an anecdote of Benjamin Franklin, which is very characteristic of the man. When he was to be presented to the French king by Vergennes, the count sent a perruquier to the American, for the purpose of fitting him with a wig fashioned for the day. The perruque was brought to Franklin an hour before the time fixed for his presentation. The philosopher attempted to put it on. Alas! it would not go on his head. "Sir," said Franklin, "your perruque is unfortunately too small for my head."—"Pardonnez moi, Monsieur," replied the perruquier, "your head, sir, is vastly too large, and quite beyond the fashion of the court." Franklin appeared, therefore, at court with his bald pate and shaggy gray hairs. It might truly be said, that *there was not such another head at Versailles.*

"Franklin," continued Sir [——], "though generous, was a great economist. He never indulged himself in any trifling expenses, nor had any unnecessary establishment in his family. Books and scientific instruments were his only superfluities. By these means, with clean hands, and without either covetousness, or sordid ambition, he bequeathed a handsome fortune to his heirs, and some laudable legacies to his country. Franklin, Washington, and Rittenhouse, are perhaps as fine a constellation as any that has appeared at one time in any country," observed Sir [——]. "At the peace, and acknowledgment of American independence by Great Britain, Doctor Witherspoon of the College of New Jersey came over to solicit subscriptions for his community, and he foolishly committed both himself and his country by begging from the haughty and tyrannical islanders a reparation for their destruction of the monuments of science.

"I saw the old gentleman frequently at London

in the beginning of the year 1782, and entreated him to desist from his foolish undertaking. He had engaged, it seems, in America, in speculations that were not very consistent with either his cloth or his tranquillity. Among these, one was in the iron-works of a projector, who had engaged many persons in Britain, of covetous dispositions, which induced him to aim at the interests of *Buckingham House*, where the worthy lady at the head of the table was believed to have hedgers for her behoof in the scheme. I was shocked," continued Sir [——], "when I learnt this, and found myself thereafter but little disposed to venerate the clerical member of the Congress, though I somewhat doubted the authenticity of the information.

"Of Franklin," continued Sir [——], "it might with truth be said, that he was simple, honest, and unaffected in all his ways. The genius of a republic formed by himself infused itself into all his dealings. Long may his spirit invigorate the children of the forest, and teach them to found public virtue on the basis of domestic morality; and may they continue to remember also who desired that the foundations of American policy might be laid in the pure and immutable principles of private morality; and that the pre-eminence of free government might be exemplified by all the attributes which can win the affections of the citizens, and command the respect of the world. Such were the injunctions laid upon them by their great and good champion Washington."

I listened with attention to this, and a great deal more that Sir [——] said on the subject; but I confess that I did not feel so deep an interest in American prosperity as in that of Europe. There are no ancient recollections attached to the former; everything is in its infancy; a new world calls for new feelings, and in an old breast it is not easy to kindle much warmth for ages yet unborn. Like the wailing or the smiling of a

babe, however interesting to its kindred and parents, there is nothing beyond its mere humanity to excite much interest in the minds of strangers. Associations with the past generally make a place, a people, or an individual more an object of endearment than any mere promise for futurity can possibly excite. These are the venerable links which bind us fast with the children of the soil; and, looking back upon the past, we partake doubly of the present, and are insensibly led on to hope for the future.

Sir [——] told me a piece of modern gossip, which is, that the Duke of [——] sent Miss S[——] a *carte blanche* to fill up with whatever terms she chose to ask, if she would but consent to receive his professions of admiration; upon which the story goes that the lady had the good sense and courage to write only one little word on the paper, viz. "Duchess," and returned it to the bearer to convey to the nobleman. From that day forth, it is said, she has never heard any more tidings of the Duke of [——].

If this be true, it is a curious anecdote, and goes for towards proving the truth of the other *on dits* respecting the same illustrious personage. But in truth *on dits* are often like the sayings and doings of some malicious fairy, and should no more be credited than such idle tales.

I received a letter from Miss F[errier], by a *private* hand: how I object to such modes of conveyance! I had much rather pay postage for letters from those I like to correspond with, than receive an epistle written a century before it comes to hand, as was the case with the following:

DEAR [——],—Next to seeing the summer's sun, and smelling the summer's rose, nothing could have been more refreshing to my sick spirit than the sight of your vivifying characters. I confess I often lament, but indeed I never

dare to *repine* at your silence, but, on the contrary, wonder and admire your goodness in ever thinking of me at all. This has been a very cruel winter to me; but I flatter myself the worst is now over, and that I may live to fight the same battle over again; for life, with me, will always be a warfare, *bodily*, as well as *spiritual;* perhaps the more of the one the less of the other; at least it is a comfortable doctrine to believe, that the sickness of the body often conduces to the health of the soul; and I confess myself to be such an old-fashioned Christian as to have faith in such things. I am now better hearted. [——] comes and amuses me very often, and crams me with news and with novels, and tells me what is doing in this round world, which otherwise might be standing stock-still for me. And now, having said so much upon so insignificant a subject as self, let me turn to a far more interesting theme. Your descriptions of your travels do indeed set my feet moving, and my heart longing to see all you have seen; and this desire has been increased by reading the "Corsair" lately; it is indeed exquisite, the most perfect, I think, of all Byron's performances. What a divine picture of death is that of the description of Gulnare!

I am now labouring very hard at "Patronage," which, I must honestly confess, is the greatest lump of cold lead I ever attempted to swallow. Truth, nature, life, and sense, there is, I dare say, in abundance, but I cannot discover a particle of imagination, taste, wit, or sensibility; and, without these latter qualities, I never could feel much pleasure in any book. In a novel especially, such materials are expected, and, if not found, it is exceedingly disappointing to be made to pick a dry bone, when one thinks one is going to enjoy a piece of honeycomb. It is for this reason that I almost always prefer a romance to a novel. We see quite enough of real life, without sitting down to the perusal of a dull account of the commonplace course and events of existence. The writer who imitates life like a Dutch painter, who chooses for his subject turnips, fraus and tables, is only the copyist of inferior objects; whereas the mind that can create a sweet and beautiful though visionary romance, soars above such vulgar topics, and leads the mind of readers to elevated thoughts. Besides, it is so agreeable to live for a little while in the enchanted regions of romance; and since works of fiction

are means (at least 'tis their legitimate aim) to amuse, not to instruct, I think those which do not aspire to be useful, fulfil their calling better than those which set forth rules of morality, and pretend to be censors on the public mind and conduct.

Forgive this long essay, dear [——], on novels and romances.

You were so kind as to say you would introduce me to Mrs. Apreece; and, independent of everything else, I should have had great pleasure in meeting with a person you liked. But, in the first place, I feel 'tis only your extreme goodness that could have made you propose it; in the second, it could only be for your sake that Mrs. Apreece would submit to the penance of visiting me; so I think I had better remain in my native obscurity, and not attempt to have the advantage of knowing this lady, of whom report speaks so highly. I am a wonderfully stupid person, having very little desire ever to see the most celebrated individuals. Ill health, I suppose, contributes to the apathy of my feelings; and altogether I very much resemble a *dormouse* in my habits and temperament. So, if you please, dear [——], unless you wish to introduce me to Mrs, A[——] in the character of *Mrs. M'Clarty*, I think I had better forego the honour.

With regard to my own performances, I must confess I have heard so much of the ways of booksellers and publishers lately, that I find a *nameless* author has no chance of making anything of the business, and am quite dispirited from continuing to finish my story, and very much doubt if it will see the light of day. What a loss to the world will be the suppression of this child of genius! Besides, the cold water thrown on my *estro* by these cruel personages, the forefinger of my right hand (that most precious bit of an authoress's body) fell sick, and you may judge of my alarm when the surgeon pronounced it to have been poisoned: he in the ignorance of his mind supposed by some venomous particle it had imbibed when working in the garden; but, for my part, I have no doubt but it was a plot devised by all the great novelists of the age, who, having heard what great things it was about, had in the envy of their hearts laid their plan for its destruction. However, their malice has been defeated, as, after being lanced and flayed alive, it is now put into a black silk bag, and treated with all the tenderness due to

its misfortunes. But, joking apart, should my book be ever published, how shall I get a copy sent to you? and, dear [——], will you *never, never* say to anybody that it is mine, and commit this epistle to the flames, and not leave it lying about? I am become a person of such consequence in my own eyes now, that I imagine the whole world is thinking about me and my books. I turn red like a lobster every time a novel is spoken of, and whenever the word authoress is mentioned, I am obliged to have recourse to my smelling-bottle. I mean to send a narrative of my sufferings to D'Israeli, for the next edition of "Calamities of Authors."

My chief happiness is enjoying the privilege of seeing a good deal of the Great Unknown, Sir Walter Scott. He is so kind and condescending that he deigns to let me and my *trash* take shelter under the protection of his mighty branches, and I have the gratification of being often in that great and good man's society. A few evenings ago he gave me some couplets he wrote for our friend Lady [——], which I transcribe for your perusal, feeling certain that the slightest production of his muse must give every sensible and feeling mind infinite pleasure. The great simplicity of character, and unaffected affability of this astonishing man's manners, add infinite charms to his disposition; and he is as delightful as a private individual in society as he is supremely so in his works. The society here, nevertheless, is a good deal broken up; many of your old acquaintances have forsaken our city for the great Southern Babylon, and some are dead, and others grown poor or old; in short, such changes have occurred as generally fall to the lot of humanity. And now, dear [——], I will not longer tax your patience by adding more to this voluminous letter, except the assurance that I shall never cease to be your faithfully and obliged

S. F. [SUSAN FERRIER].

THE MINSTREL'S PIPE, BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Written on the occasion of COLONEL [——] *giving him a pitch pipe.*

When Freedom's war-horn bade our land
  Her voluntary lances raise,
The Minstrel joined the patriot band,
  To view the deeds he loved to praise.

But ill exchanged his studious fire
  For winter chills and warlike labour;
And ill exchanged his ancient lyre
  For crested casque and glimmering sabre.

To banish from his threatened march
  The toils and terrors of the hour,
Thou gavest (considerably arch)
  A charmed pipe of magic power.

Not the frail pipe of simple oat
  That loves the shepherd's lore to tell
Nor the war-pipe, whose marshal note
  Bids warmth in Highland bosoms swell;

But that within whose bosom burn
  The odours of the eastern clime,
Of power to bid past scenes return,
  And speed the wings of lingering time

Content and quiet hope are nigh,
  When its bland vapours curl in air,
And reasonings deep and musings high;
  And many a kindly thought is there

And dreams of many a happy day
  Shall charm the Minstrel's soul the while,
When the blithe hours dance light away
  At *Friendship's* laugh and *Beauty's* smile.

Enough—ay and more—for I feel at such time
Things not to be uttered in prose or in rhyme,
Yet to light your meer-*schaum* may these verses aspire
Being pregnant with genuine poetical fire.
This conceited assertion, though bold, yet most true is
If you will not believe me, pray ask Mr. Lewis.
On the tail of each line as his poetical eyes squint,
He will tell you at once if a false rhyme he spies in't.

In one point they defy his exertions so clever,
A false *rhyme* he may spy, a false *sentiment* never.
Halt, La—or you'll say, with a good humoured damn,
That you *smoke* in my verses Damascus all sham ;
Or tell your fair dame, while you show her such stuff,
You have lost a good *pipe*, and have got but a *puff*.
Then I'll stop in good time, lest my credit I blot,
While I live, I remain hers and yours—Walter Scott.

P.S.—I cannot attend you this evening—that's flat,
For a thousand strong reasons which will not shew pat.
If instead you'll accept us to-morrow at dinner,
(I can't find a rhime to't, unless it be sinner,)
At expense of your beef and your ale I will show it,
The bluff trooper's hunger and thirst of the poet,
And then in the evening together we'll scramble,
To storm the fair mansion of friend Mrs. [——].

Once again I subscribe myself yours,

W. S.

These *vers de société* may not indeed add much to the lustre or the fame of the great Walter Scott ; but they prove (if indeed any proof were wanting) that the friend and companion of the social board was not lost in the blaze of the genius that brightened the world. The kindly heart and simple mind, which were ever ready to share and to increase the pleasure of others, are stamped on this lighter effusion and unbending of a playful hour, and are valuable as giving a portraiture of his private life and intimate associates. Neither is the letter, which favours me with these verses, less remarkable than the verses themselves. The writer is gifted with talents that might shine in the highest spheres, and that has thrown out effulgent brightness, as it were, in despite of itself ; but a rare and touching humility shrinks from all human praise, and with perfect sincerity avoids that celebrity which others would gladly obtain, and which is so justly her due.

December 16th.—I dined at the Duchess of [——]'s, where nothing was talked of but the wonderful wealth that has been bequeathed to Watson Taylor. By the death of his wife's brother, Sir Simon Taylor, he has come into a fortune of upwards of £80,000 a year. Of this, £500,000 is in the funds of this country for the purchase of an estate; and he has besides estates in Jamaica, which net from seventy to eighty thousand per annum. A rich uncle of Mrs. Watson died two years ago, and left this immense property to his nephew, Sir Simon, and his heirs; and if he should die without children, he made his eldest niece, Mrs. Watson, next heir. Sir Simon was a young man, and likely to marry; so that the Watsons' chance seemed a poor one About two months ago he died, and the Watsons have come into the whole of his immense possessions, and are said to be the richest commoners in England, as there are no hereditary expenses or outgoings entailed on them. Sir Simon, in the two years he possessed the estates, had amassed in savings £160,000, which he left to his youngest sister. They were all children of Sir John Taylor, an old baronet, whose brother, Simon Taylor, retired to Jamaica, to an estate he had there, and passed a long life in accumulation, the fruits of which are now showered on the Watsons. They have taken the name of Watson Taylor; have refused a baronetcy, and, I believe, many higher honours. They talk of purchasing Houghton, a magnificent seat of Lord Cholmondeley's, formerly Sir Robert Walpole's, which, it is said, is the finest house in England, and is altogether a princely domain, surpassing Blenheim in all respects. It was at one time thought of for the Duke of Wellington. The objection for him was its not being in a hunting county.

What a wonderful change of fortune for these persons! —from only having had an income of two or three thousand a year, with tastes far beyond such limits, to almost

boundless and unequalled riches! It is said they are full of projects of splendour and enjoyment.

Sir Henry Lushington is appointed consul at Naples; which affords him and his family the utmost satisfaction.

December 12th.—I was much gratified by receiving the following letter from Sir Walter Scott:—

Will you, my dear [——], allow an old, and, I hope, not an unremembered friend, the privilege of intruding upon you, by letter, in a cause which, I know, will somewhat interest you, who unite so remarkably the power of procuring much with the wish to assist distress. I allude to my old friend, and your acquaintance, the Ettrick Shepherd (for I will not mention him by the unpoetical name of Mr. James Hogg) who is now, as you will perceive by the enclosure, venturing upon the public with a collection of ballads. Some of them, if I (myself a ballad-monger) may be permitted to judge, have a very uncommon share of poetical merit; and the author of these beautiful pieces, some of which I used to repeat to you at the delightful attic evenings of [——] street, is now actually an hired servant. I have been exerting all the little influence I possess to fill up such a subscription as may enable him to stock a small farm from the profits; and I have been very successful here. I believe I may claim something of a promise from [——] and you to assist me in this matter; and as I know your influence in every society which has the honour to possess your countenance, I hope you will get me a few names for this miserable son of the Muses.

I will not attempt to tell you the blank your absence has made among your friends here. Pray remember me most kindly to [——], and tell him I have not smoked a single cigar since I saw him. I am sure it will give you all pleasure to learn that Mrs. Scott and my little people are well, and that the world is smiling on us through the clouds. I have got an excellent situation; it is, however, for the present, but a kind of Irish sinecure; being all work and no pay. But I have the word of my predecessor, a very worthy gentleman, that he will not live unreasonably long, and on his death

I succeed to a thousand a year; and meanwhile have the world, as they say, for the winning.

I find Lord [——] is in town, so I will endeavour to procure a frank from him for this epistle; for it would be too bad to receive begging letters and pay postage too.

I am, with great respect and regard, your most devoted and faithful humble servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

I cannot say how much this letter pleased me, inasmuch as it proved that though the writer is now a great and celebrated personage, he still retains a grateful remembrance of one who knew him before he was known to fame. I shall do my utmost to get subscribers to the Shepherd's work, and I set forth immediately to Sir Humphrey Davy, who, I know, would gladly assist me in so interesting a pursuit.

I did so, and the visit was productive to me of a great treasure; for seeing some verses lying on the table, I asked permission to read them, upon which I obtained a copy of the following lines, which are, apart from their own merit, invaluable as coming from so great a man.

LINES BY SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.

TO THE GLOW-WORM.

Thou little gem of purest hue,
Who from thy throne o'erspread with dew
Shed'st lustre o'er the brightest green
That ever clothed a woodland scene;
I hail thy mild and tranquil light,
Thou lovely living lamp of night.

Thy bed is in the deepest shade,
By bracken or by violets made;
For thee the sweetest minstrel sings
That haunts the vernal grove;
O'er thee the woodlark spreads his wings
And sounds his notes of love.

Companion of the lights of heaven,
Thine is the softest breeze of even;
For thee the balmy woodbine lives,
The meadow grass its fragrance gives,
And thou canst make thy tranquil hour
In summer's fairest, sweetest bower.
The hour of love is all thy own;
Thy light shines forth for one alone,
Shedding no transitory gleams,
No rays to kindle and destroy,
Peaceful, innocuous still it beams,
The light of life, of love, of joy.

H. D.

ANOTHER, BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

TO LADY [——].

Take from this hand a worthless lay,
The offspring of an idle day,
An angler's simple song, who dreams
In cities still of woods and streams;
And may it a memorial be
Of kind and worthy thoughts of thee.

He now Schehallen's form can greet;
Tay loudly murmurs at his feet;
The wild rose scents the summer air,
And from the birchen covert near
The blackbird's sweetest song is sent,
Speaking of love, nature, content.

A hallowed mountain nymph to name
In such a spot becomes her fame;
For Nature's unpolluted child,
She loves the woods and torrents wild,
Rocks, glens, the overhanging sky,
And nature's forms of majesty.
She courts, exalts her lovely mind,
By pastoral visions pure, refined,
Pursues untired her duties high,
And nobly conquers destiny.

H. D.

December 14th.—I received the following letter from Sir William Gell:—

I thank you, my dear [——], for yours of the [——], and scarcely dare attempt to answer so amusing an epistle, since I must fall so short of attaining to the excellence of your style, and am a complete bankrupt in news of every description. The extracts you sent me of "The Thompson" correspondence are charming. I am happy to see "we" have lost none of our powers of writing; "*dat*" would be a great pity; and trust some day that all those invaluable specimens of her epistolary genius will be gathered together, and printed, and set forth, as models for letter-writing to posterity.

Have you heard that S[——]i, the great plilosopher, has been making a fool of himself, and falling in love with Lady [——]? Fancy S[——] in love! Pretty Cupid! He wrote verses to her, and was *aux petits soins* all the time she was staying at [——].

There was a *fête champêtre* at the Villa d'Este a short time ago, of which, I dare say, you have heard all the particulars. Mrs. Thompson must have looked divine as a *Druidical priestess*, which was the character "we" assumed; and Le Comte Alexander Hector von der Otto figured charmingly as a god, to whom all the priests and priestesses did homage. Willikin was the victim offered to his druidical majesty. The Count Alexander generally wears the insignia of the most holy order of Saint Caroline, which consists of a cross and a heart tied together with a true lover's knot, and the English royal motto encircling the badge: "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*" * How far these words are applicable to the case, I cannot say; far be it from me not to take them in the sense they are intended to convey.

"We" go constantly on the lake in "our" barge, and are serenaded, and are, as "we" say, very happy; but of that I have my doubts. To be serious, I am truly sorry for Mrs. Thompson, whose "kingdom is departed from her," as surely as that I am at this moment agreeably occupied in writing

* Joseph Jekyll, one of the Anti-queenites, thus describes this Order: "That of St. Caroline has round the centre-piece in a circle the motto, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* The centre and the four pieces forming the cross are made of red cornelian. You see they are good and cheap." (Letters, p. 103.)

to you. She has never heard once from Prince Leopold since her daughter's death. The manner in which she is treated is shameful; but, alas! they have so much to say against her in excuse for their detestable conduct, that one cannot cry them shame.

Do you remember, dear [——], all the fine promises his Serene Highness made his bride to defend her mother? See how they are performed! There is a certain saying, of "Put not your trust in princes," &c., which is but too true in this instance.

I hear you are all starving with cold at Rome, so that I dare not venture on a pilgrimage thither. I am at present (for me) a comely looking person—no crutches—no velvet dressing-gown or ornamented cap, like Sir Brooke Boothby's; and being anxious to preserve my beauty, to say nothing of the *comfort* of being free of gout, I will not expose myself to the danger of going to a less genial atmosphere than that of this blessed city.

The good King George the Third is really dying in earnest, I hear. A more honest soul never went to heaven than that of his Majesty. 'Tis said in a whisper, that already his successor has had plans made for the show of his royal coronation, which is to exceed in magnificence all spectacles of the kind ever seen. Perhaps this may be a lie; and do not give me up as your authority, when relating this piece of gossip; but have pity on your poor old friend, who is your faithful

ADONIS [——].

P.S.—Think you Mrs. Thompson will consent to being excluded from her place in the show "*as is to be?*" I should say certainly not, without a *tussle* for it at least. "We" are too fond of gold lace and theatrical amusements to waive "our" rights; besides, *sometimes* "we" remember "we" are royal, though we *often* forget it. What part could the Count Alexander Hector von der Otto take in the ceremony; —ay, there's the rub; and I don't think "we" should like to go without him. "No more, in mercy no more," you exclaim, and I crave pardon; and once more sign myself

Your obedient

ANACHARSIS.

I went in the evening to a dull assembly at Miss J[——]'s. There I saw Lady B[——]n, who proved to be the very same person I knew at B[——], but so beautiful I scarcely should have recognised her; she has grown much fatter, and looked quite radiant with happiness and prosperity.

Previously to going to that party, I dined at Lady R[——]'s. There were Lord and Lady Dalkeith, and General F[——] and some pleasant people present; yet it was not an amusing party. Lord [——] and I talked over old times—Kensington Palace times, when we used to meet there frequently. He reverted to the evening on which Lord H. F[itzgerald] paid the Princess of Wales a compliment, on the occasion of her complaining of the weight of some ornaments. "Her Royal Highness," said Lady R[——], "observed to me, on returning from taking off the jewels, 'If I could make myself beautiful as a Venus, I own I wished to do so this night.' It was evident that Lord H. F[itzgerald] was the favourite: 'Hélas! c'est bien triste de vivre, si le cœur n'a aucun objet qui l'interesse.'"

Lord R[——] made some friendly remarks on this poor Princess; as also did Lady R[——]. The latter is perfectly a woman of fashion, and always agreeable; indeed, from many traits I have known of her, I am sure she is kind-hearted also. What a pity it is that principle does not give support to the amiable parts of such a character, and that we cannot entirely esteem that which we are inclined to love!

I heard a curious story related about a dream that Lady de Clifford dreamt concerning the Princess Charlotte, a short time before the death of the latter. Lady de Clifford thought she saw the Princess kneeling at the altar, and that some persons were vainly endeavouring to place the crown on her head; but when at length they succeeded in pressing it on, her face was covered with blood. Dreams are strange things, and I think

nobody has ever yet accounted for them satisfactorily. I never could understand why the Princess of Wales disliked Lady de Clifford, for she was an excellent upright person, and very friendly towards the Princess. Certainly *the* person who influenced Princess Charlotte in being on her guard how far she defended her mother, was Miss E[——].

London, June 17th, 1819.—A long lapse in my Diary; but it matters little, for I have had nothing to record of interest during the last few months. I find myself now once more immersed in the gaieties of a London season, in which I had thought I never should again participate. But my young orphan niece, a girl of great beauty, and not less amiable than beautiful, and very dear to me, is the object which induces me to seek such scenes. At first a few of my old acquaintance were amazed when they discerned my altered and aged face in the gay crowds. But now their wonder is at an end, and I pass unobserved, like the rest of the old and the *passées* that nightly haunt the scenes of mirth in the metropolis. There is no accounting for the fact; yet I must confess the old stagers, who have without intermission gone on living in constant dissipation, look less aged than those who have been absent for some years, on their return to the world. Not one of my contemporaries appears to be half as old as I am; yet many of them have suffered sad and strange vicissitudes, and lost many friends, even like myself; nevertheless their countenances do not betray so much anguish as mine does. There is Lady St. Leger, and Mrs. Hillsborough, and a hundred other ladies past forty, by I will not say how many years, who look as if they might be my daughters; their well-rouged cheeks are so smooth—their curls so raven—and their teeth so white. I will not look worse than they. I have a great mind to begin again wearing rouge, and

get a new "front," and grow young. Yet I shrink from assuming youth now it is gone. I cannot buy a young heart, and fling away the old worn-out wearied one that beats feebly within my aged breast, and is such a faithful warder over the memory of the bright days of my real youth. Ah, no! fictitious youth is a clumsy piece of acting. I will not play the part. My pretty Sophy's partners will not admire her the less because her chaperon looks old:—so be it then.

Last night we went to Lady [——]'s concert, and heard some fine finished singing; but there was nothing of pathos or of sentiment in the difficult and scientific pieces which were performed. The music, however, was good enough for all the attention that was paid to it by the company, who only meet (with few exceptions) to see and be seen, talk and be talked to, and care little in fact for the merits of the music they nominally assemble to listen to. The company was a great mixture of trumpery and finery, like a lady's maid's rubbish-box. I saw there Lady C[——]t, who looks all sweetness, though the world says it is only look. Lovely she is without doubt; yet hers was a loveliness which never transported the beholder. Why is this so? The defect must lie within.

Mrs. R[——]y was there also. She is much the same that she was twenty or thirty years ago, only less fire in her eyes. Voilà ce que c'est que d'être *une belle laide* et avoir de l'esprit! The mind does not deteriorate with time, but the reverse; and it sheds a grace over decaying or faded beauty, that leaves much less to regret. General Alava was there; the only man I should have liked to have been acquainted with; but he was engaged in conversation with Lady S. W[——].

Poor Mrs. G. L[——]e, how she has changed! Her fair freshness gone, and all the ripeness of her youth prematurely withered! Still there is something fine

in her full rich lip; and it is some praise to be beaten down with sorrow. I fear she has had her share.

We remained at Lady [——]'s till two in the morning. I was pleased with the music, and amused with my own reflections, more than with any particular circumstance or person I saw—yet wearied with the heat, and happy in the thought that my happiness does not rest in such scenes.

June the 18*th*.—We dined at Miss [——]'s. The party consisted of Mr. North, the G[——]ds, and the De G[——]. It was a dull party. At midnight we found ourselves in Lord B[——]'s magnificent palazzo, a sort of house that certainly deserves the name, although, could I have possessed such an abode, the situation is not one I should have chosen—St. James's Square. I met hosts of former acquaintances;—amongst them Lord P[——]n, Lord H[——]e, the Duke of P[——]d, Lord L[——]e, Mr. G. C[——], Prince L[——]d, Duke of G[——]r, &c., all vastly gracious and kind to me in their different ways. The Duke of P[——]d was sitting beside Lady [——], in his old lazy way, in an arm-chair. It brought back to my remembrance, many years ago, when he was at F[——], and that her parents wanted him to marry her.

Lord Dudley walked about all night like a troubled ghost. He is so pale and so mean and miserable looking, when he comes up, holding out a finger, that you almost expect it is for charity. Yet in that dirty head, and under that appearance, there is more—how much more worth conversing with—than in the handsome gay Lothario, Lord W[——], or many such; and who would be the latter, if they could exchange their lot for the former? No one, save, perhaps, the man himself; for I have observed, that whatever men may say or pretend, they are more anxious to be reckoned handsome and

pleasing than to obtain any other suffrage; at least, certain it is, that no other suffrage is completely gratifying to them, without some consciousness of personal charm.

Lady S[——], who is in years still a young woman, looks prematurely old. Her dissatisfied temper has made great havoc with her beauty.

Mrs. B[——]k looked as well as any of the people of her age at the ball. She has those outlines, and that fine-shaped head, which time never wholly spoils. Mrs. W.L[——] is changed indeed in manner and in appearance. W. L[——], always fascinating, looking as though he had missed of life, but infinitely in better spirits, and more capable of enjoying what was going on, than when I last saw him. His daughter's beauty is far inferior to her mother's, and will fall like a blossom, and be no more remembered, for there is nothing in it but youth and freshness.

Lady G[——]r is by far the most distinguished young woman I have seen, and her manners are dignified. She appears to have much nature and sweetness. It is to be hoped that her husband will cherish these qualities, and not sully them all by too great an indulgence in the follies and dissipation of the world. I have heard only one fatal thing against this fair promise of happiness which blooms around them: it is, that he is a sceptic! But report is not truth, and people are apt especially to say evil of those who are favoured by fortune in every way, as Lord G[——]r is.

June the 19th.—We went to Kensington Gardens. A gay multitude were assembled there; but I met few of my acquaintances. Lord Archibald Hamilton, Mrs. [——], Lady S. P[——], Mr. P[——], were the only persons I knew. I could not help thinking of the poor Queen, of all that she might have been, and all that she

had not been. These remembrances led me far away from the actual scene. How true it is that we live chiefly in the past and the future!

In the evening I went to Miss B[——],—a sort of female *cotérie*—Lady L. S[——], Miss M[——], Miss D[——], Mrs. M[——]. Lady L. S[——] has both sweetness and sense in her expression. These are the qualities that shed a grace on the human face, when youth and other graces are gone.

Miss [——] received me somewhat coldly. Her greeting chilled me. I have a great tenacity of friend ship, and am much bound by habit. I easily return to old feelings of kindness, however long a time intervenes between what was and is; and I tried not to resent her cold welcome, but it was not the less keenly felt.

June the 20th.—I visited Lady L. S[——]t; she was very kind and very agreeable. How I lament not having cultivated her more! How I lament many things which are now unattainable!

We went in the evening to the opera. It was Meyerbeer's "Crociata in Egitto;" on the whole a heavy opera, but containing some delicious pieces of composition scattered through it. It is original and full of feeling; but occasionally the effort to be original is too visible, and there is an intricacy in the harmony that detracts from that natural expression which is the result of impassioned feeling. It fails most in its recitative; it shines most in the quartetts and quintetts. The single songs are poor and laboured, but there are two duets perfectly beautiful. The house was empty, and looked deserted.

June the 21st.—The mornings are spent in a busy haste about trifles; and altogether, to me personally, this mode of life is anything but agreeable. In the

evening we went to Almacks'; the very dregs of dancing men and women. Mr. N[——] is comically attentive to me: seeing that I am likely to live in the world, he is anxious to be upon my raft, and to float into the same tide. But if he knew the world as well as I do, he would not feel this to be necessary; for a title in the near distance, and immense wealth in possession, are sure passports to the smiles of the world.

I saw no one, and heard nothing worth remembering. London folks are weary of gaieties, and they are drawing to a close. Would that their end were come!

June 22nd.—We went to the Duchess of B[——]'s ball, which was made up of all the greatest and most refined of society. Certainly, if one is to mix with the world, the highest class are those best worth associating with. The Duke of Clarence and Prince Leopold were present, and all those who despise these personages, and yet seek to meet them.

I had a long colloquy with Lord C[——]r, who I think is a charming person; but the world says his wife does not.

The Duke of Clarence was gracious to me, and reverted to old days. Although Prince Leopold is a much handsomer man, there is an openness in the countenance of our own royal family, which promises more truth of character. The Duke of Clarence is grown very like his father.

Lord L[——] is as pleasant as he ever was. The rising generation are not transcendently handsome: but there is a vast portion of scattered beauty in the young female aristocracy of the present day. A daughter of Lady H[——]y has a distinguished air; and a daughter of the Duke of [R——]d is certainly very handsome; but for manner I admire far more one of the Ladies H[——]y, who has an elegance and a tranquillity, wihtout *fadeur*, which is quite enchanting, and very rare.

June 23rd.—Dined at Lord Dudley's. A charming house and some good paintings. We arrived an hour before Lord Dudley made his appearance; but there was plenty of objects to delight and amuse. Lord and Lady A[——]n, Lord and Lady W[——]t, Mr. M[——]d, Mr. M[——], the Archbishop of [——]'s sons, Colonel G[——], Mr. [——], &c. formed the party. Lord Dudley had on a new and rather extraordinary chocolate-coloured coat, but looked so clean and fresh, that I did not know him for the same person. His dinner was admirable in every department. Mr. [——] is very ill. I think Lord Dudley has a look that way. When I asked him some question in regard to his going abroad, alluding to his own fortune and situation, he said, "When a great trump card turns up at home, one has no right not to play one's hand." This was like a person thinking aloud. He evidently puts all due value on his station and fortune; but I think he is a kind person, with some genuine feelings of friendship and truth about him which are as uncommon as they are valuable.

July 1st.—The same difficulty of writing every day, which has ever made me find it impossible to keep a regular journal, has occasioned this lapse. Once more I resume my diary.

Mr. A[——]r called on me. He is living at [——] house, where, he said, Lady [——] was very ill, and that the fear of death had taken hold of her, and she was in very low spirits. She began, he said, to think of that which, if she had thought of it before, she would not be so miserable now. This was one of the many confirmations which occur every day, to make one think seriously where to cast the anchor of trust. Such a speech, from such a person, of such a woman, preached with more force than a thousand homilies.

In the evening we went to the Haymarket Theatre,

and saw a vulgar, stupid representation of what was intended to be a story in high life, where, among other gross mistakes of good breeding, the lady heroine is made to kiss the inn-keeper, and another lady to tell him all her plans and secrets! So much for the representation of fashionable life! This false, flat thing is taken from one of [——]'s novels, wherein the manners of high life are totally misunderstood; and I have often remarked that the beauty or the defects of any work are made more prominent by translation of any sort, as the flavour of wine is best known by mingling it with water.

We escaped as soon as we could from the theatre, and on my return home I was glad to have the enjoyment of reading Schlegel's History of Literature. It is a fine work, built on a sure foundation; and though I do not always agree with his taste, his feelings and his principles are exactly what I believe it is right to square one's own by.

July 2nd.—Spent a quiet day at home. Read "The Story of a Life," by Sherer; a powerfully written book with vivid description and truth of portraiture, both as to human character and to the effects of the scenery of nature. It has much interest, and a fine vein of religious morality distinguishes it from the commonplace productions of literature.

The Duke of S[——] visited me. His conversation is extremely agreeable and instructive; very different from the mere frippery of the world. His favourite hobby is a noble one—the formation of a good library; and his pursuit is that of doing good, and being at the head of all charitable institutions, as well as promoting science and the art. The very pretence of these tastes, in a man of his ranks, shows a certain greatness of aim; and now that the effervescence of youth is gone by, and that he does not, in the spirit of party zeal, render himself too common, he will certainly rise to a higher estimation

than it has been supposed he would do. He spoke well, and lamented the subjugated state of Italy, its despotism, and its return to consequent bigotry; and declared that he could not live there, and would not return there on any account. "All my friends," he said, "are either dead or dispersed, and all those who remain are trampled upon, and debased by poverty and cruelty; and as I could not always have my hand in my pocket to relieve them, I should be wretched. Germany too," he continued, shrugging up his shoulders—"there is only one place in Germany I would go to—the Duke of [——]'s dominions."

July 3rd.—I went to Holland House; a formal, fearful piece of amusement. Lady Holland on her throne as usual: very gracious to me, but still "*gracious.*" I found no subject of conversation, and she was also, for her, unusually dull: so time went on heavily. R[——] and Macauley were there; but even they did not shine with their usual brilliancy. Mrs. R[awton] and Lady W. R[ussell] were also present. I think marriage has done much good to the latter. She seems much softened, and is, as she ever was, very *distinguée*, and very agreeable. Her husband appears to be a shy, gentlemanly-looking person. I could not judge what else he was, and feared to talk with him. Some how or other I lost my own identity in that society, and yet it appeared to offer much entertainment. Lady H[olland] kept me strictly under her wing, and tied me down as it were to her chair. She is now in bad health, and there is an excuse for her being placed above everybody else, and calling all the people by her, as though she had a crown and sceptre in either hand. But I am told she always did so. It must make a *gêne* in the society. But Lord H[olland] is a delightful person, and much is borne to obtain his presence. Lady [——] told me a curious story. She said the Duke of B[——] had formed the

greatest attachment for Lady [——], and one evening, after she had been cutting a few jokes at Lady [——]'s expense, the Duke wrote her four sides of paper, to say how much it grieved him to see that any member of his family thought slightingly of Lady [——], and he requested that she would never do so in future.

July 4th.—Visited Lady H[ollan]d, who was much more agreeable, and in a different manner, than I had any idea she could be. How slow we ought to be in forming opinions of the character or *agrémens* of others! for so many people are superior to what they seem on a slight acquaintance, and so many, on the contrary, are inferior to what they at first appear to be, that we should be careful not to judge of them in haste.

Miss K[nigh]t came in whilst I was at Lady H[olland]'s. Her presence put me in mind of the poor Princess, and Princess Charlotte. I like Miss K[night]; that is to say I honour and esteem her characrter. The old Queen certainly behaved very ill to her.

The Duke of Y[ork] has fallen desperately in love with the Duchess of R[utlan]d, and a few days since he walked her up and down Kensington Gardens till she was ready to faint from fatigue; so he ran off puffing and blowing as fast as he could, and brought a pony into the gardens, upon which he aired her up and down for two hours longer. When the Regent heard of this, he is said to have chuckled with delight, exclaiming, "Y[ork] is in for it at last."

Visited also Lady W. G[——]. She is a person whom I like, I know not why; but she has a charm for me; and as there are certain metals drawn together by a mysterious law of nature, for which man can assign no cause, except that thus it is, so there are certain attractions in moral nature which produce the same effect.

Dined at Sir [——]; Lady W. R[ussell], Mrs. [Rawdon]

R[——], Comte Lieven, Mrs. S. C[——], Lord and Lady [——], &c. Lady D[acr]e, that extraordinary genius, who, as sculptor and poet, has borne such palmy wreaths from Fame, that few or none of her own sex can vie with her in these departments of genius.

It is not always that Lady D[——] condescends to be the charming person she *can* be. Occasionally her manner is abrupt, especially towards those whom she regards not highly; but I have heard that in all the domestic scenes of life she constitutes the charm of existence: can a woman aspire to a more blessed honour than this?

Foscolo bore testimony to her correct translations of many of Petrarch's most *untranslatable* poems; and it is her peculiar merit to be diffident of her own powers, and modest in her estimation of them.

Another very rare and valuable point of character is, that whatever change takes place in the circumstances or situations of her friends, she never forsakes them. There is no higher eulogy can be bestowed than this; for it tells of that which outlives and outshines all praise —namely, worth and goodness.

Lady [——] is changed certainly—morally improved; but evidently disappointed in marriage. However, as far as regards her husband, she appears happy. But she was a woman of great worldly ambition, and that passion has not been gratified; and she lacks that feminine tenderness which forms of itself an ambition apart, and enjoys a world of its own, over which it reigns, and which is superior, in the power of bestowing happiness, to all other ambition. This is not Lady [——]'s nature; and yet, being virtuous, good, and sensible, she does not seek for excitement in a frivolous and dangerous pursuit of pleasure. But the life of life—the quicksilver of the thermometer—has sunk many degrees, and she has not yet found in her home that enjoyment which will make it rise to its former height. I should hope, however,

that she may do this; for there is sufficient matter and sufficient good sense in her character to make her see the necessity, as well as delight, of not suffering the flowers of existence to decay for want of culture.

Lady F[——] is a singular little person. At first she appeared to be all puff and frivolity of character; but this is not the case. She does not pursue her course without calculating upon the proceeds of her voyage. Whether her calculations come to any stable conclusion *reste à sçavoir*.

Mr. C[annin]g is a very pleasant man, though somewhat too measured; and he has a diplomatic tightness of lip which betrays his profession. Still the having a profession, when followed up successfully, is of incalculable advantage to every man. It gives a sort of lustre to the commonest minds; and to those of finer and firmer texture it imparts a double value.

The [——] parties want the germ of vigour and amusement. I know not how it is, but, in spite of flowers and champagne, they do not pass off quickly or agreeably; yet they are composed, too, of what is highest in rank and renown. Comte L[——] was there. He appears to me a good sort of man, but very dull. Who knows what else he may be under the cloak of his gray, silent humour?

July 5th.—At home all day. Read Goëthe's Life, and Tweddell's Remains. The latter is very invigorating, showing great animation of soul, joined to a high moral character. Goëthe's Life does not make the reader love him—not as far as I have read at least.

We spent a quiet evening at home, and so passed to me this *holiday* from perpetual dissipation.

July 6th.—Went in the evening to Miss Lydia White's.* She is one of those melancholy spectacles, in point of her

* A great dinner giver.

bodily circumstances, which is at once so painful and so salutary to contemplate. Immovable from dropsy, with a swollen person and an emaciated face, she is placed on an inclined plane raised high upon a sofa, which put me in mind of the corpse of the late Queen of Spain at Rome, in the church of the Santa Maria Novella. But even under this calamity she has many blessings—a comfortable house, and the attentions of the world, which are pleasant even when they are mingled with the alloy of knowing that they are paid as a price to obtain selfish amusement and gratification. What more solid advantages she may enjoy I cannot say, because she is a stranger to me. There is something, also, pleasant in the reflection that the world, even the gay world, do not totally neglect those who are about to leave it. Oh yes, there is more of good mingled with the bad, even here below, than this world and its inhabitants are often given credit for.

Mr. and Mrs. F[——], Lord and Lady Charlemont, Sir John Copley and his beautiful wife, so like one of Leonardo Da Vinci's pictures, Lady D[——], &c., composed the coterie of the evening, which was peculiarly agreeable.

July 7th.—Spent the first part of this day in a disagreeable manner, trying to mediate between two persons who are at variance. The result unsatisfactory. The details too long to put down on paper, so I omit them, and commence by speaking of a delightful dinner party at Miss Lydia White's. A scene of a very different kind to that in which I had spent the two foregoing evenings. Lady D[——], Miss [——] F[——]w, Mr. Moore, Sir K. K. P[——], Mr. Sharpe, Major Denham, and ourselves, constituted the party. Major Denham is a great traveller, who has been further into the interior of Africa than any previous traveller, and his descriptions of deserts, and skies, and camels, were very vivid, and carried me with

him in idea on his pilgrimage. The tranquil patience of the camels—their quiet submission to the inevitable suffering of their lives—their obedience and humility—are exquisite pictures of the virtues of the brute creation and are deserving of man's imitation. Major Denham's description also of the pitching of their tents, when the travellers halt for the night—the silent calm of the scene—the vast ocean of sand, in which not even an insect dwells—the well by which they halt, and to which the travellers of the trackless desert look for life—the canopy of starry heavens spread out above all—combined, as Major Denham said, to form one of the most sublime pictures that could be imagined

When Major Denham had concluded his interesting account of his travels, I turned to listen to Mr. Moore and Mr. Sharpe, who were talking of Sheridan and Curran, and mingling the sparkle and acumen of their own minds with the transcript they drew of others. This rendered their conversation highly interesting. Whilst hearing Major Denham describe the sublime scenes of nature in which he had been living, I felt a strong desire to visit those places; but when I heard the brilliant and intellectual conversation of Mr. Moore and Mr. Sharpe, I thought, who would not prefer to hear such a flow of intellect, rather than even the refreshing sound of waters in a desert? But the fact is, it is the variation of human life which gives it its highest zest; it is the alternation of rest and labour—of contemplation and action—and above all, is it not the contentment which arises from a well-regulated mind, that gilds every season and every scene with a feeling of self-satisfaction which is unknown where this does not reside?

In speaking of Sheridan, Mr. Moore observed, that it was curious to see what pains he took to produce the wit which seemed to dart with such electric swiftness, whereas all he uttered was previously polished, filed and purified.

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He mentioned having many pages illustrative of this fact to put into his life of Sheridan, which, he said, he thought was useful for all composers to see. "Yes," rejoined Mr. Sharpe, "I remember his father telling me that there was only one quality more extraordinary in his son than his application, and the pains he gave himself to bring whatever he undertook to perfection: 'it is,' said he, 'the pains he takes to hide it.'"

After dinner Moore sang. Many, many years have passed since I heard him. The notes of the bird are as sweet as ever—perhaps not quite so full—but the fire and the sweetness are not impaired. He stands alone in this accomplishment, or rather sits like some chorister of spring, on a flowery bush, gifted with perpetual youth, of feeling and of fancy. His melancholy is never more than tender, let him strive to mourn how he may; and his mirth is never quite exempt from sentiment. When any other hand attempts to strike his lyre, it fails; when any other voice tries to sound his reed, it fails also. It is not singing; there is none of the skill of the mere mechanic in the art: it is poetry: the distinct enunciation, the expression, the nationality of his genius, which will ever remain in inimitable gift—when heard, delighted in, and never to be forgotten.

July 10*th*.—I drove to Lady D[——]'s. She is very fascinating, and I know not why. Surely if any one were to ask a gift of the fairies, it would be *fascination*. Saw little Lady [——] in whom there would be no fault to be found, were this world all.

July 11*th*.—Dined at Lord Lansdowne's the same nearly as at Miss White's; but minus the traveller, and with the addition of the Knight of Kerry. The latter gives me the idea of a person hiding a dark spirit under a sunny brow. But it is wrong to give way to such ground-

less impressions of character, and I check them; yet, they will not sometimes be effaced. Notwithstanding a fine dinner (not a good one) a charming house, and a kindly host the whole thing was not as it was at Miss White's, even though Moore sang.

I do not know what to think of Comte and Comtesse [——]. He impresses me with being—thoroughly good. She is *piquante*, in an odd *brusque* way. I think she has warm feelings too; but she has seen much of the world, and probably distrusts it. There is sense and sweetness in her eyes; but I could not fathom her, and I do not know if it is worth while to do so with all new acquaintance. Yet the surface of things alone never satisfies me.

Moore sang "The Parting of the Ships." One sees the waves dancing, and the distant sail; and then it nears, and there is the greeting, and the short-lived joy of speaking to another floating world full of human creatures; and then the parting again, each to sail over the lonely ocean! How very true it is to nature! how thrilling to those who have witnessed the scene! The other song which he sang was "The Lovers and the Watchman;" the one recalling reality and woe—the other forgetting there are such things annexed to time, and even time itself, till day breaks, and the whole illusion vanishes!

These are the pictures of song—El Cantar che nel anima si sente.

I received a letter from Mr. S[harpe].

DEAR [——],—Though one of my eyes is swelled like a gooseberry after a rainy day, and consequently writing is very uncomfortable, yet I am resolved to obey your commands, though they should convert me into a Cupid or a Belisarius. But I fear you will deem me a bird of ill omen, as to your first commission.

You ask me in what estimation Lord [——] stands in the world. Alas! I cannot say much for him, but refer you to

the memorial Horace Walpole hath left of him. You make me blush when you are so condescending as to make me such flattering eulogiums on my epistolary genius. To speak with sincerity, I never piqued myself on that score; for I consider it so elevated a talent to have the genius of good letter-writing, that I have never attempted to gain the steep height of that fame. The next best style to an artificial quality of excellence in that line, I think, is to write naturally; and nature has always some merit, if she is suffered to have her free will. Affectation is never more tiresome and ridiculous than in a letter. Madame De Sevigné was the best letter-writer that ever existed. I would rank Swift and Lord Chesterfield next. Voltaire to me is charming; but then I suspect he studied his epistles, as Lord Orford certainly did, and so had little merit. Heloise wrote beautifully in the old time; but we are very poor, both in England and Scotland, as to such matters. Pray make for answer to your fair friend, who seeks autographs, that I will do the little in my power to obey her commands; but that, I fear, will be very little.

As to my own wretched stuff, I am sure, dear Lady [——] was laughing at me, which is cruel enough. Tell her not to pour *ink* upon a drowned mouse. "Pity the sorrows of a poor old man," as that poor old beau, Sir [——], so movingly quoted the other night in the House of Commons. Though my memory is greatly impaired by complaints of the stomach, which sometimes for months make me "sleep as sound as a mouse in a cat's ear," and have delivered me up to blue devils—fiends which never set claw in my mind when I had much better reasons for discomfort—I am not yet brought to that sad pass to have forgot Lady [——]. Pray tell her that I often think, and always with wonder, of nature's prodigality towards her. Extraordinary beauty, a genius that would have made an ugly woman handsome, and an air and manner that would have captivated any heart! Indeed I have always thought of her with surprise, and, allow me to add, a little vanity too. Her goodness to me in former times is one of my recollective cordials. That remembrance can never be smothered by my horrid extinguisher, a flannel nightcap. Nay, the restless claws which I mentioned above, can never efface it from my memory.

But now to return to business. (How I hate the ugly word!) I think I once had the honour of sending you from Oxford some notices which I had collected concerning the family of [——] [——] principally, if I remember right, from Richard Baxter. One was of a lady (this was not from Richard, however, the good man who thought all poetry profane, save David's and the Song of Solomon) who wrote verses. Though I have always been an *engrained* Jacobite, I have always entertained a great admiration for [——]. After reading many private as well as public documents of his age, I am persuaded that he and Lord Melville were the two only honest political characters in Scotland.

In the Commissary Court Record there is an account of the death of Queen Mary's relation, [half sister] Lady [Argyll]. She died of the falling sickness and was buried in the royal vault at Holyrood House. Her will was disputed after her death, which led to the commissary proofs.

N.B. She did not carry on the family, which I am glad of, though she was, *in one sense*, the King's daughter. Illegitimate children are never to be borne in a pedigree. I may venture to say this now, as I shall never be in London any more, where it made one sick to see so many of King Charles the Second's *imputed* sins (he was not the *real* sinner in one half of them) taking place of their betters, with all the pomp and parade possible. Their real progenitors were players and rope-dancers.

But, dear [——], I dare say you are wishing me a rope for all this dull useless stuff: so I will in discretion conclude. The modern Athens is much deserted. All the choice spirits who used to congregate here are dispersed or dead, or grown old and crabbed. In short, I have no society save that of a tortoise-shell cat, and a few musty papers. Yet I have not the courage to remove hence, or to find myself in the great Babylon of London, where I should find all changed, and I doubt if, with my old-fashioned ideas, I should approve of the "*improvements*." No. I am content to let my breath slip away in this city. But I sincerely hope that you will, some day ere I die, make out once more a journey to Scotland. Entering fully into all your feelings respecting the modes of travelling, but hating danger, jolts, nay, motion as much as I do, I refine upon your ideas, and would choose to make my

pilgrimages drawn by six black snails, with long horns, in a padded boat, the bottom rubbed with butter, and on roads either of glass or of polished marble!

Adieu, my dear [——]; my gooseberry warns me to have done; and so, with all the respect I feel for you, permit me to subscribe myself your old and attached, &c.

Monday, 16th January.—A fortnight, and no journal!—Yesterday one of those dense fogs that choke respiration and obscure intellect.

I saw Mr. L[——]. His account to me of his future wife was sufficiently eccentric, like himself. I do not think he is enamoured; but he is now to believe that he is doing a wise thing. He says his love is clever—decidedly quite matter of fact; but of course he thinks she has charms, and seems soberly settled on matrimonial arrangements of *convenance*.

I received an answer from Miss M[——] to my application to her to accept the offer of becoming Lady C. L[amb]'s companion, which I was not sorry she declined, as I do not think either would suit the other. Both have many good qualities, but of so totally different a character, that I do not think they would have amalgamated well together. Lady C. L[amb] is certainly, I should say, a little mad—not sufficiently so to require restraint personally; certainly she ought to have a sensible person put about her, who could minister comfort to her poor mind, and prevent her indulging in the fits of melancholy which come over her at times. When she is free from these attacks, nobody can be more agreeable in society than Lady Caroline, and her conversation is both original and superior. She spoke to me the other day of Lord B[yro]n, and endeavoured to make me believe she had never been in love with him. But seeing, I suppose, that I appeared incredulous, she only said, with a sigh, "He is certainly a most unfortunate person to have been married to Lady B[yro]n." Then she added

with great truth, "It was exceedingly unwise in her to marry him, after having refused him. That is an affront no man ever forgives a woman." I assented to this observation, and fully agree with Lady Caroline in thinking it was unwise of Lady B[——]n to act in the manner she did.

Lord D[udle]y came to see me yesterday. He was in one of his most sane moods, and nobody is so delightful as himself when he is placid and collected. Lord D[udle]y is also, like C[——], I think, rather eccentric; but he is wonderfully clever, and his peculiarities only add to the interest he inspires. Lord D[udle]y complained of the unsatisfactory footing on which London society is carried on, and threatened to go abroad. I assured him, that although there was less form and reserve in foreign society, it lacked many of the *agrémens* and advantages that were to be found in an agreeable circle of English society. In the first place, there are so few persons of any great superiority of talent, in Italy at least;—the generality of the men are knaves, or mere followers of pleasure, and the women are as illiterate and still more foolish. It is the climate and the associations attached to the continent which are the chief attractions to a prolonged stay there. I said all this to Lord D[udle]y, and added, that a person of his rank and consequence and power could command a much more agreeable society in London than in any place I had ever yet been at. He only replied, "Perhaps you are right," and then, taking up his hat, left the room without further ceremony.

I received a letter from Lady [——], who is still at Rome. She lately made an excursion to Pisa, where, she says, she found several of her country people, who were exceedingly agreeable. Amongst them she named "the Blantyres, Lord Frederick Montague, and the Misses Wilson, sisters to *the* Mr. Wilson of Edinburgh, who is making such a figure in the literary world there,

and succeeding nearly as much as his predecessor, Dugald Stewart in his profession. Lady Blantyre, being in delicate health, seldom goes out; but Lord Blantyre dines with me frequently. He is a pleasant, quiet, *soldier-like* man. He distinguished himself in Egypt, has lost his health in consequence, and is obliged to leave his own beautiful place on Clyde's side, to seek a milder climate. But descriptions of persons, unless they are of a peculiar and marked character, or figure on the great stage of the world, are very uninteresting, and I only mention his name by way of letting you know how my time has been spent, and with whom, since we parted. The natives at Pisa do very little for the *agrémens* of society. One lady, however, opens her house, who was, by the way, famous as having been the mistress of the Duke of [——]; she accompanied him to England, I believe, in former days. Be that as it may, she is a *mighty good sort* of person at Pisa, according to Italian morals, and is the greatest lady in the place, with a large establishment. This Madame gave one magnificent ball, to which I went, and where I was gratified by the sight of several very pretty women; the first, I may almost say, I have seen in Italy. The gentlemen are all without exception, hideous; like little black and yellow monkeys, dressed up after the French fashion, with their chains, rings, &c. The best looking resemble couriers, and brigands, but none, even of the noblest title, ever look like *gentlemen*.

EXTRACT FROM ANOTHER LETTER.

I heard that the Princess of Wales wrote to England to say it was her intention to return there shortly. I cannot see what purpose she will now gain by so doing, since she committed the folly of leaving the country in her daughter's lifetime, when it would have been proper and advantageous for her to have remained. She will derive little benefit, I

fear, from going back to England, now poor Princess Charlotte is dead. The few who liked the Princess of Wales for her own sake, independent of worldly considerations, are scattered about in different parts of the world, and I should be afraid her Royal Highness would find it difficult to collect any number of persons agreeable and eligible to form a society fit for her to associate with, since almost everybody is influenced by expediency; and alas! no one who is actuated by such motives would seek to attach themselves to this unfortunate and ill-advised woman.

I am sorry to say there is but too much truth in the foregoing remarks made by Lady [——] with regard to the Princess; altogether it is a melancholy subject. I for one, cannot foresee the end of the dark fate that I fear awaits her Royal Highness.

I dined at Miss White's, and met there Lady [——], who was just returned from Cashiobury, looking very unwell, and talking in a very melancholy strain.

There is something saddening in beholding so much of the activity of life and its warm feelings wasted upon nothing; for by all I ever learnt or heard of Lady [——], her whole existence has been a mistake. She is certainly a person possessed of no common abilities, and of a kind heart. It is a pity to see her seeking from the world, and the gratification of its vanities, that happiness which it can under no circumstances ever confer, when it forms the only pursuit in life.

At dinner, the conversation (as it too frequently does) turned upon the Princess of Wales; and knowing my intimate acquaintance with Her Royal Highness, people often, I think with ill-bred curiosity, attack me, and seek to make me disclose all I know and think about her character, &c. Last night I cut the matter very short by saying, in reply to all interrogatories, that I knew nothing *against* the Princess, and that if I did, I certainly never would disclose it. Some of the party asked me if her

dress was not very injudicious, and many other similar questions, which it was difficult to answer. But at last, finding I was unwilling to give them any information, they started fresh game, and the poor hunted hare was suffered to escape. The dinner was less agreeable than it usually is at Miss White's, and the evening was dull; everybody appeared to think so. Yet Mr. Moore, and Conversation Sharpe, and Sir H[——], and other learned and pleasant people, were present; but they were not in their agreeable moods; and so, even with such ingredients to form a charming party, it failed of being such.

Tuesday, January 17th.—I received a letter from [——], in which she says—

I have been in a great deal of *extra* bustle, and have had no control over my own time. We have had a court-martial to encounter, and every person has been busy trying to make their houses pleasant to fifteen general officers, (some of them heroes,) besides all the young witnesses summoned on either side, and the [——] themselves. Dinners and parties have been endless, and [——] has been turned into a scene of dissipation; at least if daily engagements can be so called. The good society here is not numerous; so that the same individuals became almost a necessary ingredient at each party. I love the alternations of active employment and rest too well to be gratified by such a total *bouleversement* of my usual habits; but there was no choice on this occasion, and I must say the parties were very pleasant, and the usual society of the place brightened beyond description by the intermixture of so many agreeable strangers. Amongst the gentlemen were Sir Samuel Achmuty, Sir Edward Paget, and General Harris—all heroes. We had, besides, some pleasant personages in Lord Charles Fitzroy, Lord Ludlow, General Montresor, and General Grey; and a very amiable president of the court in Sir A. Clarke. Indeed all the members were more or less agreeable. The guards also of the prisoner, Lord James Murray, Colonel Ponsonby, (a very unaffected

young man, and very unlike his sister,) were by no means disagreeable; and Sir A. Barnard, as a witness, together with Generals Donkin, Clinton, Smith, &c., severally contributed to the general *agrément*. The [——] themselves are also very pleasant members of society. She is a fine handsome woman, very tall, and on a large scale of beauty; yet she is soft and feminine in manners, and seems to possess an exquisite serenity of temper. She was a daughter of the late [——], and is niece to the present Lord [——].

The rich N[——]s and G[——]s kept open house for these brilliant strangers. Sir [——] had too much business to enter into the gaieties; but Lady [——] mixed in all the parties. I have forgotten to mention a General and Mrs. Whittingham. He is a distinguished officer in Spain, and summoned by Sir [——]; his wife is a native Spaniard whom he fell in love with and married. She does not speak English, and only very bad French; but with Lady [——] and Sir [——]'s aides-de-camp D[——]r and C[——]e, she was able to converse in her own language, as they speak Spanish fluently. Mrs. W[——] is called the Spanish beauty, and is certainly very pretty; dark and bright little eyes like diamonds, with teeth like pearls; but since her confinement she has lost her figure, which was once, I am told, as pretty as her face. It is now very thick, and, as she is extremely short, the effect is clumsy; but her animation, vivacity, and good humour, with her brilliant eyes, render her still a very striking little person. My time has not only been lost by these dissipations, but by my attendance in the court. I went one day out of curiosity, and became so deeply interested that I could not resist attending the whole trial. I think it was impossible to hear the proceedings and the facts, and witness the different manners and tempers of Sir [——] and his prosecutor, Admiral [——], without being warmly anxious in favour of Sir [——] We are now awaiting the award of the sentence with great impatience. The General passed it on Tuesday; but it is not yet made public. I feel there cannot be a doubt that ti will be an honourable acquittal, and I sincerely trust we shall not be disappointed. The Generals went on Tuesday. There still remains Sir E. Paget, who was very anxious to get away, to join his bride elect, Lady Harriet Legge. Colonel D[——] is a brother of the Comtesse St. A[——]. He gives a very

favourable account of the Comte, and of her happiness. In the settlement of her fortune he has behaved most liberally, is devoted to her, and has the sweetest temper possible. They are going to return to England, to which country he professes to be strongly attached. Lord George Seymour has lately been spending a few days here with Dr. N[——]. By the way, speaking of him, what think you of that strange business which removed him from the tutorship of the Princess Charlotte? He is a man of superior attainments; indeed, I may say, of wonderful acquirements, and I believe good-hearted; but he has a strange inconsistency of manner, that checks the progress of intimacy, and prevents the full comprehension of his character. Facts, however, speak strongly in his favour. He was the best of sons, and also an excellent brother. He was, poor man, jilted by two women; and this has soured his mind towards the whole sex; that is to say, as to opinion and contempt of the female understanding; but it has not made him less an admirer of beauty, or less zealous in seeking its smiles; so he is a flirt amongst the misses, but not, I think, a favourite amongst the matrons, whose *amour propre* he continually offends. And now it is time I conclude this long gossiping letter, which I shall do by assuring you that I am yours, &c.

In the evening I went to the Misses [——], where I met the usual set that assemble at their house. I cannot say I found there the entertainment which is proverbially ascribed to that society. But this I attribute to not being sufficiently intimate with the persons who form it. And as a specimen of the best English company, a stranger could not be taken to a more distinguished assemblage of all that is most worth seeing in London than is to be found in their house. They have effected that pleasant mixture of literati with the gay and great, which is so seldom achieved.

The only person I saw there, whom it gave me pleasure to talk to, was Lady [——]. She is singular; but so full of *verve* and enthusiasm—so different, in short, from the characters one generally meets with, that she formed a

pleasing variety in the human species. I do not think she was in her proper sphere at the Misses [——]. They do not understand her, and she does not understand them. Lady [——] is always kind to me, and it must be confessed that any person or thing which is out of the jog-trot of life gives a fillip to existence. The square-and-rule people one constantly meets with, are very uninteresting. To my surprise, I learnt that Miss C[——] V[——] has married a Comte A[——]o. He is a general in the army, and well spoken of; and I am told she is very happy, but has become a complete Italian, and declares that she never wishes to see England again. This information amused me. What odd events take place in life!

Tuesday, the 20th of January.—I dined at Lady C. L[amb]'s. She had collected a strange party of artists and literati, and one or two fine folks, who were very ill assorted with the rest of the company, and appeared neither to give nor receive pleasure from the society among whom they were mingled. Sir T. Lawrence, next whom I sat at dinner, is as courtly as ever. His conversation is agreeable, but I never feel as if he was saying what he really thought. He made some reference to the Princess of Wales, and inquired if I had heard lately from her Royal Highness. I replied that I had not; and, to say the truth, I did not feel much induced to talk to him upon the subject; for I do not think he behaved well to her. After having, at one time of his life, paid her the greatest court, (so much so even as to have given rise to various ill-natured reports at the period of the first secret investigation about the Princess's conduct,) he completely cut her Royal Highness.

Besides Sir T[homas] there were also present of this profession Mrs. M[ee], the miniature painter, a modest, pleasing person; like the pictures she executes, soft and

sweet. Then there was another eccentric little artist, by name Blake; * not a regular professional painter, but one of those persons who follow the art for its own sweet sake, and derive their happiness from its pursuit. He appeared to me full of beautiful imaginations and genius; but how far the execution of his designs is equal to the conceptions of his mental vision, I know not, never having seen them. *Main d'œuvre* is frequently wanting where the mind is most powerful. Mr. Blake appears unlearned in all that concerns this world, and, from what he said, I should fear he was one of those whose feelings are far superior to his situation in life. He looks care-worn and subdued; but his countenance radiated as he spoke of his favourite pursuit, and he appeared gratified by talking to a person who comprehended his feelings. I can easily imagine that he seldom meets with any one who enters into his views; for they are peculiar, and exalted above the common level of received opinions. I could not help contrasting this humble artist with the great and powerful Sir Thomas Lawrence, and thinking that the one was fully if not more worthy of the distinction and the fame to which the other has attained, but from which *he* is far removed. Mr. Blake, however, though he may have as much right, from talent and merit, to the advantages of which Sir Thomas is possessed, evidently lacks that worldly wisdom and that grace of manner which make a man gain an eminence in his profession, and succeed in society. Every word he uttered spoke the perfect simplicity of his mind, and his total ignorance of all worldly matters. He told me that Lady C[aroline] L[amb] had been very kind to him. "Ah!" said he, "there is a deal of kindness in that lady." I agreed with him, and though it was impossible not to laugh at the strange manner in which she had arranged this party, I could not help admiring the goodness of heart and

* William Blake [1757–1827], the poet mystic.

discrimination of talent which had made her patronise this unknown artist. Sir T. Lawrence looked at me several times whilst I was talking with Mr. B[——], and I saw his lips curl with a sneer, as if he despised me for conversing with so insignificant a person. It was very evident Sir Thomas did not like the company he found himself in, though he was too well-bred and too prudent to hazard a remark upon the subject.

The literati were also of various degrees of eminence, beginning with Lord B[——], and ending with [——]. The grandees were Lord L[——], who appreciates talent, and therefore was not so ill assorted with the party as was Mrs. G[——] and Lady C[aroline], (who did nothing but yawn the whole evening,) and Mrs. A[——], who all looked with evident contempt upon the surrounding company. I was much amused by observing this curious assemblage of *blues* and *pinks*, and still more so with Lady C[aroline] L[amb]'s remarks, which she whispered every now and then into my ear. Her criticisms were frequently very clever, and many of them very true, but so imprudent, it was difficult to understand how anybody in their senses could hazard such opinions aloud, or relate such stories. Her novel of Glenarvon showed much genius, but of an erratic kind; and false statements are so mingled with true in its pages, that the next generation will not be able to separate them; otherwise, if it were worth any person's while *now* to write explanatory notes on that work, it might go down to posterity as hints for memoirs of her times. Some of the poetry scattered throughout the volumes is very mellifluous, and was set to music by more than one composer.

I was sorry to learn from Mr. [——] that Mrs. B[——] is very unwell. He spoke with great affection of her, and observed, with truth, that never was there such a triumph of mind over a plain exterior as in her. The charms of her conversation are appreciated by all, and

she is beloved wherever she goes. Lady [——], who was sitting between us at the time Mr. [——] spoke, suddenly observed, *à-propos des bottes*, as though she were thinking aloud, "I wonder Mr. A[——] did not marry her." I replied, I was not surprised that he did not; for that, although it would have been a great match for him, the disapprobation he would have incurred from all her family, would have counterbalanced the advantage, and that I thought he had shown infinite sense and good principle in not taking advantage of her youthful preference by availing himself of it. I never knew but one unequal marriage turn out happily; and then, perhaps, it owed its success to the short life of the lady, who died before the husband had time to find out his mistake. Lord Dudley came in at the end of the evening, looking more absent even than usual; he hardly spoke to any one, but went backwards and forwards through the rooms, muttering to himself. Altogether, I never was at a more curious assemblage of persons than this party combined.

Wednesday, 21st of Jan.—I went to see Lord S[——]'s collection of pictures. It is a well-chosen and magnificent gallery. To my surprise I met Miss H[ayma]n there, and that meeting distracted my attention completely from the pictures; for we conversed of old times at Kensington, and had mutually so much to ask and to say about the Princess, that I had no curiosity for anything else. She informed me that she had heard lately from a person, who told her that it was her Royal Highness's intention to come to England very shortly. Miss H[ayman] agreed with me in thinking it was too late for her to return, and that the time was for ever past when she could hope to be of any consequence in this country, or to enjoy any happiness. "True," Miss H[ayman] replied, "but you know the Princess as well

as I do, and when she is determined upon any plan, nothing can prevent her fulfilling her resolves." Miss H[ayman] spoke with infinite kindness of the Princess, and much regretted all the foolish things she had said or done, giving her full credit for all the noble qualities she possessed. "No one," she continued, "ever had such an opportunity for the display of almost every virtue as the Princess of Wales, and no woman would have been so great a heroine, either in public or private life, as she *might* have made herself, had she acted with prudence; but, alas! that opportunity of distinguishing herself no longer exists, and I fear her end will be one of insignificance and unhappiness at best." Miss H[ayman] added, that she had heard a report that the Princess had written to Mr. Canning, announcing her return to England, and asking his advice on several points. "Now," observed Miss H[ayman], "there was a time when I believe he was inclined to be her Royal Highness's friend; but I suspect he will not now espouse her cause so warmly as he once did." I asked Miss H[ayman] if she believed the story of the Princess having gone many years ago to his house, complaining of fatigue; that she remained there, and was confined, and that Mr. Canning kept the secret for her. Miss H[ayman] replied, that she did not; that in the first place she was convinced the Princess never had been guilty of any of the crimes laid to her charge, and also that Mr. C[——] was too honourable as well as too prudent a man to meddle in such matters. I asked Miss H[ayman] if, in the event of the Princess's return to England, she would again enter her service, and she replied, that if asked by her Royal Highness to do so, perhaps she might be tempted, by the attachment she felt towards her, to consent; but that if she consulted her own feelings, she did not wish to do so, as the fatigue and anxiety were too much for her health.

I was sorry to learn that Miss H[ayman] was to leave

town on the following day, so that I could not again have the pleasure of seeing her. Miss H[ayman] reverted with regret to the Princess having dismissed Siccard from her household, saying that he was so excellent and trustworthy a domestic, that it was of infinite injury to her Royal Highness to have lost his services.

At length we parted, both agreeing that nothing could be said that was agreeable upon this melancholy subject, and that it was impossible for any one to conjecture how this strange eventful history might conclude. Miss H[ayma]n, with unaffected and sincere earnestness said, "I pray for the Princess constantly."

Thursday, 22nd of January.—I went to a ball at D[evonshir]e House. Most of the Royal Dukes were present, and all the fine world of London; yet I did not think it was as gay as it ought to have been, considering the advantages of fine rooms, brilliant lights, and good company. The host himself is as gracious and urbane as ever; but he is much aged in his appearance—prematurely so—and his bland countenance is changed to a dissatisfied expression. It was curious to observe the court that most of the greatest and fairest ladies paid this illustrious bachelor. I wonder they are not all tired of wooing so stern an idol; but I suppose they never will cease this adulation until he selects some fortunate person to share his great fortune and rank. Lady H[——]'s daughter was the object of his patronage and favour last evening, and in consequence everybody paid her attention. She is young and showy-looking, but not captivating, in my opinion.

I heard a curious story from that gossip, Mr. S[——], relative to the C[onyngham] family. It is said that their late son married in S[witzerlan]d, and had a child, who is consequently the rightful heir to their titles and estates; but that Lady C[onyngham] wishes her second son to

inherit these, and therefore has bribed the relations of the infant to conceal his birth. Mr. S[——] added, "Dr. S[umner], the tutor to the late Lord [——], was sent to transact the arrangement with the foreigners." It was, as he observed, a singular office for him to undertake; but rumour further adds, that he has been promised a bishopric, and doubtless, Lady C[onyngham]'s influence will achieve whatever she wishes.

Friday, 25th.—I received a letter from Sir W. Gell, in which he says—

I was delighted to receive yours of the [——], for I thought you had quite forgotten that such a being as your slave existed. All you tell me of England and London society confirms me in my belief that Naples is the only place in this round world worth living in. At least, one can keep oneself warm, and take one's tea, without having scandal told about it. I had the honour of receiving an autograph letter from the "*Princess of Galle,*" introducing a singer, by name *Squallini* or *Scallini*, or some such outlandish cognomen, and assuring me that I should find "in dis gentleman everyting to approve and admire, and dat he is just de sort of person worthy of my acquaintance." Dis royal epistle "*introductory*" concluded by assuring me that "We" were extremely blessed, and that I might rely upon "Our" good will and countenance —that's a great *ting* for you, William Gell—raise your head thereupon." Fortunately, this said Comte *Scallini* was summoned hence next day, after having presented his letter at my door, by the indisposition of his *padre* at Venice; so for the present I am spared the pleasure of his acquaintance. For the last three weeks my feet and ankles have kept me at home; but I am beginning to shake myself like the flies, and to resuscitate, these last few warm days. Pray repeat your kindness in writing sometimes to the unfortunate "convict," who has been sentenced to transportation by the east winds of England, and the keener humour of some of his friends. Farewell, my dear [——], and believe me, most truly and sincerely,

Your humble servant and tame dog,

ANACHARSIS.

Friday, the 25th of February.—Mr. M[——]r called upon me, and informed me that the Princess of Wales had sent for Lady A. H[amilto]n to join her abroad. I can scarcely credit the report, for I well know her Royal Highness has an objection to the meddling spirit of that person. Mr. M[——] observed, that he considered Lady A[——] was a well-intentioned woman, but certainly not a very wise one. "Her conduct," said he, "in the affair of the News newspaper was very droll. Do you remember what a confused answer she made, and how she permitted Lady Perceval to make use of her name? What a kettle of fish those women cooked up between them! The Princess's enemies," added Mr. M[——], "believed all the parts that could hurt her; and the excuse which was circulated, of the editor of the newspaper being mad, was a very lame one, and did not deceive many people. Altogether it was a badly managed piece of business." In reply to my saying that I thought Lady C[——]y had behaved unkindly to the Princess, and Lord C[——] also, he told me that he knew beyond a doubt that the R[egen]t had bribed them highly, and that Lady C[——]y, being a weak woman, was compelled to obey her husband's wishes; but that he did not consider she was a bad-hearted person, and that she had expressed herself frequently in very favourable terms of the Princess.

In speaking of Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. M[——] observed, that although he differed with him entirely in his political views, his speeches were noble in sentiment and powerful in expression. "I have never," said he, "met with any one whose genius was more Shakspearian, and which occasionally delighted me more by the resemblance it bore to that master spirit. In private life he is not always agreeable, that is to say, he frequently appeared to me to be in a dream; but nevertheless he was *très recherché* amongst the ladies, and at the period

when I saw most of him at Kensington Palace, his name was constantly associated with that of some fair lady.

On my inquiring after Lord H[enr]y F[itzgeral]d, and alluding to scenes connected with Kensington Palace, in which he played so conspicuous a part, Mr. M[—— said, "Ah! it was a great pity he did not endeavour to continue the Princess's friend; she had such confidence in his opinion, that he might have given her good advice, and been of infinite service to her Royal Highness; but his lady wife interfered, and prevented his continuing to be intimate with the Princess, and then, perhaps, Lord H[enr]y himself took fright, and was glad to retire before he burnt his fingers by taking any part in her Royal Highness's affairs. But it was a cruel disappointment to her when she received a letter from him, stating that, from motives of friendship towards her, he conceived it his duty to relinquish the honour of being so frequently in her Royal Highness's society. "Lady [——]," continued Mr. M[——], "was the person deputed to deliver this letter, and she told me that she never shall forget the astonishment and agitation the Princess betrayed on reading its contents. Lady [——] said she felt much grieved for her, poor soul, and almost inclined to be angry with Lord H[enr]y for having written such a letter. The Princess observed that it was a most "cold-blooded worldly epistle," and looked very indignant for a few moments; but she soon melted into tender regret, and besought Lady [——] to write and implore Lord H[enr]y to retract his determination, and to continue to come to Kensington, and remain her friend. It was, Lady [——] said, the most difficult and painful letter that she was ever called upon to write; but the Princess so earnestly entreated her to do so, observing that Lady [——] had great influence over Lord H[enr]y, that the latter had not the heart to refuse. However, Lady [——] said she supposed it had fallen into the hands of

Lady De R[o]s, for that from that time forth she had evinced a marked dislike towards her. It was from the moment that Lord H[enr]y F[itzgeral]d neglected her, that the poor Princess became reckless and imprudent, in all that regarded her own interests. You know Lady [——] used to revert to the time when his influence was paramount, as to "the reign of the good King Henry." "Would that it had continued!" added Mr. M[——]; "Lord Henry was such an agreeable and gentlemanlike person, and he never for one moment forgot the respect due to her Royal Highness, or presumed upon her partiality for himself. Frequently Lady [——] told me, when she was in waiting, and accompanied the Princess to Blackheath, they met Lord H[enr]y F[itzgeral]d walking as if by accident on the road, and when the Princess stopped and invited him to enter the carriage, and accompany her and Lady [——] to Blackheath, he always made many apologies for being *en deshabille*, and would, with true courtier-like respect, make such speeches as 'You are too good, madam—I am quite distressed to be in such an unfit dress to appear before your Royal Highness;' upon which the Princess would laugh and say, 'Ah, yes, my dear Lord Henry, we know you are all over shock—but never mind, let us make happy whilst we can!'"

Mrs. M[——] informed me that Lady C[onyngha]m is now the reigning favourite of the R[——]t. Lady H[ertford]'s influence is quite at an end. "Indeed," said he, "I do not think it was ever very great. She was a person of too much *retenue* to please him for any length of time; and, on her part, I believe, the only reason that made her listen to the Prince's homage was vanity. She is a woman of boundless ambition; but *au reste*, full of noble qualities; she is generous, and of a most affectionate heart; but I do not suppose the Regent ever possessed any power over her feelings. To give

you an idea of her character, she is passionately fond of dress,* and when she went abroad she took [——], the great *modiste*, in her suite, that she might superintend her toilette; so that nothing could be detected wanting in her wardrobe, even by the most fastidious Frenchwoman. This is her foible, and it is but a very trivial one, compared to her many merits. "Decidedly," continued Mr. M[——], "Mrs. Fitzherbert has been hitherto the lady who possessed the greatest influence over the Prince, and it is to her that his conduct was most dishonourable. Such implicit confidence and blind credulity did she place in him, that when O. B[ridgman] (now Lord B[radfor]d) went to inform Mrs. F[itzherber]t of the Prince's marriage, she would not believe it, until he swore that he had been himself present at the ceremony; and when he did so, she fainted away."

I asked Mr. M[——] if he supposed that the Prince had, after his marriage, ever renewed his intimacy with Mrs. F[itzherber]t. "Oh! no," said he; "whatever he might have felt inclined to do, Mrs. F[itzherber]t would have scorned such a reconciliation. Indeed, I know she once said to a person with whom she was speaking in confidence, 'No; the chain once broken, can never be linked together again.'"

Mr. M[——] laughed at Lord Y[armouth]'s marriage with Miss F[agnian]i, and said, "To be sure never has there been anybody who had so many fathers—Mr. Selwyn, and Lord Queensberry, and the Prince,

* Hence Moore's lines:

> Who will repair into Manchester Square
> And see if the gentle Marchesa is there?
> O let her come hither and bid her bring with her
> The latest "No Popery" sermon that's going.
> O let her come with her bright tresses flowing
> All gentle and juvenile, curly and gay,
> In the manner of "Ackermanns' Dresses for May."

all anxious to have the honour of being related to her." *

Mr. M[——] wiled away several hours with me, and made the time pass very amusingly by his gossip; but in the long-run I should think he would be a wearisome companion, for he never speaks of anything but people, and has no idea beyond being a good newsmonger. As such he is unequalled.

I had the gratification of receiving the following letter from Mr. S[harpe].

Friday, 19th February.—DEAR [——],—I should have thanked you for the honour of your most obliging letter long ago, had I been able to write with any pleasure to myself, (to others, alas! I can give none;) but I have had the strangest juvenile simple sort of disease imaginable, which hath crippled my hands in such a woful manner, that still to bend my fingers for any length of time gives me the utmost uneasiness. Do not imagine that I am talking of what King James called too great a luxury for us subjects—our national cremona. In truth, there was neither pride nor pleasure to qualify the pain of my distemper, which was that nursery sort of evil, chilblains. But no boxer's gloves, or bear's paws, can give you any notion of my hands, which are still in such a condition, that to describe it would excite full as much disgust as compassion. I will, therefore, spare your sal volatile, and proceed to the contents of your very kind letter. As to curious MSS., there is no such thing here; no varieties, but dull charters of religious houses, and canting lives of Presbyterian ministers. Whatever the Bannatyne Club has printed, might as well have been left to the rats and mice, which have done more good in their generation than they have any credit for; and this club has had the overhauling of everything here. There are no poems but some Latin verses written by young lawyers; and as to letters, I do think the wise people of Scotland never wrote any, saving about money, and the secure hiring of servants. Letters bring Lady M. W. M[ontagu] into my head,

* She was the daughter of the Marchesa Fagniani of Milan, and was brought up by George Selwyn, who, as well as "Old Q," left her a huge fortune.

which I now do not confess in public ever to have read, for they are deemed so naughty by all the world, that one must keep up one's reputation for modesty, and try to blush whenever they are mentioned. Seriously, dear [——], I never was more surprised with any publication in my life. It was, perhaps, no wonder that the editor, my Lord of W[harncliffe], cheated by the charms of his subject, might lose his head and in the last volume kick up his heels at Horace Walpole and Dr. Cole, and print the letters about Reevemonde, &c. But how the discreet Lady Louisa S[tuar]t could sanction this, I cannot guess. These pious grandchildren have proved all to be true that was before doubtful, and certainly my Lady Mary comes out a most accomplished person. Yet, from my relationship to the M[ontagu] family, I could add one or two more touches to the picture—but it is needless; however, this may amuse you, that I have been assured, from the best authority, she never was handsome:—a little woman, marked with the small-pox, and so prodigiously daubed over with white and red, that she used to go into the warm bath and scrape off the paint like lime from a wall. It is admirable how one may obtain a reputation for wit, beauty, worth, or any other good thing, by the magic of a name! And in truth never was there a more striking instance of the truth of this assertion than in my Lady Mary W. Montagu. All the fame she really merited to have accorded her was that of being a shrewd woman of the world, with a quick eye, and a cross tongue, that was perpetually wagging against her neighbour. It would appear to me that she was but a sorry wife to her gudeman, and a very indifferent friend: and as to her talents, to judge by the style of her writings, any well-bred lady of the present day could produce a much better collection, if she were to gather the notes and letters that have passed between herself and her contemporaries. Lady M[ary], fortunately for her, lived in strange places, saw strange people, and had every means afforded her that could enable a mind of any discernment to keep an interesting diary, and render her amusing to her country people, who had not the same advantages.

There are three means by which everything can be acquired in this world.

The first is opportunity;

The second is opportunity;
The third is likewise opportunity.

Lady Mary had these, and turned them to the fullest account. Of her genius I will not say how little I esteem it, lest you should be partial to her ladyship: and, O heavens! if you are, I shall already have offended you beyond measure by my impertinent criticisms. I crave pardon, and think I am most likely to obtain it by ending this *babillage*, and assuring you, dear [——], how sincerely I am your faithful servant, &c.

Saturday, the 27th.—I dined at Miss Lydia White's. The dinner party was small, consisting only of Mr. S[——]e, and Sir [——] C[——]y and his beautiful wife. The latter, however, did not chose to converse. I am told she never does, except to gentlemen, think it worth while to exert herself to please by talking; and, in truth, her face is winning enough, it is so lovely to look upon, without the exercise of any other fascination. It is said she is clever and amusing when she becomes less reserved. Lady C[——]y's hand is of the most faultlessly perfect form I ever beheld, but her manners are not so pleasing as her personal appearance; they are *brusque* and haughty in general; yet occasionally, as if to make you feel she has the power to charm, when she pleases to exert her spells, she assumes a softer demeanour, and then her power is complete. Her husband's manners are supercilious. Miss W[hite] said to me, in speaking of Mr. H[——], "He has only two subjects of conversation—politics and admiration of beauty; so that his powers are very limited: and unless the former of these topics happens to form the subject of discussion at a dinner-party, he has little to say for himself in private society, clever as he is in public life."

Miss White sat with the ladies in the dining-room till everybody was nearly asleep. I never saw any one follow this system of remaining so long at table, except

the Princess of Wales. It is high treason to say so; Miss White's house, which is reckoned so famous for its agreeable reunions, does not frequently afford me the amusement it is supposed to give all those who have the good fortune to obtain an *entrée* therein. At the dinner table sometimes, the wits and mighty spirits collected round it display their conversational talents; but the evenings are often very dull, and I have been present at many a party, composed of insignificant persons, who have sung and danced, and diversified their amusements, which have been much more gay and enlivening than the learned and classic meetings held at Lydia White's.

I was introduced to a Mr. S[ney]d, a clever, satirical person, one of the Duke of D[evonshire]'s protégés. How angry he would be if he knew I had called him such! He is a gentleman who thinks he is all-powerful; with his own lance of wit, and his arrows barbed with satire, he imagines he keeps all the world in awe of him; and he does, I dare say, make many tremble. I do not think such a power can be pleasant to the possessor; but Mr. S[——]d appears perfectly well satisfied with his reputation for being a censor on men and manners. He was very gracious to me, but I felt, all the time that he was saying civil things to my face, that most likely the moment my back was turned he would not spare me any more than others. When Miss White introduced him to me, it was with the following whispered remark—"He dissects everybody, my dear [——], tears them limb from limb, and is the most sarcastic person in the world; but he is notwithstanding so clever and kind-hearted, that every one who knows him well, likes him exceedingly."

"I tremble, dear Miss White," I replied, "for I am a timid person, and dread having my flesh peeled off by his sarcasm."

"Nonsense," said she. "Do not pretend to say *you* are

thin-skinned. Come here, Mr. S[——];" and she beckoned to the *awfu* man, and introduced us to one another.

In general, or at least very frequently, those who are endowed with a spirit of sarcasm, endeavour, on a first acquaintance, to conceal their propensity, lest they should alarm their new friends; and they try to make their way, by assuming a kindliness of nature not their own, so as to make the stranger suppose the world has wronged them, by giving them the character of being satirical on their neighbours. But I discovered no such attempt in Mr. S[——]; the first smile, with which he prefaced the first words he addressed to me, betrayed the characteristic feature of his disposition; and the show of irony with which he observed, "Our hostess is a truly delightful person," as his eye glanced with disgust toward the unsightly object of his comments, betrayed the variance of his words from his inward thoughts. I answered with truth, that I thought Miss White was, indeed, an agreeable and an estimable person, and that she had great merit in the patience and good temper which she displayed under her trials. Again Mr. S[——] sneered, as he replied, "Yes; but I wish she could have some better arrangement made for her personal appearance. She always puts me in mind of a mummy, or a dead body washed on shore, and swollen with the effects of having been for a length of time in the water." I could not answer this cross speech, and thought those who partake of her good dinners and her hospitality should refrain from such unkind remarks on her personal calamity. I endeavoured to extract some information from this wasp, on other persons and subjects, and named the Princesse L[ieve]n as a subject for him to play upon. I did not feel the least repugnance or scruple in presenting her as game for him to hunt; she is so cross and ill-natured herself, that she would be well matched with Mr. S[——]d. The latter was very

eloquent on the theme I had given him, and he cut and slashed at the Princess in great style. In the course of his lecture on E[——]y, he repeated some lines which were, as nearly as I can recollect, as follows :—

ON MADAME DE L[IEVEN].

Un air d'ennui
Et de mépris ;
D'une reine de théatre
La dignité factice :
Des bouderies,
Des broderies,
Des garnitures pour quatre :
Voilà l'ambassadrice
A la façon de Barbarie.

expressed my admiration of these lines with such earnestness that I appeared to have won Mr. S[——]d's heart, and he began to grow quite confidential, as he told me how the same lady had treated one of the greatest ladies in England with such rudeness that the English-woman said she never would speak to the Princess again. "At the same time," added Mr. S[——]d, "it is wonderful how, for the moment, this tawdry piece of impertinence rules the roost in London society, and all the fine ladies are at her feet, cringing to her as if she were a divinity. It is very amusing—nothing diverts me more than to observe Ladies [——] and [——] paying her the most servile court. They must all be great fools to be so taken in by a little insignificant looking foreigner; but so it is."

Mr. S[——]d talked of Lady C[aroline] L[amb], and made a pun on her name, saying she was not as gentle as a L[amb] he believed; and from her he alighted on Lady H[——]d, and left his sting on her; and he would have gone on, imparting his venom to every soul in London, I dare say, if I had not grown sleepy, and left the party.

Monday, the 28th.—I received some letters from Italy which gave me great regret, for they speak in such disparaging terms of the poor Princess of Wales. In one I am told,

I went the other day to Bossi's, with Mdme. De Stael, and I cannot tell you how I was shocked at seeing him. He is hardly able to walk, and wholly incapable of holding a pen or a pencil. He said to me, the first thing, "Je me meurs, et c'est la Princesse de Galle qui m'a tué." He then told us that she wanted him to paint her picture, and desired him to draw several figures in different attitudes, that she might choose. This he accordingly did. I saw the sketches, and they are most beautifully designed. The Princess shuffled them over like a pack of dirty cards, and pretended not to be pleased with any one of them. The weather was intensely cold; and as she would insist on coming to sit in his studio instead of accepting his offer to go to her house, he was obliged to have the room heated to an amazing degree, from its size and damp atmosphere, that she might not catch cold: so poor Bossi, who you know was already delicate, worked in that to him unwholesome temperature three or even six hours a day, till at last it made him so ill that it reduced him to his present state. The Princess, he said, laughed when he complained of fatigue, and observed, "I am not tired, Signor Bossi—'tis all nonsense; people do fancy dey cannot do half what they can do if they please." Nevertheless, although she made him work thus expeditiously, and was in such a hurry to have the picture finished and sent home, she has never paid poor Bossi: so he is out of pocket as well as health by this transaction. I really think the Princess is gone mad. I received a summons, some days after my visit to Bossi, to visit her Royal Highness at Como, which I obeyed, I must own, rather reluctantly; and I regret to say my visit was as unsatisfactory as I had anticipated. The Princess looked ill, talked in a querulous and restless manner, of wild projects, of living for the rest of her life in the East, or in Greece. "Greece, my dear," said she, "is a noble country; I could do good, and I think I shall set up my tent there for the rest of my days." I asked her if she never meant to return to England; upon which she shook her head, and said, "No,

my dear, it *chassèd* me from its protection, and I will never do't de honour of setting my foot upon its ground: besides, my daughter is dead; why should I return to a land where I should be worse treated than a stranger?" I saw it was in vain to reason with her Royal Highness. I was sorry not to have an opportunity of seeing Mr. Hownham, but he was out; and I was glad to escape from the royal habitation as soon as possible, for it distressed me to observe the familiarity of certain personages who are quite unfit, in every way, to form her Royal Highness's society. The poor Princess is grown quite thin, and looks very miserable. Hieronymus and Mr. Hownham must be much attached to her, to remain with such a person as this impertinent foreigner put in authority over them. I was told—but perhaps it is not true—that Willy used to refuse at first to sit in the room with the courier and his sister. The Princess informed me that she is going immediately to Sicily. Captain Pechell has refused to take Bergami on board his ship, so the Princess is trying to get another vessel. Poor Willy ran after me into the passage to beg I would bid him good-bye, and he was ready to cry as he said, "I wish we were going back again to England." I replied, "I hope you will," and went away as soon as I could, lest the Princess should imagine I was saying anything to the boy she would dislike him to hear. I am told this foreigner treats all the English attendants in her Royal Highness's service with the utmost impertinence and unkindness. Alas! I fear they will not continue to remain with her Royal Highness, if she does not dismiss this disreputable servant. The Comtesse Oldi appears dull and stupid.

I am sorry to send you such an unsatisfactory account of the Princess of Wales's establishment; but I know you are interested to learn the truth, and therefore I have described to you exactly the condition in which it appeared to me. I am far from supposing that this insolent upstart is on a more familiar footing with her Royal Highness than that of a spoilt menial; but that is quite sufficient groundwork for her enemies to build the most injurious fabrications upon; and I dread the consequences to her, poor woman! However, I feel certain that no advice that could be given her would she take; on the contrary, the more she was requested to dismiss the Italian from her household, the more decidedly

she would refuse to do so. The idea that people persecute and wish to deprive him, or any one else, of a good situation, would make her more determined to support and protect him. The feeling is amiable, but in this instance quite misplaced, and evil must inevitably ensue of her wilfulness in retaining him in her service.

Another correspondent says upon this melancholy subject :—

The Princess of Wales offered me two hundred pounds to accompany her to Greece, but I have not courage. If Dr. H[olland] had gone, I should perhaps have felt bold enough ; but as it is, I so dread the future for her, that I shrink from being an eye-witness of, or participator in, all the misery that I fear awaits her. I think her Royal Highness's partiality for these vile Italian adventurers, the Comtesse Oldi and her brother, will at last cease. For their interest they will not do her any injury, so long as she continues to benefit them ; but when they perceive that she is less favourably inclined towards them, they will carry off the jewels, plate, &c., that her Royal Highness has with her, and perhaps even go the length of poisoning her, that she may not denounce them. The Princess has now lost her last English attendant, who is gone home with [——], and her house is full of these Italian people's relations. They say the courier is to come out as chamberlain presently. He now signs himself *Ecudiére*, and will dine at table soon. [——] will tell you the lady is really his sister, and no more a countess than she is a pope. Oh ! it is quite melancholy. I wish some person would write to her, and ask her Royal Highness if she is mad, or if she is aware what will be the consequence of permitting these disreputable people to continue as her attendants. What provoked me most, was her not putting on a rag of mourning, or taking the least notice of her poor brother's death. I do not understand the torpor which has apparently crept over her feelings. The M[——]s went to see her, and were unfeignedly sorry to find her looking ill, and evidently in low spirits. Poor Willy they are very fond of, and he complained bitterly of the foreigners, and said they treated him most unkindly. I could fill my letter with lamentations on this sad subject, but reserve all commentaries thereon for *vive*

voix, when we meet, which, I hope, will not be at a very distant period, &c.

The foregoing letters pained me considerably. Nothing but a miracle can avert the destruction of the poor Princess; for Lady [——], to whom I communicated these melancholy accounts, told me she heard there were persons actively employed in endeavouring to arrange a plot against the Princess, that would lead to her disgrace. The principal members of this body of people appointed to watch her are stationed at Milan at this very moment, and highly paid. I asked Lady [——] if notice could not be given to the public in England that such proceeding were being carried on against her Royal Highness; and if a timely appeal to the justice of this country might not save her from the dire effects of a secret inquisition: to which she replied, that unfortunately, though she was well assured of the truth of this surmise, as it could not be proved, the matter could not be publicly spoken of. I gathered from all she said, that she considers the case hopeless, and that evil must ensue of the Princess's imprudent conduct.

In the evening I learnt that the King is thought to be dying. It would seem as if all tended to hasten the end of this royal tragedy. When he dies, the Regent will be vested with unlimited power; and how fearfully will he not make the Princess feel his prerogative!

Tuesday, the 29th.—I received another letter from Mr. S[harpe]. Formerly, when he lived in the world, it was less astonishing that he should find matter to draw out his shrewd and clever remarks; but now, when, as he himself says, he lives in complete retirement, and that he has only the imaginations of his own mind to furnish him with the brilliant ideas that flow from his pen, it is doubly surprising to read his amusing letters, every one of which seems to contain more *pith* than the preceding one.

MODERN ATHENS, *Thursday.*

DEAR [——],—I should much sooner have done myself the honour of answering your letter, had I known, till within these two days, whether I was standing on my head or my heels. I will not trouble you with long family details, but merely state, that though I offered to take all the old furniture of this house at the highest price, because I would not also take the plate and linen, some of my relatives *routed me out*, the very mop-stick was carried off in triumph, to be sold at [——]; and you, who have done me the honour to be in this house, and know the wilderness of rubbish which it contains, may easily imagine the scene. I verily believed that my two ancient cats would have gone distracted. They shot like flashes of lightning continually from the garret to the dining-room, and back again, uttering the most dismal cries, and attempted to take refuge under the drapery of the maid-servants, who had other fish to fry, and could afford them no consolation. Poll, too, joined his screams to the concert; but my tortoise would have outslept the storm, had I not been obliged to move his basket. When he did awake, however, he set us all an example of composure, behaving much more like a philosopher than myself, the maids, or the cats. I have got all I wanted back again out of the hands of the Philistines, but cannot reduce the chaos to any order. It is said that when Irish beggars, by any chance, are forced to take off their rags, they never can put them on again in the same comfortable fashion; and I fear this is my case. But too much said of my own affairs. You may be sure, dear [——], that it would be most gratifying to my pride to be of any use to your friend Lady [——], in any shape; but, alas! as to what you mention she desires, I can be of no earthly significance. Living as I have done for so many years, what could I see or know? When I took up my abode here, I ceased to exist but in the common sense, like a rat or a toad.

The other day, when I had the painful task of numbering all my cousin's books, I chanced to take up Frankenstein, and a thought struck me, which I wish Lady [——] would improve upon. I imagine a wife for the monster. Let some man of art, hearing of his crimes, compose a wife to punish him. I think he should travel far and near, collecting the particles of dust of all the most celebrated beauties

of antiquity—to Egypt, for instance, in search of the mummy of Cleopatra. I would have the ghosts of some of those ladies to oppose his efforts: surely a good deal might be made of this part. After he hath collected a sackful of beauty, he mixes up his dust with rose-water, &c., and shapes the doll, leaving out all heart, but filling her head with the brains of two foxes and an ape. Up she starts, as radiant as the morning, beautiful, but without one accomplishment, with no cleverness but cunning. The monster makes a fortune in India, and comes to London for a wife; he falls deeply in love with a doll, who loathes the sight of him, but marries him with a good grace; they reside in London, and there madame begins to reward his merits; she gambles, &c. &c., he still loving her in spite of all her faults. In this place many amusing London scenes might be introduced, without any personalities, which are always detestable. I would throw the monster into jail for her debts, and make her elope to France with a young dragoon officer, sending the monster a lock of her own and her lap-dog's hair, by way of insult, in an ill-spelt letter. Hang the monster in a fit of jealous despair. Then, when the doll is walking with her lover, through one of the narrow ruinous streets of Paris, in the dusk of the evening, a low window-shutter suddenly opens, and the fearful head of an old man appears, who blows his breath upon her, and quickly closes the window. She sinks down at her companion's feet, a dry mass of dust and ashes! Pray, my dear [——], ask Lady [——] to think on this my contrivance, and let me know your thoughts thereupon. Perhaps you may like to possess the *jeu d'esprit* I send herewith enclosed. It was written by Sir Walter Scott many years ago, when Miss Lewis was staying at Edinburgh with her friend Lady [——]; and having made this offering, I shall conclude with assuring you that I am your faithful, &c.

CRIMINAL LETTERS.

The King against Sophia Lewis.

GEORGE, &c.,—Whereas robbery and murder are, in this and all civilised countries, crimes of a high nature and severely punishable, especially when aggravated by circumstances of

atrocious cruelty, and perpetrated upon persons of distinguished merit and talents; yet nevertheless you, the said Sophia Lewis, are guilty actor or art and part of the aforesaid crimes; forasmuch as having associated yourself with the, Right Honourable [——], commonly called Lady [——], professed tyrant and destroyer of the king's liege subjects you did frequent divers assemblies, concerts, plays, sermons, &c. &c., and then and there disturb the king's peace and the quiet of his subjects, and withdrew their attention from their lawful business, amusement, and devotion, and by assailing them with certain weapons called charms, both open and concealed, contrary to the statutes provided against fascination and witchcraft; and in particular, upon the 30th day of January, 1801, or upon the day immediately preceding, or following the same, or upon one or other of the days of the said month, or of the month immediately succeeding, you did violently and repeatedly assault the person of the deceased John Leyden, late preacher of the gospel, with the purpose and intent of depriving him of his rest, peace of mind, and other valuables, of which you possessed yourself. And although the said John Leyden was divers times heard to exclaim in the most pitiful and miserable accents, and to complain of your cruelty, yet nevertheless you continued to torment him with divers weapons, called wit, beauty, accomplishments, &c. &c.; and particularly with a pair of keen and piercing eyes, and having penetrated to his very heart, you did most relentlessly extract the same from his body, (he crying pitifully all the while for mercy:) And the said John Leyden having survived the cruel operation, (being a man of great bodily strength and vigour,) did, in consequence thereof, become insane and a burden to himself and his friends, being capable of nothing but of uttering complaints of your cruelty, until his compassionate friends had thoughts of sending him to the hospital of *Coventry* for the recovery of his senses. Nevertheless you, Sophia Lewis, did renew your attack upon this melancholy object, and did carry him off in a postchaise to W[——], (he being altogether unable to resist the violence of your attack,) and there, or at some other place to the public prosecutor unknown, did continue your assault upon him, forcing him to dance while in this lamentable state—a cruelty which can only be paralleled among the

savage Indians: In consequence of which repeated barbarity, the said John Leyden fainted, sank, and died away: At last, time and place aforesaid, the said John Leyden was barbarously robbed, tormented, and finally murdered as aforesaid, and you the said Sophia Lewis are guilty actor or art or part thereof. And there will be lodged in evidence against you divers poems, in the handwriting of the said John Leyden, all marking the progressive derangement of his understanding, and imputing the same to your ill usage; also a letter addressed to the public prosecutor, beginning with the words *Dear sir*, and ending with the words *turn over*, with a postscript in the hand of the unfortunate sufferer, in a language unknown. For all which crimes you have justly deserved to undergo the punishment of law, namely, to be attached by means of a ring to such person of merit, fortune, and accomplishments, as may be found worthy of being public executioner upon the present occasion. Given under our signet at Edinᵇ. this 2nd of February, 1802.

(Signed) WALTER SCOTT,
Counsel for the King in this case.

March 1st.—I received several letters from abroad; amongst them one from Sir Wm. Gell.

Scene—a charming little room with the window open, looking out on the lovely bay. Orange-trees, myrtles, and flowers under my window. The sun shining as it can only shine at Naples.

Present, an individual dressed in an orange and blue-coloured dressing-gown, a red velvet nightcap upon his head, his countenance nearly of the same hue as his gown, perhaps a little more resembling a citron colour; his feet rolled up in flannel, and deposited on a stool. He exclaims occasionally with much anger and vehemence, as a twinge of the gout makes itself severely felt.

Now why, say you, put in such an ugly figure in the foreground, to destroy the beauty of the scene? Remove yonder monster out of my sight, you exclaim. But when I inform you, dear [——], that this same unsightly-looking personage is your faithful Adonis, I am certain all your disgust will turn to pity. Such, then, is my condition at this present moment when I have the pleasure of writing

to you, and such it has been for this some time past, which must account for my not having sooner replied to your last kind letter. It would seem, by all the accounts you give, that London society is very brilliant at this epoch; yet (though, perhaps, you will not believe the declaration, and will think it is because the grapes are sour that I say so). I do not feel the smallest wish to be immersed in the whirlpool of your dissipations. A London life is pleasant enough from twenty to thirty, but not after that period—at least not the kind of life a poor single man is able to lead—hunting for dinners, and paying court to every stupid person who hangs out notice that they give "good entertainment for man and woman"; which *good* entertainment, by the way, is very often exceedingly bad, both as to provender for body and mind. If I were as rich as the Duke of [——], and had such a palazzo as he possesses, wherein to receive those I liked, and no others, I could exist very well in London for a few of the summer months; but I never would spend a spring, autumn, or winter there, in those days when you citizens dwell in an atmosphere of fog and east winds, by which your faces are all transformed to a copper-coloured hue, with red noses, living like the inhabitants of the North Pole, by candle-light during the greater part of the four-and-twenty hours. It is marvellous how any person can prefer such a climate to that of this divine country; and it surprises me more particularly that you, a person of taste and discernment in most matters, should follow the foolish multitude in this wilful love of home. It is a pretty notion in fairy tales, wherein mention is never made or alluded to of the above-mentioned fogs, east winds, and such-like vulgar realities;—but to put the theory into practice is a great mistake. You ask me if I shall never return to England. *Never* is a great word, and I may be compelled some day; but as long as I am a free agent, and that there is not a law passed to forbid all the variable changes of the British atmosphere, I shall avoid encountering an increase of suffering—which I should infallibly do, were I to expose myself to your northern climate: so I live in hopes that you, and a few others whom I care for, may come here, and thus I may enjoy your society without paying too great a price for that pleasure—which I should do, by exposing my wretched limbs to the cold blasts of England.

I heard from the Princess of Wales a few days since, and had the honour of receiving a letter written by her own royal hand; but *so* written, I could only decipher half of its contents, and was satisfied to guess the rest. Mrs. Thompson appears dissatisfied with self and all the world besides, specially with the household; from which, says she, "*Dere* is not one to choose better than de oder; dey have all behaved in the most *cruellest* manner possible to me." Of course your humble servant is included in this anathema. No mention is made of the present court, by which I judge their reign is drawing to a conclusion. Heaven speed its termination, though mayhap it may be followed by a worse, and that Mrs. Thompson will only fall *out of the frying-pan into the fire.* I heard, by a sidewind report, that the plan fixed upon by Mr. Thompson for the maintenance of the peace and quiet of the Thompson kingdom, not to mention his own domestic felicity, was to propose to Mrs. Thompson, when the elder Thompson dies, and that he is succeeded by Thompson, junior, to accept a large income, and never to set foot on Thompson ground. I do not think Mrs. T[——] will submit to these conditions. There is a deal of spirit in the latter which will revolt at such terms, and we shall see grand doings yet, I promise you. "The Great Mogul" trembles in his slippers, I know, and is most anxious to retain Liverpool and Co. in office, because they have sworn to fight against Mrs. Thompson. They are a rascally set, and quite equal to obeying Mr. Thompson's most unreasonable commands. I hear Mrs. Thompson's health is not so good as it used to be. Willikin revolts frequently, and hates the Count Hector Von Der Ott, so that there are disturbances in "*Paradise,*" as Alcandrina denominates the Villa D'Este. I have sometimes wished I could disguise myself, and obtain an entrance into this Eden, to have the fun of seeing how these primeval personages pass their time.

Who is the favourite in the harem of the Sultan just now? Is it, as we outlandish folks hear, my Lady of C[onyngham] that has had the honour of having the handkerchief thrown to her?

We have few of our country people here at present, and unless I could pick and choose, so as to have those I prefer, I do not lament the absence of English folks. Lady D[——]

is one of the few residing with us Neapolitans. She is handsome—more I know not of her, save what rumour has been pleased to invent, viz. that she once had a black child, which being an inconvenient circumstance, the little nigger was changed, by some hocus-pocus, into a fair flaxen-headed infant. Remember, *I* have not coined this anecdote, and am only the speaking-trumpet of report; which it is very imprudent to be by the way, as the poor machine is frequently accused of being the composer of the news it repeats mechanically.

At whose shrine doth Mr. W[——]d bend the knee? and does he dress more like a gentleman than in former times? It is said the Duke of G[rafton] torments the Duchess, and makes her live up at the tip-top of the house, and treats her cavalierly. Now, being but an off-sprout of royalty, such manners are not seemly; but I have always remarked that these half-and-half people of blood, noble or royal, are peculiarly grand, and give themselves twice as many airs as the original roots and direct branches of the tree.

Poor Lewis! are you not sorry for the Monk? Some say he was poisoned by his slaves. No good ever yet came of doing good and generous actions. Rest assured, dear [——], it is quite a mistake to be kind and noble. 'Tis always your mean, selfish people, who fatten and thrive, and come to a good end. To think of the poor dear Monk's being thrown overboard and eaten by the fish! Truly it vexes me, and I am sure so it will you. To whom did he leave all his worldly goods? I suppose to his sister, Lady Lushington.

And now I must conclude, for my poor fingers ache, and I am sure you will be wearied with this long epistle; so I will only add that I am yours with great regard,

GELLINO, *alias* ANACHARSIS, ADONIS, &c. &c.

LETTER FROM MADAME D[AVIDOF]F TO [——].

J'ai tant de plaisir á recevoir de vos nouvelles, chere [——], que je veux me le procurer, en dépit des cousins qui m'ont presque ôté le moyen de vous en remercier, en aliment mes mains par leur piqueur: elles sont si venimeuses, que je me, sers avec difficulté de mes doigts. Jugez, d'après cet effort si j'attache du prix à votre correspondence. Cependant

tout agréable pu'elle est pour moi, elle pourroit le dévenir encore davantage, si elle parvenoit à nous rapprocher pour l'hiver, quoique mes plans ne soient point arrêtés, et que j'en forme plusieurs qui devrois être sanctionnées par mon mari à son retour. Neanmoins j'aimerois connoître les vôtres, et savoir si vous dirigez vos pas sur la France, l'Italie, ou la Grèce. On dit que la Princesse de Galle y va : elle a écrit à Lord Exmoutte, pour lui demander un vaisseau sur lequel elle desireroit s'embarquer, encore une fois, pour revisiter les Isles Ioniènnes, d'où elle iroit passer l'hiver à Athênes, et le printemps à Constantinople. J'ai appris dernièrement de choses par rapport à cette pauvre Princesse, qui m'a fait bien du chagrin. Elle a *affronté* bien des gens ici ; tout ce qu'elle fait paroît mal entendu ; tout le contraire de ce qui me semble bien pour elle de faire. N'a-t'elle pas une amie au monde qui pourroit lui donner des bons conseils ? Ella m'interessoit très fort ; elle a parlé avec tant de sentiment, par rapport à la mort de sa fille Princesse Charlotte, qu'elle m'a vivement touché. Neanmoins ceux qui la connoissent intimement m'ont assuré que cette evenement ne lui a pas fait souffrir si amèrement, et il m'ont dit qu'elle a le cœur legère et l'esprit frivole. Est-il possible qu'elle m'ait trompé de cette façon à la croire tout ce qu'il y a de plus aimable et sincère ? Elle a beaucoup de charme dans ses manières, et il me paroit cruelle dans ces dames Angloises de l'avoir tous abandonnés. Mais on ne doit pas juger à la hâte de la conduite d'autrui, et il se peut que ces dames avoient des bonnes raisons pour quitter le service de son Altesse Royale. Comme Lady Charlotte Lindsay est petillante d'esprit ! et sa bonhommie la rend une des plus attrayantes personnages que j'ai rencontrée pour longtemps. La Princesse paraissoit lui être bien attachée ; elle doit être une grande perte pour elle. Je me suis trouvée à un diner hier, auquel j'aurois bien voulu vous voir, pour partager le plaisir qui m'a fait un improvisateur célèbre, arrivé de Rome dernièrement. Lady Dalrymple m'a fait faire la connoissance de quelques dames de Gênes, entr'autres celle de Madame Pallavicini, chez qui j'ai été invitée pour entendre ce poète. Il a chanté d'abord la mort de Petrarch ; ensuite on lui a donné le sujet de Coriolane, et puis celui d'Héloise sur la tombe d'Abelard. Les Messieurs, fatiguées du tragique, et voulant égayer la Société par une

poesie moins triste, ont demandé des vers sur la durée du bonheur conjugal. Donner un sujet pareil devant vingt femmes, etoit bien indiscret; cependant Monsieur Fidanza s'en est tiré à merveille, commençant avec la description du *Honeymoon;* mais, selon mes idées, ce n'étoit pas bien de lui avoir nommé un tel sujet, et son langage etoit trop Italienne pour plaire à des oreilles du Nord. La fin m'a moins scandalisée: j'y ai trouvée des belles pensées, et une tournure ingenieuse, fine, et delicate. Toute la soirée fut charmante, et n'a été empoisonnée pour moi, que par le regret de ne pouvoir partager avec vous cet amusement. Savezvous que l'Aboukir à été obligé d'aller à Malte chercher votre ambassadeur, qui revenoit de Constantinople, et qui s'embarque sur ce vaisseau pour aller en Angleterre? Lady Glenbervie a perdu cette bonne occasion de retourner dans ses foyers. J'en suis vraiment troublée pour elle. Bon jour, chère.—Avez-vous eu assez de mon bavardage? J'oubliois de vous feliciter sur les brillans succés de vos armées; l'immortel Wellington s'est acquis des droits à la reconnoissance de toute personne bien pensante.

I was very glad to receive the foregoing letter, for Madame D[avidoff] is a most amiable person, and I feel a great interest in her fate, which is not so happy a one as she deserves. Her husband makes no secret of his having another attachment to some lady in Russia, and he once told me that he was so miserable at being obliged to remain away from his country, that he walked only a certain distance every day for health, and never lifted his eyes from the ground.

I dined *tête-à-tête* with Lady C. L[amb]: she is very amusing, but her mind is in a sad state of bewilderment, and I fear it is likely to grow worse instead of better. She ought to be placed under the care of some kind and judicious person, before she requires more restraint. She clings, poor soul, to any one who is gentle and affectionate towards her; and she has fastened upon me, which is troublesome, as she very frequently forces herself upon me when I have not time to devote to her.

She writes poetry with great talent, and she entertained me all the evening we passed together, by reciting many of her compositions. She appears to have a strong affection for her husband, but, as he is careless of her, her disposition, which is naturally *aimante*, leads her to attach herself to others. Amongst various verses, which she insisted on my accepting, she gave me the following lines, which she said she had written, as supposing them to be spoken by the Duchess of D[evonshire].

WINTER AMUSEMENTS.

Spring, Summer, and Autumn had once a dispute
Which season among them was most in repute.
Spring bragg'd of her nightingales singing all night,
And her lambkins that skipt about soon as 'twas light
Old Summer grew warm, and said 'twas enough—
That too often he'd heard such common-place stuff;
That to *him* the bright sun, all in splendour arising.
Was an object by few more sublime and surprising.
"All your pleasures," quoth Autumn, "are nothing to mine;
My fruits are ambrosia, and nectar my wine."
Twas thus that these three were by turns holding forth,
When rough winds thus roar'd from the bleak frosty north
"Not one of you thinks Winter merits reward,
Or that Winter amusements are worthy regard.
You, Spring, brag of nightingales giving delight,
Hav'n't I fiddlers, like them, that can warble all night?
You talk, too, of lambkins that prettily skip it;
Don't my misses at Almack's as merrily trip it?
Then, good Summer, your sun never shines but he scorches
'Tis not so with my chandeliers, flambeaux, and torches.
Nay, they're better than sunshine, as some sages say,
For they light us by night, as well as by day.
For you, Autumn, your time in high flavours you waste,
As if *you alone* monopolised taste.
Alas! in a riband of mine, or a feather,
There's more taste than in all your fine fruits put together.

Add to this, I've ridottos, plays, operas, drums,
And assemblies quite private, where all the world comes.
I've fine ladies, that bring me the bon-ton from France,
And gentlemen grown, that are learning to dance.
All time with the gay but the Winter is lost,
As a Dutchman is never alive but in frost.
Besides, my dear Seasons, I'd have you remember,
We've now got as far as the month of December.
That you, Spring and Summer, are both run away;
That you, Autumn, won't venture much longer to stay,
You can't then but own, if you hearken to reason
No amusements *but mine* are at present in season.

Lady C. L[amb] told me she wrote the above on the occasion of the Duchess saying she never wished to see more of the country than was comprised in the Parks in London; that Chiswick even was too far removed from the metropolis; and that when people complained of the latter place being dull, she always replied, "London is good enough for me at all times."

March 2d.—To my great surprise, I received a letter from the Princess of Wales, giving me a commission to execute, which is to inform Lady [——],

Que j'ai donné l'ordre positive d'arranger mes affaires pecuniaires, et qu'elle trouvera sa pension chez Monsieur [——]; et aussi assure la au reste que je serai en tous temps son amie bien sincère.

It is better thus, dear [——]; I will not express to Lady [——] any disappointment at her having forsaken me, though to you I will confess I was much hurt at her for so doing. N'importe! Ma vie s'écoule lentement mais surement, et il y aura fin un de ces jours. Dear [——], I may hope for some happiness in another world, auquel je ne m'attends plus dans celui-ci.

I was glad to hear from Mr. North that you were well. Pardon my troubling you with this letter, but I do not like myself to address Lady [——], as that would *renouveler* an intercourse which I do not wish for to happen.

William, who knows I am writing to you, begs me to remember him to your recollection; he always speaks of you with the greatest regard, as being so kind to him at Kensington.

Adieu, ma chère! croyez-moi toujours votre très sincère amie,

C. P.

I was much touched by this letter; it was evidently written at a moment of great depression, and when the poor Princess felt to the uttermost the loneliness of her fate. She wrongs Lady [——], however, in condemning her for having quitted her service: it was from no disrespect or want of attachment to her Royal Highness personally; but Lady [——] had other and stronger claims upon her, which rendered it absolutely necessary for her to resign her situation in the Princess's household.

I communicated the foregoing letter to Lady [——], and advised her to lose no time in applying to Mr. [——] for the payment of the salary due to her; since, if she delays to do so, the money the Princess had appointed for that purpose might be applied to the liquidation of some other debt, as I well know her Royal Highness is in the utmost distress respecting money matters. These horrible foreign servants have been cheating her in every way. I was told that several tradespeople at Milan had refused to send in goods on her account, if only ordered by the Comte Hector Von Der Ott, as Sir W. Gell calls him; and that, in consequence, the Princess had given an order for them to obey this person's commands to any amount. It is pitiable to think of her being in the hands of such dishonest servants; and were I not aware of the utter uselessness of giving her any counsel, I would, in my reply, venture to tell her Royal Highness the opinion generally entertained of her establishment, but it would produce no good effect. Perhaps

she will at last become convinced of their rapacity; but then I fear it may not be till it is too late. Therefore, although the poor King's death, it is apprehended, will make a great commotion, yet that event is the only one likely to induce the Princess to dismiss her present household, and return to England: for I think with Sir W. Gell that she has still sufficient energy left to make her endeavour to maintain her position in this country. I was told to-day, on good authority, that the Regent dreads her coming back to England, and is devising all sorts of manœuvres to prevent her doing so. People are becoming inquisitive about the Milan commission, and murmur very loudly against the continuation of these secret proceedings against her. I heard that Lord Y[armout]h, the Prince's *dear friend*, let out all his master's intentions on this score, and declared that what the Regent wished was, to persuade the Princess to accept a large income, and to resign all pretension to queenly dignities, and to promise never to set her foot in any part of these dominions. This report tallies with what Sir W. Gell had heard; but then I was informed furthermore, that if she is restive, and determined to maintain her rights to the throne, the Prince will do all in his power to bring her to a trial. His ministers are much averse to this measure, it is said, knowing that it will be a most dangerous one to themselves, the Prince, and the country. But upon my asking if it were possible that he had the means to attempt such a scheme, my informant shook his head and replied, "The Princess has been most imprudent since she left England, and she has now for some time past shut her doors against all the English who waited upon her. Of course this circumstance will be laid hold of, and people will augur ill from this strict seclusion, and imagine the Princess does not choose any person to see the footing on which she lives with these Italian people.

What reply could I make to such a remark? what reply could any of her friends make, except that it is a pity—that they are sorry—and that, as all those do who have lived intimately with the Princess of Wales, they must know that she often gave occasion for animadversion on her conduct by the imprudence of her manners and conversation, when she did not deserve censure of a deeper dye, and that I imagined the reason of her denying herself to English visitors arose from the prejudice which she had imbibed against their country people, and that she wished to avoid hearing them recalled to her recollection, as she conceived herself to have been ill treated by many of their nation. When I observed that the Princess had mentioned to me having seen Mr. N[——] lately, my informant replied, "Oh! his presence will not do her much good—he is reckoned a very gay man." "Mr. N[——] gay?" I repeated with astonishment. "It is even so," was the reply; "extraordinary as it may appear, he is a great heart-slayer." He is certainly very agreeable in conversation, but most unprepossessing in his appearance; and so dirty in his toilette, that it is not to be believed that any gentleman should be so careless in his dress. Only imagine what he is well known to have declared to several persons, that he "never travelled so comfortably as he did in going to Rome on one occasion, when he never stopped to change his habiliments during the whole journey." I could not help laughing at this anecdote; but my friend appeared to have a prejudice against Mr. N[——], so I do not give credence to his information on the subject.

Lord Fife called on me. He is become much more agreeable than he used to be formerly; for he talks much more, and has not acquired any finery by having become a great man. He has a Spanish gentleman with him at present, who, he informed me, sings delightfully.

Lord F. is supposed to be very extravagant, and it is said his great fortune will soon be exhausted.

Lady P[——] is quite an *anti-princess*, and says she knows to a certainty of a daughter she had at Durham. She informed me that there is a book advertised, called "Perjury and something else refuted," by her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, at full length. I hope this also is an invention; for it is beneath her Majesty to publish a book about herself; and yet I am told nobody can dare to advertise a book in anybody's name without their permission. However, I intend to obtain this book, which I believe to be an imposition, and that I may contradict the blockheads who will believe any catchpenny, as if they supposed the Princess really wrote "The Spirit of the Book." The only reason I have for fearing this new production may be sanctioned by the Princess, or at least that she has permitted her name to appear as the author, is, that she has been tempted perhaps by the offer of money, which, as she is much annoyed on that score, may have led her to do this or many other foolish things.

I happened to open Madame De Staël's *Allemagne*, and passed the whole night in reading that delightful work over again. The great charm in all her writings is, that they are her own thoughts, set down with all the force of home-felt truth; and any person who has had the gratification of living in intimacy with this celebrated woman, must be aware that in reading her works they are holding conversation, as it were, with herself. I heard the other day that she is about to marrry her pretty daughter to the Duc de Broglie. It is an alliance which pleases her, I hear, in every way; which I am very glad to learn. Mdlle. De Staël appeared to me exceedingly amiable and fascinating, but far inferior to her mother in point of intellect. She may not be the less a happy woman—nay, perhaps that inferiority may

conduce to her happiness; and being the daughter of so clever a person, is fame sufficient without desiring to gain celebrity in her own person. It appeared to me that Mdlle. De Staël had more tenderness of disposition than her mother, but less ardour in her feelings—less enthusiasm; and therefore she is more likely to be a happy woman than Madame De Staël. But it always surprised me to see how the latter, who is so romantic in her nature, was anxious to make her daughter form an alliance of interest, without reference to the choice of her heart. It is curious to observe how often those who are themselves the most unworldly and disinterested, seek to render others who are under their influence the very reverse. I suppose this proceeds from self-experience, which has taught them the insufficiency of youthful preference, to procure happiness in marriage, when unattended by those prudential considerations without which there can be no lasting comfort.

March 3rd.—I had the pleasure of receiving a letter from Miss V[——]:

My dear [——],—Your letters are welcome as flowers in May, and refreshing as the morning dew, but trust me their effects are not so transient; though the soil that receives them is too sterile to yield any return save the poor tribute of gratitude. You seem so much interested with the translation of "Pastor Fido" that I shall take the liberty of sending it to you, that you may judge of its merits: not being skilled in the Italian tongue I cannot possibly give an opinion of it as a *translation*. As anything else, I do not like it, nor ever liked pastorals or pastoral writing, even of the first order, further than as vehicles for fine poetry; and then the poetry would have pleased me better had it spoken for itself, than from the mouth of a creature to me so unconceivable as a shepherd or shepherdess, whose chief, or rather *only*, characteristics are innocence and simplicity. I am sorry to say they are but too apt to be insipid and uninteresting to those

who merely read about them; as one sees many a face which, though pretty in life, would soon cease to please in a picture, while others possessed of far less beauty often form more interesting portraits. In short, they are creatures that never will have, nor ever had, an existence, and yet, unlike all other fictitious creatures, there is no fancy displayed in them; they are, one and all of them, tender, love-sick, or frantic amorous animals, as ignorant as savages, and, at the same time, as refined as courtiers. It may be owing to some defect in my mind that I really never yet knew an interesting pastoral character, or cared a straw whether they hanged themselves upon the first willow, or drowned themselves in the neighbouring brook. I can enter into the delights of Homer's gods, and follow to their darkest recesses Milton's devils, and delight in the absurdities and extravagancies of Shakspeare's men and women, but I never could sympathize in the sufferings of even Virgil's shepherd swains.

You say you wish yourself back again in the solitude of Dovenest; but I do not wish you there; since, in spite of all that has been advanced in favour of solitude, it seems to me a dangerous situation for an active mind and ardent imagination. Seclusion for a while is but a necessary indulgence, since it is beneath the soft wing of retirement that grief seeks to shelter itself from the rude gaze of the world. Amid the tumults of life it might be extinguished, but in retirement it is sure to be *stilled* into peace. However, there is a point at which stillness ends and stagnation succeeds, and what was a refreshing sleep sinks into a lethargic stupor. I do not presume to say this would ever have been *your* case; but it seems to me a danger that awaits more especially a refined taste and a wounded heart, when left too long to their own operations. What some one calls a "*fat mind*," may doze away its days without danger, either in the world or out of it; it runs no risk of having its notions too refined, or its ideas becoming too highly elevated. Mere bodily blessings are all it requires, and, provided such persons can eat, drink, and have their being, they seek not the gifts of the spirit, or the intercourse of friendship. In short, I agree with (I forget who) that says, "To spend one's days in solitude one must be either above or below humanity." But this is a theme far beyond me, and I'm afraid you will think

me very presumptuous in having so long molested you with the wanderings of my foolish fancy.

My pen, which is my only tongue, goes faster than my little slow-footed judgment. If I could bear to write a letter over again, I should be tempted to do so on the present occasion; but indolence often makes me reckless of reputation and I must therefore throw myself and all my failings on your mercy.

You bid me tell you what I read; and, in obedience to your commands, I confess myself to be at present under a course of *historical physic*, which ought to have been administered to me in my youth, and for want of which I have grown up under many infirmities. 'Tis rather late indeed to be only laying the foundation, when the superstructure ought to have been completed; but, as I am not very aspiring, nor ever expect to raise mine very high, I shall be content if it only serves to shelter me from absolute ignorance. I am therefore labouring hard amongst the ruins of antiquity, tho' even amidst their profound recesses I sometimes have a little of the dust of *modern rubbish* thrown into my eyes. The truth is, in a town it is very difficult to refrain from following the multitude in their pursuits of literature. One is so *baited* with new books that one is forced to take them up in self-defence; for who would dare to drag forth a huge musty volume of Roman antiquities, in preference to an elegant little epitome of modern biography? Do not laugh at me, pray, or suppose that, "sheathed in erudition," I'm "plunged to the hilt in venerable tomes"; for I am a very suckling in knowledge, and should certainly not have presumed to entertain you with a display of my ignorance, had you not desired it. When my day's task is at an end, I keep my nightly vigils with Young, whose Night Thoughts I do think, next to Milton's, the most sublime poem in the English language. I know 'tis accounted gloomy, and for those who love an eternal glare of sunshine it may be so; but for such as seek the shade 'tis only a refreshing repose. Have you read it of late years? I am reading on Sundays "Morehead's Discourses on the Principle of Religious Belief," which are greatly admired, though I cannot say I think there is either much strength or novelty in them. It seems to me as if he had taken some of the most striking passages in Scripture

and *beat them out*, and worked them up, as a *cunning artificer* does a bit of pure gold

But to return to "Pastor Fido," with whom I have not yet finished,—I must tell you, that though I (what a great authority!) do not take pleasure in this said translation of the "Pastor Fido" of Guarino, many of the wise folks here admire it beyond measure. Walter Scott and Wilson are of these and therefore there must be something worthy to excite the commendations of such men as they are, though I cannot discover its beauties. I suppose it is for the reason I already mentioned, that to me there is nothing so insupportable as a pastoral life. The shepherds and shepherdesses are always simpletons and viragoes, and that rule is faithfully adhered to in this instance, with the addition of an *Arcadian* nymph in a *wig!*

But what do I see? two sheets of fine white paper blotted with my scrawl, and the matter not better than the penmanship. Will you ever forgive me for imposing such an endless epistle upon your patience? All I will add is, that I delight in your letters, and (strange confession for such a bookworm as I have made myself appear!) I take especial pleasure in all the gossip and news of the gay world, more particularly when narrated by your graphic pen, which sets all the people's portraits before me. Your favourite C[——] has taken up his abode here, but he will not condescend to mix much with the people of this town. He is quite out of his element in this northern city, where there is little to be seen of the sort of society he prefers. But I agree with you in thinking his genius unique; and, if I did not stand in such awe of him, should delight in his company; but he has a tongue sharper than a two-edged sword. Have you not discovered this?

Adieu, my dear [——],

I am ever yours, &c.,

[——].

I received a visit from Miss Knight. Her presence recalled Kensington and the poor Princess to my mind. She conversed with sense and kindliness on these topics, but her exceeding prudence always restrains the expression of her feelings, and she appeared averse to dwelling on the subject. The only remark she made

which struck me as singular was, that in speaking of the King's illness and probable decease, she said, she conceived it would be a fortunate event for the country. Miss Knight has a very refined mind, and takes delight in every subject connected with literature and the arts. She is exceedingly well read, and has an excellent judgment in these matters. Being lately arrived from Rome, Miss Knight spoke with enthusiasm of the interest attached to that classic city. She was intimate with Cardinal Gonsalvi, and has a high opinion of his character and talents. She said he was more free from vulgar prejudices on religious topics than any Roman Catholic with whom she had ever been acquainted, and that his benevolence and unaffected piety are admirable. When I alluded to the Duchess of D[evonshire]'s influence over him, Miss Knight seemed to consider that it was an erroneous idea to suppose he was under her sway, or any other person's, for that he was particularly independent in all his opinions. She said the Pope was a most amiable man, but not so clever or decided a character as the Cardinal. I was much amused by her description of a visit paid by a lady to the Princess Pauline, who received her guest with all the form of a royal personage. Her conversation was chiefly about the English people, and she observed that all the English gentlemen who had ever seen her were in love with her—said she never saw a person who appeared to her half so conceited or vain as this lady. In speaking of Canova's statue of herself, she said, "Ça ne me flatte pas."

Lady W[——] was at Rome at the time Miss Knight resided there, and she was giving tableaux and private theatricals, which, she said, were very well got up. I alluded once to the poor Princess Charlotte's death, but Miss Knight only replied, "Ah, that was a melancholy event!" and passed on to other subjects. She did not impress me with the idea of lamenting the Princess so much

as I should have supposed she would have done. But perhaps she may, in reality, mourn her melancholy fate, and that she only forbears speaking of her lest she should say too much. Certainly Miss Knight was very ill used by the Queen and the Regent, and I do not think Princess Charlotte liked, although she esteemed her. Miss Knight was not sufficiently gay, or of a style of character suited to her Royal Highness.

Mr. L[——]l the painter visited me. He is a conversible, modest person, with just the sort of manners suited to his station, and all the varied lore which his profession supplies, to render him an agreeable member of society. How refreshing it is, even in the busy vortex of the gay world, to find some persons who still soar above it, and who indulge, with high, unspoiled tastes, in all the elegancies of mental pursuit!

I called at Mrs. [——]'s. She is just the same person that she ever was—a great contrast in character to my little artist friend; for she is busy perpetually with this world, and always on the look-out for the high places of the earth, longing to attain unto them, and courting those who have already gained them. Yet this pursuit after worldly influence and worldly aggrandizement does not appear to afford her happiness; for she is always grumbling, and speaking in a mysterious manner of her misery. She said to me, "I shall see how things are—if they go on pleasantly perhaps I shall remain all the winter in London—otherwise I shall go abroad again." I conclude "*things*" means H[——] and his humours. Poor Mrs. [——]! 'tis a lonely life after all, and harsh; but it has yet some charms—liberty and independence. Her wisest way would be to dwell on these advantages alone, and to push the désagrémens into the background.

Madame [——] came in whilst I was with Mrs. [——], a plain-looking little personage, speoking a sort of German

French, with a clever, intelligent countenance, and soft eyes, that are not without charm. I am very partial to foreigners, and very apt to think them more fascinating than my own country people. When she left, Mrs. [——] told me a curious history of Madame [——]. She was the wife of a dragoman at Constantinople; her husband died, or was killed; the revolution came, and left her in a fine house, indeed, but literally without one shilling to support herself. She determined to make the best of her situation, like a wise woman, and immediately conceived the idea of letting her house to lodgers, which she did; and the first person who took it was the father of her husband, on whom her fascinations soon made an impression, and she succeeded in becoming his wife.

At Miss [——]'s in the evening, I met a very curious person; his profession is that of landscape painter and teacher, but his whole mind and soul seems given to astrology. He talks of this subject, not as a superstitious folly, but as a deep science, given to man to guide himself and his concerns by the stars. I never would condemn as a folly that which I have not proved to be so; neither would I readily give belief to what I have not examined into, and probably never shall examine into; but certainly Mr. V[——]'s manner of treating this subject was very extraordinary, and his keen enthusiasm extremely amusing.

Miss P[orte]r, the authoress, was also there: she has gentle manners, and an amiable expression of countenance. I never saw a countenance more replete with sweetness, and I believe her character assimilates to the impression her personal appearance conveys, and that she is a most estimable person in private life, and "The soul keeps the promise we had from the face."

March 4th.—Lawrence had invited me to visit his studio, so I went with Lady W[estmorland]. The

portrait I liked most was one of Lady Melbourne, which was very like her, and less gaudy than the other pictures hanging in his room. Lady W[estmorlan]d made many shrewd remarks on them, some of which were not pleasing to the artist, and I felt awkward, but it is impossible to prevent her saying anything which comes into her head; and she remained there till I was completely tired, and I am sure so was Lawrence. He offered to show me some day his collection of drawings by the ancient masters, which are said to be splendid. He is always polite and courteous to me, yet I never can persuade myself to like him.

Lady W[estmorland] called on Lady H[ertford], and insisted on making me accompany her, though I told her I was not intimate with her, and stood rather in awe of her stately manners. Lady W[estmorland] would not be persuaded that I had rather not have accompanied her so I was forced to comply with her wishes, and was agreeably surprised to find Lady H[ertford] much less formal than I had ever seen her. I should have supposed Lady W[estmorlan]d was the last person who would have suited her, but she appeared on the contrary extremely partial to her, and the visit was, as it usually is by Lady [Westmorland], prolonged till candles were brought. Lady H[ertford] talked a good deal upon dress, and had several new hats and caps brought down by her maid to show us. This confirmed what I had heard of her love for the toilet. At last, Lady W[estmorland]'s eye glanced by accident to the clock, and, starting up with extreme surprise when she discovered the hour, we took our departure. Lady W[estmorland] extolled Lady H[ertford] afterwards to me, up to the skies, and said she esteemed her first of all those who had ever had influence over the Regent; that she considered her more upright and more disinterested even than Mrs. Fitzherbert. "Ah!" said Lady W[estmorland], "Mrs. [——] was the wicked one; she

LADY HERTFORD
From a mezzotint by I. Scott

was indeed a dangerous woman to have an ascendency over the Prince, for she would have sacrificed any person or anything to attain her ends."

Lady W[estmorland] then went on to tell me a story related of this lady, which, as nearly as I can remember it, was as follows :—Twelve gentlemen were dining together, and after dinner, in speaking of different ladies, each one said he knew a woman whom he considered the most wicked person he had ever heard of, or even read of in any book. The curiosity being excited of every individual present, each person declaring that he was acquainted with *one* such lady, they all agreed to write her name on slips of paper, and to put them into a hat, and that each one should draw the pieces put in. Accordingly, said Lady W[estmorland], they did so, and on every one was written the name of the same individual. They were exceedingly shocked, added she, and all agreed to keep the matter secret; it was not known for many years, I believe, until one of the party present told it, and it got wind.

"Ah!" I replied, "tôt ou tard tout se sçait." "Very true," replied Lady W[estmorland], "yet, like all truths, it is uttely disregarded, and people act and speak as if they never anticipated that their sayings and doings would be known."

In the evening I had the pleasure of meeting Catalini at Sir W. F[——]'s at dinner. She has very fascinating and unaffected manners, quite unlike a professional person in her whole deportment, very lady-like and self-possessed, without being conceited. Her voice is much pleasanter in a room than it is in the theatres, and it is most mellifluous when subdued in its tones; she is altogether a lovely and bewitching syren. All the gentlemen of the party were in love with her, and paid her the greatest homage; but she does not appear to me to have a particle of coquetry, and there is a great

naïveté in all she says. I was told that her virtues and exemplary conduct as a wife and mother are equal to her talents; she appeared, from what she said to me, pleased with England and the English in general; but in speaking of Lady [——] and Miss [——], she did not appear to be so partial to them, and called them "the stocking blue."

March 5th.—I was glad to receive a letter from my friend Lady [——]; she writes with all the enthusiasm of her nature, on the beauties of the country through which she has been travelling. The style of her letters is careless and rambling, but so entirely unaffected and genuinely sincere, that I always take delight in receiving them. She dates from Milan, and says,—

Thus much further safe, dear [——], and well, and well pleased in all, except in being so far from you. Every now and then that thought comes painfully across my mind; but one cannot reconcile all things, and I hope you will be tempted once more to come to the continent. I know your destination in that case lies wide of Florence; but yet I think I could contrive to make it answer my purpose also. Well, so much for hope, now for fact. I left Lausanne with [——] a fortnight since. The road over the Simplon is certainly one of the grandest works of man, amid the grandest works of nature. It is the finest road, the gentlest ascent, over the most rugged and the highest mountains. The sun shone brilliantly, and the masses of light and shadow were grand beyond all description. I can only say, the sort of mental excitement the scene occasioned is physically fatiguing. Strange to say, at the Simplon Inn, we enjoyed the best dinner I ever ate. The house is kept by French people; the man is a cook, and I do assure you a first-rate artist; his cuisine would astonish Lord Sefton, and all the gourmands in Christendom. It is not true that the road is suffered to go to decay as far as Yselle; that is, as far as the government of the Vallais extends; it is impossible for anything to be in better order, and I am told their Government lay out fifteen thousand francs upon it every year;—no small sum for

so poor and so wild a country. From Yselle, indeed, the matter changes, and the shabby pigmy King of Sardinia is seen in his works, or rather no works.

I thought of you often as we journeyed along, and of the just admiration which you would experience on passing this *imperial* road. The bridges, the passes through the rocks, the good taste in which the whole is executed—greatness—simplicity—power—these are the characteristics of this wonderful work. From Yselle till within two or three miles of D'uomo Dossola, the wildness of the mountain scene, its fierce and savage beauty, is at the highest. Then, as if a magician's wand had effected the change, Spanish chestnuts of huge growth, vines, and cultivation burst at once upon the eye; the buildings, the people, all are changed, and Italy breathes around; but not till you reach the Lago Maggiore is this fully felt. Then indeed the softened beauty of the landscape, with all its wonders and all its balm, give perfect assurance of the *land of promise*. The rest of the road (the lake once passed) is as flat, as well cultivated, and as rich as that from Hyde Park Corner to East Sheen.

A great religious ceremony takes place to-day in my dear cathedral, which I regret, for I had promised myself some hours of enjoyment in walking about it in quietude, enjoying its own impressive grandeur, and no mummery to mar the effect. In consequence of this festival, there is no opera to-night. The brilliancy of this town, its gay equipages, and handsome, well-dressed women, above all, the pleasant times I have passed here, make me lament that my stay now is to be so brief. Like you, I am fond of that which I know well, and habit confirms liking with me, even in my affection for localities. I intend to propose paying my respects to the Princess, and if she receives me, I will give you a full account of all I see or hear of Her Royal Highness. I will write to you from Florence.

Believe me, yours, &c.

I went in the evening to Lady E[——]. Her parties consist chiefly of card-players, but there is a sprinkling of persons who converse, and it appears to me to be rather a pleasant house. Lady E[——] herself is lady-like, and does the honours of her house well. I sat

beside Prince Cimitelli all the evening. He is accounted clever, but, like many people with such a reputation, he is a dull, heavy person in conversation. He told me Lady E[——]'s history. She parted from Lord E[——] nominally on the score of *incompatibilité d'humeur;* "but," said the Prince, in his broken English, "dat was not de reason;" and he smiled significantly as he added, "Milord like some other person."

March 6th.—I received another letter from Mrs. [——].

DEAR [——],—My consternation at hearing you had again become a denizen of England could only be equalled by my anxiety to know how you bide the pelting of these pitiless storms. But tho' my ears are always open to everything regarding you, all I have been able to gather is that nobody has heard of your being ill. But that is not enough to satisfy me, who desire so much that you should be perfectly well. One hears of new patents for carrying sweet milk, fresh butter, roast beef, &c., to the East Indies, and I am in hopes the next will be for bringing balmy zephyrs from the Mediterranean, and sunbeams from the torrid zone. En attendant these happy discoveries, I trust the east winds will not visit you too roughly, and that the sun will never *go off you*, to use an elegant Scotticism, which, if I had the fancy of Cowley, I would have spun into a score of witty, improper, metaphysical verses for you. One of the dire consequences of your return weighs very heavy upon my conscience. I had the folly to write you a letter all full of Walter Scott's rhymes, which would first travel to Switzerland, and then follow you to England, with the whole multiplication table on its back. Mr. Wilson is about to publish a dramatic poem called "The City of the Plague." The title is rather alluring in a horrible way, and at this season especially, when horrors of every kind seem congenial. This is a wild, stormy, snowy day, and I feel as if a *mental horror* would be very relishing; but the literature of the present day is not of a spirit-stirring, *hair-standing* sort; everything now is addressed to the reason, nothing to the heart or fancy; and, in consequence, works of

imagination are really becoming too reasonable to be very entertaining. Formerly, in *my time*, a heroine was merely a piece of beautiful matter, with long fair hair and soft blue eyes, who was buffeted up and down the world like a shuttlecock, and visited with all sorts of possible and impossible miseries. Now they are black-haired, sensible women, who do plain work, pay morning visits, and make presents of legs of pork ;—vide "Emma," which, notwithstanding, I do think a very capital performance: there is no story whatever, nor the slightest pretensions to a moral, but the characters are all so true to life, and the style is so dry and piquant, that it does not require the adventitious aids of mystery and adventure. "Rhoda" is of a higher standard of morals and very good and interesting. These are the only novels I have read these many months. I took a great pleasure in the "Antiquary," till I learnt who was the author. It is universally believed that it was written by a man of the name of Greenfield, once a popular clergyman, but whose name it is now a scandal to mention. Have you read Paul's Letters? Partial as I am to the author, I confess I was disappointed. I believe they are very just and well written, and profound; but they really are not very entertaining. A man of genius must feel sadly trammelled, methinks, when confined to matters of fact, especially of modern date. This book, however, is much admired by persons of taste and judgment; so, I suppose, it is my vicious inclination for high colouring that has destroyed my capacity for relishing plain sense.

I received a letter the other day from our mutual friend Lady [——], requesting me to mediate for her with the publishers here, respecting the sale of a manuscript for her. In the days of my youth I had a most extraordinary passion for angling, and the only drawback to my enjoyment was when *I caught a fish*, and felt it writhing on the hook and floundering at the line. Then I threw down my rod, and gave myself up to all the horrors of remorse. Now these self-same feelings I had not of late years experienced, till I received Lady [——]'s last letter, and I had no sooner read it than I was assailed by all my quondam fishing pangs; for I beheld her on the tenter-hooks of suspense, and felt her *pulling at the line* with all her might and main. I therefore instantly despatched a note to Mr. Millar, requesting him to

call upon me. But, alas! I had neither hook in his jaw nor line at his ear, and, after repeated applications, I have only now been able to obtain a private interview with him; so that Lady [——] will think me the greatest *dawdle* (to use a woman's word) in this wide world. I wish the result of our conference had been more satisfactory; but, alas! it is only what my grey imagination foreboded. He said it was quite out of the question to put a value upon a work until he had seen it, for that solely on the merits of the book the price must depend. When I spoke of Lady [——]'s name as being worth thousands in itself, he shook his head, and replied that it would indeed excite a *strong sensation*, and cause a temporary run upon the book; but that was not enough; unless it was likely to become a standard one it was impossible to give a large sum for it. With regard to Miss Edgeworth, Madame D'Arblay, and those heroines of romance, he said their publishers could venture to give them almost carte blanche, for their names were now so celebrated, and their fame so firmly established and so widely diffused, that before their books were printed there were thousands and thousands of copies bespoke, besides large orders for America and the Continent; so that one must not take these literary Goliahs into the question at all. Mr. [——] told me they were the publishers of "Self-control," and had sold between four and five thousand copies, besides its being still in requisition. They next bought "Marian," without reading, but upon the assurance of Mrs. Hamilton (the authoress) that it was the very best novel she had ever read. They printed eight hundred copies of it, and only sold three hundred. In short, I got such a complete history of the uncertainty of authorship, that I have resolved never to make a trade of it. Walter Scott is flourishing like a palm tree. It seems as if one was an evil spirit to venture to express any fears lest his literary prosperity should ever diminish, but, somehow or other, no author ever yet died rich.* I trust he may be an exception to his unfortunate brethren; but is it not true that authors of the greatest merit have seldom ended their days in plenty —I mean those who depended on their talents for gain as well as fame? I am bound by every tie of gratitude to pray for this great man's continued success in his labours, for he has

* What a curious prophecy! [Original note.]

treated me with the greatest condescension. I can never repay the debt of thankfulness I owe Walter Scott, for this noble act of his benevolence.

You who rejoice at others' *weal* will be glad to learn Miss [——] has at last obtained her heart's desire, and is married to Mr. [——]. Their love has mutually borne a long and trying test, and every one who knows them rejoices at its happy reward. You will be tired to death of this interminable letter, dear [——].

Pray pardon yours, &c.

I went in the evening to Lady Salisbury's. Her assemblies are certainly the best of their class in London. The house is like a nobleman's, and the hostess herself has such dignified manners that they cannot fail to be courtly receptions. But all assemblies that are merely show, without the amusement of music or dancing, are dull in the long run, and, after an hour or two, I always feel very tired at such parties. What amused me most was to observe how Lady [——] courted the foreign ministers, and specially the royal Duke of [——], whom she followed from room to room as if she had been his attendant in waiting. This servile homage succeeded in its object at length, and the Duke offered her his arm, to which she clung for the rest of the evening, and completely monopolized his attention. But I cannot help wondering that a woman of her rank and charms, mental and personal, should condescend to seek in such a marked manner for the attention which she should command *à moins de frais*. The strangest part of her character is, that she has *two* characters; the real one leads her to pay her court to Kings and Princes (and would to Queens, if there were such things going, for she did once pay great attention to the Princess of Wales, until she thought the extinguisher was put on Her Royal Highness's worldly consequence), and the false or assumed character makes her pretend to despise potentates and love independence. But the latter is only a mask to

hide arrogance, and to obtain power in her own person, rendering, if she could do so, every other woman insignificant. 'Tis a strange choice for a person who has a position marked out and decided, from which nobody can displace her, to be perpetually pursuing the world with whip and spur;—a thing only excusable in a parvenu or a lady of demi-fashion. I suppose it arises from a want of excitement, which, to some minds, is as necessary as food to the body, and a trivial object answers the purpose to some persons as well as a better.

It appears to me as if it were more the fashion than formerly for married ladies to flirt in this town of London, at the balls and assemblies. It is a dangerous amusement, to say the least of it; for like children playing at a *sham* fight, which often ends in a real quarrel—that which was at first sought as a diversion becomes an interest. However, such considerations are the affair of those concerned, and I think it is very wrong to allow oneself to comment thereon; for very often, I am sure, the earnest conversation one sees passing between people in a public party may only be relative to some other party, or a gown, or book.

Mr. R[——] wandered about the rooms at Lady Salisbury's all the evening. I should have liked to have known all his thoughts on the scene wherein he was moving like a clever spy. People who know him well say he is kind-hearted to those he likes; but to me there is something very tremendous in the honeyed phrases he utters to every one, accompanied, as they often are, by a smile of most malicious import.

Lady G[——], Mrs. S[——]'s sister, is beautiful, and I took pleasure in looking on her countenance; it has such a sweet and pure expression that it stood out from all the host of faded and hacknied faces of the majority of the assemblage of persons present there.

March 7th.—I received a pretty letter from Mrs. Grant, authoress of "Letters from the Mountains," &c., in

answer to one I had written, requesting her to patronize the work of a person in whom I take an interest.

DEAR [——],—I ought sooner to have acknowledged your most valued present, had I not been anxious to gather some opinions of more importance than my own, regarding the performance, particularly those of the Rev. H. Walker and Morehead. These I have not yet obtained, but from what I hear from others I have no doubt of their being satisfactory. Of the excellence of the devotions in the little volume you were so good as to send me, there cannot be two opinions, drawn, as they are in substance, from the pure wells of inspiration—those sacred scriptures in which we have eternal life. Those graces of style which a person of literary acquirements and refined taste can always command, are not essentially necessary to edification; yet we read it as a recommendation of apples of gold, that they are set in pictures of silver, and a certain degree of embellishment was considered appropriate for the sanctuary.

Your friend has, however, judiciously avoided all studied or meretricious ornament, and suited her language to the weight and solemnity of the subject. Sincere and zealous meditations must be, in all cases, instructive, but coming from a person like Mrs. [——], who has not only moved in the highest circles of society, but been still more distinguished for all the charms and talents that most attract admiration, they are not merely instructive, but in no common degree admonitory; they say to the young, the gay, and beautiful, those before whom the world opens all its stores of fascination, Behold a person whom all delighted to praise, to whom all these attractions were familiar, has found refuge from all these dazzling vanities, in the serious and solemn preparation for an unchangeable state, in that futurity towards which we are all hastening. I feel, dear [——], gratified by the partiality which you express for my writings. You would, more than many others, be much influenced by the subject so often alluded to, of Highland scenery and manners. You could scarcely be impartial in this instance.

I remain yours, respectfully and faithfully,

ANNE GRANT.

Dated 101, *Prince's-street, Edinburgh.*

By the same post I received an answer to a second letter I had addressed to Mrs. Grant :—

DEAR [——],—Having determined not to sleep without acknowledging the letter you did me the honour to write (and for which favour no apologies were necessary), though my answer must be brief, and, I fear, unsatisfactory, I proceed to say that I am very willing, to the best of my fading abilities, to *attempt*, at least, to comply with your expressed wish in behalf of Lady [——]. But though my heart is still warm, and the true secret of my literary success, the love of nature and of truth, remains undiminished, the chill of fancy and the decay of a memory once singularly retentive, leave me small hope of success. Yet I must know how soon your friends thinks to conclude, or, in other words, how long I may defer my attempt to cast my mite into the treasury of her rich stores,—that I may first clear my conscience of some unanswered letters, or, if your friend's work is very urgent, defer them. I have two reasons for earnestly desiring that, if I do contrive to send anything she may think fit to accept as a humble tribute of the respect and admiration I feel towards her, it may never be known to be mine. I have refused others whom I wished very well, and would not be thought at this time of life to go out of my thorny and sombre path to gather flowers, even to weave them into the fairest garland. They are often heaven's favourites who die young. Your protégé is the less to be lamented, as, though a blameless creature, there was no path in life open to him which he would have been well qualified to occupy. You will excuse my blunt address and total want of ceremony. I almost forgot in my haste the common courtesy due from your very respectful and faithful servant,

ANNE GRANT.

P.S.—I send you some lines written by Mrs. Barbauld, and I *believe* not published. The subject is interesting, and the feeling which prompted them mournfully pleasing. Perhaps they might be acceptable to your friend.

On the King's illness, September 1811, *by Mrs. Barbauld.*

REST, rest, afflicted spirit! quickly pass
Thy hour of bitter suffering! rest awaits thee
There where, the load of weary life laid down,
The Peasant and the King repose together—
There peaceful sleep—thy quiet grave bedewed
With tears of those who loved thee. Not for thee,
In the dark chambers of the nether world,
Shall spectre kings rise from their burning thrones,
And point the vacant seat, and scoffing say,
Art thou become like us? O not for thee,
For thou hadst human feelings, and hast walked
A man with men, and kindly charities,
E'en such as warm the cottage hearth, were thine;
And therefore falls the tear from eyes not used
To gaze on kings with admiration fond.
And thou hast knelt at meek Religion's shrine
With no mock homage, and hast owned her rites
Sacred in every breast, and therefore rise
Affectionate for thee the orisons
And mingled prayers, alike from vaulted domes
Where the loud organ peals, and rafted roofs
Of humbler worship. Still remembering this
A nation's pity and a nation's love
Linger beside thy couch, on this the day
Of thy sad visitation, veiling faults
Of erring judgment, and not will perverse.
Yet O! that thou hadst closed the wounds of war!
That had been praise to suit a higher strain!
Farewell! the years rolled down the gulf of time,
Thy name has chronicled a long bright page
Of England's story; and perhaps the babe
Who opens, as thou closest thine, his eyes
On this eventful world, when aged grown,
Musing on times gone by, shall sigh and say,
Shaking his thin grey hairs whitened with grief,
"Our fathers' days were happy." Fare thee well.
My thread of life has even run with thine,
For many a lustre, and thy closing day
I contemplate, not mindless of my own,
Nor to its call reluctant.

Now life's stormy morning for ever is past,
And the still hour of evening approaches at last;
It comes breathing peace where no pleasure is found,
'Tis the juice of the poppy that lulls all around.
No bright setting sun does his splendour unfold,
No horizon wide flushing with purple and gold,
All shorn of his beams sinks the great orb of day,
And nature is clad in her mantle of grey.
O magical fancy! thy empire expires,
All withered thy flow'rets, extinguished thy fires;
Thy talisman broken, exposed to the view
Stands the desert of life, where the garden once grew.
Sensibility, syren who lures to destroy,
Adieu to thy anguish, adieu to thy joy.
Thy look was enchanting, thy soft voice deceived,
And, as nature's best bounty, thy cup I received.
I tasted—no words can its sweetness impart;
I drank—it was poison that flowed to my heart;
For light swim the pleasures, but deep in the bowl
Lie the struggling emotions that harrow the soul.
Indifference, 'tis true that in life's giddy morn
I ever repulsed thee with petulant scorn;
Yet now to a level, as thou lead'st the way,
Sinks the path late so rugged I shrink to survey.
Methinks 'tis most sweet on thy breast to repose,
Scarce heeding the current of life as it flows,
Till nature in peace shall drop into the tomb,
Which thou hast already despoiled of its gloom.

From Monsieur Sismondi.

Vous avez eu la bonté en partant de m'encourager à vous écrire quelquefois, et cependant il s'est écoulé déjà bien longtemps depuis que je vous ai vu entreprendre ce voyage, qui ne vous causoit guère moins de tristesse qu'à ceux que vous quittiez, et je n'ai point encore profité de cette permission. Je ne sçais si vous pourrez comprendre cette espèce de découragement, qui me dégoûte de mes propre pensées, qui me fait redouter de porter ma tristesse vers les autres, et presque de chercher dans mon propre cœur pour revêtir de mots les sentimens pénibles qu'il recèle. Mais j'ose croire que, quelque

explication que vous donniez à cet abattement, dussiez vous le confondre avec une jargon commune. Vous ne croirez jamais, vous ne soupçonnerez jamais que je vous suis moins vivement attaché. Nous nous sommes trop bien entendu ; j'ai trop vivement senti ce charme inexplicable de votre caractère, qui se répand sur ceux qui vous approchent, qui les rend heureux de vous voir, de vous entendre, de sentir et de parler avec vous,—pour que cette impression s'efface jamais ; et je le crois aussi. Vous m'avez assez connue pour ne pouvoir entretenir de doute sur mes sentimens. Mais que puis-je dire qui ne soit pas empreint de ma profonde tristesse ? et cependant est-il juste d'en fatiguer les autres ? La victoire des rois sur les peuples ; des préjugés sur les idées libérales ; des petites vanités sur les nobles sentimens, pèse de partout sur moi ; il n'a pas de pays où je n'en vois les fatales conséquences, pas de jours que je n'en souffre. Les journaux de tout le continent, ceux d'une moitié de l'Angleterre, font horreur ; tous les livres qu'on imprime tiennent un langage rebutant, et professent comme principe ce qui avoit long-temps été réputé l'excès de la déraison. La société que j'aimois en France est divisée par des haines forcenées. Beaucoup de gens que je connois sont dans les prisons ; ici tout esprit social est détruite ; l'intolérance d'opinion fait des progrès proportionnés à ceux de la sottise ; je vais à peine dans le monde, et je n'y passe jamais deux heures sans en rapporter une impression pénible. Combien j'ai lieu de regretter ces heureux soirées que je passois avec vous ! Mais je n'avois pas besoin de ce contraste pour les trouver charmante, et vous sçavez si je n'ai pas toujours senti quelles devroient être préferré à tout. J'avois destiné six mois à travailler à Genève, et à y amasser des matériaux pour les emporter en Italie ; ma tâche est à peu près accomplie. Depuis que j'ai quitté Copet, je n'ai pas cessé de travailler de six à huit heures par jour, et je porterai en Toscane l'ébauche des quatre dernières volumes de mon histoire ; c'est dans quinze jours environ que je compte partir, en sorte que c'est à *Pescia en Toscane* que je vous prie de me répondre. Là je vivrai dans une profonde solitude ; j'y aurais pour société essentielle ma mère, dont l'esprit et le cœur présentent, il est vrai, d'immense ressources. Mais tous les autres ne sont nullement en harmonie avec moi, et il faudra que je renonce

à parler jamais ou philosophie, ou morale, ou littérature, ou politique, ou religion—aucun de ces sujets auquel la pensée s'attache dans le naufrage de nos espérances, aucun de ceux que je trouvois tant de douceur à discuter avec vous. La pensée est contreband pour l'Italie. Ni leur éducation, ni leur gouvernement, ni leur religion, ne permettent aux Italiens d'en approcher. J'aurois ardemment désiré d'engager les [——] d'aller-en Italie en même temps que moi ; je sentois que je pouvois leur être fort utile, et elles auroient été à leur tour pour moi d'une prodigieuse ressource. Elles m'en ont long-temps flatté, et puis elles ont changé d'avis, sans qu'il fût possible d'en donner une autre raison qu'une indécision inexplicable. Dans cette solitude cependant, si j'ai moins de distraction, je verrai aussi moins de choses pénibles, j'y vivrai d'avantage avec mes amis absens, je me nourrirai plus long-temps de leur lettres : c'est vous dire combien les vôtres me seront précieuses—combien elles seront désirées. Dans un temps où l'Italie est peuplée d'Anglois, je sentirai aussi vivement le plaisir d'en voir qui me seront addressé par vous, qui me parleront de vous. J'ai bien peu de chose à leur offrir, pour les dédommager de venir me chercher dans une petite ville ; mais elle est située dans un pays délicieux ; je le connois bien, et tout au moins je ne serois pas un mauvais Cicérone. J'y passerai probablement toute une année ; ce ne sera qu'au printemps que je reviendrai à Genève, pour retourner à Paris, et imprimer la fin de mon histoire, à la fin de l'automne de la même année. Madame De Staël a eu dans son voyage d'Italie un succès plus heureux qu'on n'osoit s'en flatter pour elle. La santé de Monsieur Rocca est infiniment meilleure, et un second hiver passé dans le sud achevera de le rétablir. On attend le Duc de Broglie d'heure en heure, peutêtre est il arrivé, et après avoir passé quelques jours à Copet avec Auguste De Staël, il doit continuer sa route, pour aller épouser Albertine à Pisa. Vous en entendrez parler peutêtre aussi à Monsieur de Constant, qui ne doit pas tarder de passer en Angleterre, et qui a, je pense, l'honneur de vous connoître. N'oubliez jamais, chère [——], que dans la tristesse et le découragement, comme dans le bonheur, je ne puis me défaire de ce sentiment si vif et si respectueux que vous m'avez inspiré.

GENÈVE, *ce* 20 *Fevrier.*

September 1st, 1820.—Since I last wrote my Diary, many strange and unlooked-for events of a public nature have occurred, and my own private existence has also been replete with matter of painful excitement, on which I have not the courage to dwell; there are passages in life of which we would gladly efface every trace.

The public event which has most interested me personally, and also, I believe, excited the greatest emotion in the hearts of the British people, is the untimely and cruel fate of the Queen.—All her friends had long dreaded that she would place herself in jeopardy by the folly of her conduct, and their fears proved but too well founded. Her Majesty was displeased with me, owing to the misrepresentations of a mischievous busy-body, and we had had no intercourse for some time previous to her return to England. But I ventured through the medium of a trusty person to send the Princess the following advice, namely, to discharge all her foreign attendants, male and female, and to return without further delay to England. Greatly to my surprise, she followed my counsel, and on the 6th of June last she reached London. She was upon the whole well received; a very strong feeling existed in her favour, notwithstanding the many acts of imprudence which she had committed since her departure from this country. Very soon, the proceedings in the Houses of Parliament commenced against Her Majesty, and then followed that memorable trial, which is a blot never to be effaced from the history of the reign of George the Fourth. Had he been himself a faultless husband—had it been from a respect to virtue and moral dignity that he instituted such charges against his consort, and had recourse to such degrading means to substantiate those charges as that of hiring suborned witnesses,—even in that *suppositious case*, it may be asked, are we to do evil that good may ensue? But as the *fact really* stood, the King should have been the last man in the

world to denounce his wife as guilty; and the consequence of his doing so induced the general belief that his conduct was the result of private hatred. It would seem as if Heaven also considered it in the same light; for though strong evidence was brought against her—though she was proved to have been guilty of very great imprudence, and want of decorum, both as a woman and a queen—she was virtually pronounced by the laws of the land innocent of the crime with which George the Fourth charged her. Minor errors were lost sight of in the one overwhelming fact, of her being acquitted of the great offence. The Queen's conduct throughout the trial was of a very high order of moral courage, and the undaunted temerity with which she met the charges made against her, was a strong proof of her innocence.

No guilty person could have had the audacity to challenge examination into their conduct in the manner she did; and the result of that famous and infamous trial was the greatest triumph a woman accused of such a breach of virtue ever attained. The manner in which she was treated during the whole of the proceedings accorded with that pursued during the previous years of her residence in England. Every indignity was shown her by the King, and no residence, or any of the common decencies of life, were provided for her, much less those suitable to one who by birth and by marriage claimed alliance with the British Crown. Nothing could be more unwise than this display of inveterate hatred in minute concerns; for it showed the nation by what a malicious spirit she was persecuted, even to the death, and it only served to rouse a deeper feeling of pity in the public mind, towards the object of such malevolence.

Mr. Brougham, whatever had been his intentions on *first* undertaking the management of the Princess of Wales's affairs, had gone too far in the business to retreat without dishonour; so that, not to mention any

feeling of interest which he now took in the Queen of England's cause, apart from mere worldly motives, his own success depended on advocating her side as skilfully as he could; and once being determined to use his utmost exertions in her service, the talents to do so were not wanting in him, and he displayed the most consummate power and eloquence in his speeches on this trial. Certainly, the Queen was in a great measure indebted to this extraordinarily clever man, for the brilliant termination of that investigation. The King was all-powerful. The Queen destitute of any patronage or influence whatever. Her daughter, the object who might have been supposed to have rendered her more interesting to the nation, was dead; consequently, the warm support and protection shown her by the nation at large, was a noble proof that the English people *en masse* are a disinterested race, and fear not to espouse the cause of the oppressed, or take the weaker side against the strong and the powerful.

Many of the peers, and also other private individuals, who had entertained the strongest prejudices against her Majesty, hastened to congratulate her on the termination of the trial. But though she had had the courage to go through that trying scene with the utmost fortitude, and though her spirits had never for a single moment, either in private or in public, sunk beneath the weight of suffering imposed upon her, still when the trial was over, and that she was acquitted,* she did not evince the satisfaction which might have been expected; she appeared worn out in mind and body. The desolateness of her private existence seemed to make her

* A squib ran thus:—

Most gracious Queen, we thee implore
To go away and sin no more;
But lest this effort be too great,
To go away, at any rate

very sorrowful; she appeared to feel the loss of her daughter more than at any previous moment, and she wept incessantly. Perhaps bodily weakness and over-exertion had some part in occasioning this gloom.

On the last day of the trial, when requested to retire and take some refreshment, she peremptorily refused to do so, and on some persons offering the Queen refreshments which they had brought for their own use, she declined accepting them, saying, "I can take a chop at the King's Head if I am hungry;"—alluding to the tavern bearing that sign near the House of Lords. There was much ready wit in that reply, but it was, perhaps, ill-timed, and she was never afterwards heard to make a joke, or seen to smile. The injuries and unkindness which she had so long borne with admirable patience, had at last crushed the elasticity of her disposition, and the loneliness of her fate appalled her.

Once again she made a struggle, and an ill-judged one, to enforce her rights, and to be present at the coronation of George the Fourth. But unless she went in her proper place to that ceremony, she would not have condescended to go at all. In that instance, also, the King showed a very shallow judgment, and betrayed his personal dislike to her; since she had been publicly proclaimed fit to share his throne, and bear the name of Queen, he should have permitted her, if only from policy, to sit beside him at the coronation; he should have stifled the feelings of the man, and treated her with the assumed courtesy of the monarch. It would have passed current with many for a better feeling, and gained him popularity; but he did *so* dislike her, that even he, who was a proverbially polite and courtly prince, could not assume civility towards the Queen. She very foolishly attempted to force an entrance within the Abbey, and was repulsed by the common soldiers.

The persons who attended the Queen at the latter

end of her life were faithful and attached to her, but they were not persons calculated to give her the best advice. She endeavoured, poor, unhappy Princess, to amuse herself, but as [——] informed me, she took no pleasure in anything. She once saw Prince Leopold, and his manner was affectionate and feeling. From all I ever heard of him, he is a good-hearted man, but timid and self-interested, and he was kept in such order by the King, that the only visit he ever paid his mother-in-law was in secret, unattended, and without any witnesses, except the Queen's lady.

A very short period elapsed between the trial and the Queen's death. Her illness was sudden, and she was for some hours ignorant of her danger. When she became aware of her awful situation, she called to some of the attendants and said, "I forgive all my enemies, I owe no one any ill-will, although they have killed me at last;" or words to that effect. A curious circumstance occurred whilst she was on her death-bed, the night or rather the morning on which she expired. A boat passed down the river, filled with some of those religious sectarians who had taken peculiar interest in her fate; they were praying for her, and singing hymns as they rowed by Brandenburgh House; and at the same moment a mighty rush of wind blew open all the doors and windows of the Queen's apartment, just as the breath was going out of her body. It impressed those who were present with a sense of awe, and added to the solemnity of the scene.

Thus died Caroline, Queen of England. Her fate must excite compassion in the sternest hearts; yet doubtless her premature decease was ordained in mercy. Her life, as far as human beings could judge, would not have been a happy one had it been prolonged. Divested by the King of the pomps and pleasures of royalty, she was at the same time debarred from the enjoyments of

private life; she had no relatives who cared for her, and, from what I knew of her nature, she was warm-hearted, and would have pined without some object to love and be loved by; so that her death was a happy release from loneliness and persecution.

The King's malice followed her to the grave, and the most indecent measures were resorted to in the arrangement of her funeral. The Queen's remains were not permitted to lie in English ground, and objections were even made to her being buried at Hanover. Finally, however, her body was suffered to be placed in the vault of the royal family at that city. But the crown and insignias of royalty on the coffin were taken off, and I have been told that nothing but her name, "Caroline," stands to record who lies within that narrow house. The candle that is taken into that royal mausoleum to show the visitors the coffins, has always been placed on hers, so that the velvet is covered with wax, and otherwise soiled. Thus do her remains, even in the grave, meet with the same disrespect she endured throughout life; but her spirit, I trust, is at peace, and happy in the world above. I say and feel this from the bottom of my heart, and so ends probably the last mention I shall ever make of the Queen. If during her life she often gave cause for censure (in as far, at least, as appearance warrants), in her death she commands respect and sympathy; and it will be for the page of the future historian to decide how far her virtues were her own, and how far her follies were occasioned by the force of circumstances, and the cruel treatment she received. In making this summary of her character and her fate, one feeling alone predominates, which is that of pity for her sufferings.

ADDITIONAL LETTERS FROM THE PRINCESS OF WALES

ADDITIONAL LETTERS FROM THE PRINCESS OF WALES

February 6th, 1810.

IT is ages, my dear [——], since I have heard from you: pray do me the kindness to write to me soon, and enliven the dulness of my sojourn here, by some of your eloquence. I saw yesterday an old friend of yours, Lady [——]. I believe it is fifteen years since we met. I have never before seen her since her marriage. I do not find her at all altered; indeed I think her pretty now, and I did not as a girl think her so. Her eyes are lovely; to be sure that is her only beauty. She inquired much after you, but appeared to be in very low spirits. She talked with anxiety and feeling about her husband, who is again going to leave her to follow his trade, and has not yet recovered the Walcheren fever.

Doubtless, my dear [——], you have heard of the overwhelming calamity which has happened to Lord Auckland's family. About three weeks ago his eldest son, Mr. Eden, a young man of twenty-two, in perfect health and spirits, and highly prosperous as to worldly affairs (he possessed a place for life of two thousand per annum), went out at nine o'clock from his father's house in Old Palace Yard, and, saying he should return in an hour, he has never since been heard of. Hitherto every search has been made in vain: not a trace is to be found.

People imagine he is drowned; but you may suppose *de* grief of the unhappy parents on *dis* melancholy occasion. Yet our friend Telemachus could not resist making a pun on this *funebre* event, and said, "Oh! *dey* ought to look for him in *Eden;* he must be there."

I had a party last evening, and much lamented your absence; for it was more agreeable than such assemblies are in general. I had the Persian ambassador, and the two Deshays danced and Catalani sung, and all de folks appeared to be pleased, so I was satisfied. I like to see people look content, which they do not often do in this country, I must say. *My better* half, or my *worse*, which you choose, has been ill, I hear, but nothing to make me hope or fear.

Pray burn this piece of *high treason*, my dear [——].

Lord Byron did inquire for you also, I must not forget to mention. He was all *couleur de rose* last evening, and very pleasant; he sat beside me at supper, and we were very merry; he is quite anoder man when he is *wid* people he like, and who like him, than he is when he is *wid* oders who do not please him so well. I always tell him there are two Lord Byrons, and when I invite him, I say, I ask the agreeable Lord, not the disagreeable one. He take my plaisanterie all in good part, and I flatter myself I am rather a favourite with this great bard.

And now I must release you, my dear [——], from this long epistle, after telling you that I am pretty well, and try to fight with *de blue devils*, which alas! often get the better of me. However, I am always—sick or well, gay or sad,—

Your affectionate

C. P.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES *to the same.*

DEAR [——],—The first intelligence I must give you is of [——], who, you will be glad to learn, is safely arrived. The next is a piece of news, which I have just heard, which will, I know, shock you. Mrs. Duff is dead, in consequence, it is entirely believed, of the bite of a favourite dog, who was mad. I have not seen anything of *dis* poor lady for so many years, that I feel more indifferent to her death than I should otherwise have done; besides, she was very ill-natured about me: my lord and master having bound Mr. Duff to his service, and made him swear hatred to me, he of course made his wife think as he did; but all those who knew her, said she was truly amiable.

Nothing can be more dull, dreary, and dismal than London. People do nothing but croak; and I am almost tired of asking them to dinner, they are all so cross and melancholy. Now, as I am both myself, I would wish to get a few bright spirits around me.

Lady [——] is returned from the Hoo in raptures of all the people she met there; amongst whom were Mrs. Sheridan, with whom she is amazingly satisfied, and cries up her singing, and everything belonging to her. Then there was also Mrs. Wilmot there, the lady who models so well, and whose flying and dying horse are reckoned so admirably executed.

Thom. Sheridan, I hear, is gone abroad, dying. I never knew much of him; for he also was one of the great Mahomed's favourites, to whom, by the way, the latter has not behaved with the most loyal bounty, or steady friendship.

As to myself, I have nothing agreeable to tell you, dear [——]. I hear plenty of ill-natured stories, put about by dat old witch, de Queen; but I say to *dose* who tell them, You do me no good by repeating these

reports. You do not gain favour with me either by so doing, I assure you. I hate gossips; and those who really wish me well, will not seek to make me unhappy by repeating the malevolent speeches of my enemies. When I answered Lady Oxford in this fashion de oder day, she did look quite *ébahie*, and ashamed of herself. 'Tis true, my dear [——], 'pon honour, I never wish to be told these things. I know them to be said. I know quite enough, God knows, and wish never to know more, if I can help it.

I think Mr. Gell must be in love, or else he is seized with this general epidemic of gloom; for he hardly speaks at all. Mr. Lewis I have not seen for a month. I heard he had been *wooed* to Carlton House; but I do not believe it, nor do I think the Prince would suit him, or he the Prince: but perhaps I am mistaken. All *de* gay part of London assemble at the Priory, where there are private theatricals going on with great éclat. There are two young couples staying there,—Lord and Lady Aberdeen; Mr. Lamb and Lady Caroline are, I am told, patterns of conjugal affection, admiring each other, and never happy if absent from each other one half hour. I should like to see these theatricals, but the Marquis has not asked me to his house this year. The wind is not blowing kindly towards me, my dear [——], from any quarter, so I must expect to be slighted; and I try to be *philosophe, mais ce n'est pas si facile.*

I have not yet seen poor Roscius. It is the fashion to abuse him as much this year as it was to praise him up to the skies last season. I feel sorry for this child.

Lady Sheffield proposes leaving me on the plea of ill health. I have my suspicions *dat* she has been made to quit my household; but not one word of this, if you please, to anybody. I shall regret her rather; but it does not put me au désespoir. She is not half so agreeable as her sisters, and I have some one in my eye whom I

should prefer. But, my dear [——], there is a cruel influence at work against me, and *he* would like to prevent anybody of *qualité* being about me.

Adieu, and believe me to remain,

Ever most devotedly yours,

C. P.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES *to the same.*

DEAR [——],—I am in a state of rage being just returned from a visit to the Queen who received me in a most cavalier manner. Luckily I restrained myself whilst in her august presence; but I could have abused her gloriously, so angry did I feel at the old Beguine. I will not submit again in a hurry to such a reception. She never asked me to sit down. Imagine such a piece of ridiculous pride! And when I asked after my poor dear uncle, and said I should like to see him, she made me for answer, "The King is quite well, but he will not see you." I replied, "Madame, I shall ask his Majesty himself;" she said *noting*, but smiled her abominable smile of derision.

Talking of kings and queens, I heard the other day, from a lady who lives a good deal at court and with courtiers, that a most erroneous opinion is formed in general of the Princess E[lizabeth]. The good humour for which she has credit is only an outward show, and this is exemplified in her conduct to the poor Princess A[melia], who is dying *—quite given over, though her decay may be slow and tedious. The Princess M[ary] and S[ophia] are devoted to her; but Princess E[lizabeth] treats her with the most cruel unkindness and ill-temper. So much for court gossip. Thank God, I do not live with them! Everybody believes Princess A[melia] is married to Mr. F[itzro]y, and they say she has confessed

* She died 2 Nov., 1810, aged twenty-seven.

her marriage to the King, who is miserable at his expected loss of his daughter, who is his favourite; and I do not wonder, for she always appeared to me the most amiable of the whole set. So she is destined to be taken away. Well—perhaps it is as happy for *her, poor ting,* that she should; for there is not much felicity, I believe, amidst dem all. When I left the royal presence, I thought to myself, You shall not catch me here again in a hurry. No, truly, I would rather have noting to do with de royal family, and be treated as a cipher, than be subject to such haughtiness as I was shown to-day.

I have let out all the ebullition of my wrath to you, chère [——]. Do not repeat it, though, for the more said, the less easy is it to mend matters; so *bouche close,* and heart cased in iron; and the Princess de Galle may be able to live in dis uncivil pays, only sometimes it is necessary to open de safety valve, to let some of one's feelings escape, or else I should be suffocated.

Farewell; *croyez-moi toujours votre très-sincère amie.*

C. P.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES *to the same.*

MY DEAR [——],—The Rawdons are not with me, owing to some balls and masquerades, but I hope next Sunday they will come till Wednesday.

There was yesterday a breakfast at Lady Dartmouth's upon the heath. I had only the benefit of hearing the Staffordshire band, as I was neither invited, nor would I have gone; for I hate people who change towards one, according as de sun shines upon one, or withdraws his face.

I am on the point of seeting out for Kensington to meet my daughter; for which reason I have only time to add, that I am afraid I did not explain myself well in my last letter on the subject of Mr. E[——], the book-

PRINCESS AMELIA
From an engraving after a miniature by A. Robertson

seller in Fleet Street; and since that time I have further heard, that he is certainly paid by my enemies to write some trumpery catchpenny book against me; for which reason I am more anxious than ever that our plan should be put into execution, to be an antidote against the poison which is to be propagated from ear to ear this winter. I thank you also a thousand times for the letter of Telemachus, which has been very amusing to me, and am happy to find that he is in spirits, knowing that he had been so unwell for some months, but having the happiness of writing to you has given a new zest to his spirits and to his poetical effusions.

I have heard that Mr. Crawford Bruce has left Lady Hester, and that he is expected every day in England; I have also been told that Lady Hester is now quite devoted to the French nation, and has given up the English for it.

The advertisement in the papers which you saw in the evening paper called "The News," is nothing more or less than owing to threatening letters that have been addressed to different members of the present administration, that they are to meet the same fate of Mr. Perceval. The reward is two hundred guineas; but the anonymous will not give his name till the money is paid.

This is the whole of my budget of news to-day, and believe me,

Your most sincere and affectionate,

C. P.

Dated Saturday, October 31st.

The PRINCESS OF WALES *to the same.*

DEAR [——],—I can never sufficiently express how thankful I am to you for finding me a house. Mr. Siccard goes this morning to speak to Mr. Hugh to have it brushed up and cleaned immediately, that in the

course of ten days I may call it my own house; I shall put some of the furniture from Kensington belonging to me into it, to make it a little more comfortable. To be sure, I do not like the situation of the house; but, as I have no choice, I must take the first house I can meet with. Your description of the one in Stratton Street has much amused Lady Glenbervie and Lady Charlotte Lindsay. I dare say it strikes the prudish Lord Archibald the same as you, that he will not allow his sister to lose her character in that pretty bower. She intends to sell it for two thousand pounds. I hope you have been much amused in town at your waltzing parties. Mrs. Beauclerck was so fatigued that she could not bring her tired limbs to Blackheath to-day. I did not much regret her, as she was last Wednesday dreadfully out of humour.

I have seen nobody, except mayors of Rochester and town-clerks, and such pretty men, that I am sure they would have been an entertainment to you to have seen them. Some resembled Dutch burgomasters, others were like aldermen, so fat and jolly-looking. They were all very civil to me, and did me respectful homage. Yet I was very tired of their fine speeches, and felt it *beaucoup d'honneur mais peu de plaisir*, to be set up in state for three hours receiving their addresses. Joan of Arc was in waiting, and looked very grand. She is a good creature, and I believe attached to me very sincerely; but oh! mein Got, she is wearisome sometimes. Job would have got into a passion *wid* her, I am sure.

Addio for the present. May all good attend you, my dear. C. P.

The PRINCESS OF WALES *to the same.*

MY DEAR [——],—I am much shocked to be under the necessity of so soon encroaching upon your leisure hours. You will be sorry to hear that Mr. S. L. Bernard has

broke a blood-vessel, and the faculty have ordered him to go almost immediately into the country for his recovery. But as his place in the War Office keeps him so confined that he is never able to breathe the fresh air, his family is anxious, if it were possible, for him to obtain the situation of barrack-master, which is understood to be in the gift of Mr. Arbuthnot, in the environs of ten or thirty miles from London; as the close confinement, and the very laborious appointment he holds under Government, would otherwise soon put an end to his existence. You will, I am sure, therefore, be kind enough, my dear [——], to write in my name to Mr. Arbuthnot, to wish him joy on his nuptials, and as I trusted he would be in good humour to grant my request, that the first vacancy which may occur in the department near London, in the place of barrack-master, would be given to Mr. Bernard. I understand that Mr. Arbuthnot is at this moment at his new uncle's, Lord Westmoreland's, at Apethorpe. I must also mention that Mr. Bernard does not wish to have his present situation taken away, until he is certain of another; and the business at the War Office being so great now, he cannot venture to ask leave of absence for several months; and he is under the apprehension in that case to leave his present situation. I venture to hope that my request will be granted by Mr. Arbuthnot; pray let me know as soon as you receive his answer.

Lady Oxford, poor soul, is more in love this time than she has ever been before. She was with me the other evening, and Lord Byron was so cross to her (his Lordship not being in a good mood), that she was crying in the ante-room. Only imagine if any one but myself had discovered the fair *Niobe* in tears! What a good story it would have made about the town next day! for who could have kept such an anecdote secret?

Believe me for ever yours, C. P.

The PRINCESS OF WALES *to the same.*

DEAR [——],—I was happy to learn your safe arrival at [——]. I have no news to tell you, except Mademoiselle (de) Grammont's marriage to Lord Ossulston.* The Devonshires speak of it as certain. The wedding clothes are bought, and the young people are *desperately* attached, and pledged to each other. The opposition of the father, Lord Tankerville, however, still continues, and the ceremony has been twice put off after the day was fixed. Of scandal there is an abundance afloat as usual, and I suppose some of these reports have reached you. Indeed, that makes me almost fear to repeat them, lest it be to you a twice-told tale. But I take my chance of this. Much is said of Lord T[——]n's attentions to the young Duchess of R[——]d. Lady T[——]n is evidently very sad, poor woman; and her husband's attentions are certainly not directed towards herself.

The report about Mrs. Siddons and Lawrence I always thought most shameful, and never believed it, and rejoice that it is proved to be false.

Lord L[——]n, has made, I am told, great offers to Miss H[——]n, the authoress, to tempt her to undertake the superintendence of the education of his children. If she consents, they will be fortunate, should she be but half as sensible as her excellent book on education. Lady L[——]'s desertion of her children and husband once so beloved, is disgraceful.

There is at present one universal topic of conversation in London—the young Roscius, and but one opinion about him, that he is an extraordinary creature—and exquisite actor—and, for his age, a prodigy. People quite rave about him, and the houses overflow; but I have not yet been to see him. I seldom feel curiosity

* They were married 28 July, 1806, which shows that this, like many of the other letters in this book, was misplaced.

to see what all the world are mad about. I have a spirit of contradiction in me, which makes me feel I should very likely differ from the multitude in my opinion of this *phenomenon*. Adieu, ma chère, forgive my long *prose*, and believe me, ever your attached

C. P.

The PRINCESS OF WALES *to the same.*

MY DEAR [——],—I hope you will be able to dine with me to-morrow, as I have got together what I trust may be a pleasant party, if the people chuse to be agreeable; but that is always a doubtful question—so often pleasant folks are very dull, and stupid ones the contrary: the last exert themselves to do their *petit possible*, whilst the others, with greater means, will not condescend to pour out of their abundance. However, let us hope all the wits and wise heads I have collected for my little party to-morrow will be communicative; and do let me have the pleasure of your company, chère.

The Duchess of Gordon's is the only house open just now, and people are all so busy about *de* tiresome politics, dey think of noting else. Lord Gwydir and Lady Willoughby are here, till the government is settled. There is anoder examination of the physicians by the Privy Council to-day, and Parliament meets to-morrow and will not adjourn till something is settled. Some people think the King will die, others that he will remain as he is; but at his age a complete recovery is not to be hoped, though the royal family have most wonderful constitutions. As to me, no changes, I feel sure, will make any difference in my lot; so I remain very indifferent to them all. The world is decidedly cutting me, right and left, since my poor uncle's relapse. *Mais que voulez-vous?*—'tis the way of the world.

Miss Owenson * makes a great sensation at the Priory,

* Afterwards Lady Morgan.

I hear she is pretty, and she sings, dances, and performs all sorts of feats.

Au revoir, dear [——],

And believe me, yours affectionately,

C. P.

The PRINCESS OF WALES *to the same.*

Friday, BLACKHEATH.

DEAR [——],—Here I am again, in the solitude of this sequestered place. I found it useless to remain in London, for every one has flown away, the poor King's increased illness having put a stop to all gaieties. Every body thinks he is going to die. Though he is not able to befriend me, yet I shall feel more desolate still when he is gone, and there will then be no restrictions on the tyranny of the Regent.

I am not a coward, dear [——], and *tink* I could bear most suffering; yet I felt my heart smite the other day when I read a curious letter, sent me by an anonymous, written well, and full of fearful predictions as to my future fate. I cannot suppose why it was sent me, since *de writer* asked for no money or bribe, nor appeared to wish me evil, but rather to lament my fate.

Amongst other things it contained, the writer said,—when I was Queen I should not be suffered to remain at Kensington, for that that would be too near the other Court; and meaning, I suppose, that two Kings of Brentford could not reign peaceably together. My informer also said they thought I might very likely be sent to Holyrood House, and play the part of a second Mary Queen of Scots. What tink you, dear [——], of this strange intelligence?

Every body except me is longing for the change, and hoping they know not what from the poor old King's death. The Duchess of Gordon is at home to whist

players, *au reste*, there is not a door open in London, I believe; and people have disputed with Taylor about the opera subscriptions, and there has only been two operas, with nobody at them, as none of the boxes are taken this year. In short, all is *bouleversé*, and Heaven knows *who* or what will set things in order again.

So old Queensberry * is dead at last! I had a weakness for him, and so I believe he had for me. I hear General Wemyss is to have a lawsuit with Lord Wemyss about the succession, which he thinks he has a right to. The Duke's disposal of his money is very confused, and there are so many revocations, after he has left the legacies, nobody knows who has got anything. Lord Yarmouth gets the chief part, or rather his *chère moitié*.

I have been much tormented lately by the advice of different friends—some commending my plans—some abusing me and telling me I was ill-advised, and my time ill-chosen for bringing forward my wrongs. Think of Miss [——] telling me de oder day that the royal family never abused me; I laughed in her face and said, "Does it not rain?" pointing out of the window when it was pouring: she looked very foolish, and held her tongue ever after. Yet, do you know, though *she* talked nonsense, I have been thinking also that every body is so busy about the war just now, and Government is very strong, so that perhaps it would be well to *retirer mon épingle du jeu* till the question of the Catholics, East India Charter, &c., is decided, *pour mieux sauter*, and shall consult wiser heads than mine thereon.

People can't attend to minor things. The King may die, or there may be a peace, or a destruction of the "Beast," as Lewis calls Buonaparte, which might all be in my favour, as making more money going; and I should gain praise from de *publick* by enduring my present

* William, 4th Duke, "Degenerate Douglas," died, aged eighty-six, 23 Dec., 1810.

state patiently a few months longer perhaps, and at present it would be considered quite a *party question*, not concerning me individually.

Think of the impertinence, dear, of Lady Oxford saying to me, "I wish the Princess Charlotte would learn to curtsey, for she has a most familiar nod that is not at all royal." I made her no answer.

And now, dear [——], you will be weary of this eternal letter, so I will say adieu for the present, and beg you to believe me,

Yours affectionately, C. P.

From the PRINCESS OF WALES *to the same.*

DEAR [——],—I fear you have thought me very unkind not to have written to you before this; but I have been so annoyed about my daughter, Princess Charlotte, I have not had power to tink of anything else. She was very unwell for some days, and though I begged hard, the Regent and the old stony-hearted Queen would not let me see her.

To tell you God's truth, I know not how long I shall be able to go on bearing all my sorrows. Come to me at Kensington on Tuesday next, at three o'clock, and I will then tell you more; till then adieu. I reserve all the rest of my budget for *vive voix*, and remain yours, &c.

C. P.

P.S.—My poor daughter wrote to me to tell me how she did herself every day, knowing the barbarity of those about her who would not let me go to her.

The PRINCESS OF WALES *to the same.*

Dated KENSINGTON.

Why did you not come last evening to Rosamond's Bower, as Lewis calls this refuge for the destitute Princes

and Princesses? I had Lord Byron and the dear Gells, and Craven and Lady Oxford, Mr. Beauclerk and Lord Henry, and we were very merry I assure you. It was daylight before we parted. We had also, I forgot to say, a General Zublikroff [Zabloukoff?], just imported from Russia, who was an excellent person for Gell to play off his witticisms upon, and he made the most of the opportunity. He told him the Regent was dying of love for Lady Dartmouth, and that she was the reigning favourite just now, and the goddess to whom he should pay court if he wanted a favourable reception from the Prince. The goose believed it all like gospel, and amused us very much with his inocence and ignorance.

To speak of more sad and serious matters, I have not seen Princess Charlotte for nearly five months. She is outrageous at the thoughts of leaving this country, and her unnatural father assured her that she never would have an establishment in this country; but I have advised her to be firm, and not frightened, and I think she will conquer. She is no child of mine if she submit to such tyranny.

I went yesterday to the meeting annually held of the National Education. I went with Lady Elizabeth Whitbread, and I was well received and applauded, which I know it will give your kind heart pleasure to learn; also Mr. Whitbread did make me a very pretty speech. I had Lady Charlotte Lindsay and Lady Carnarvon to escort me, and sat by the Dukes of Sussex and Kent—the first chairman of the meeting. There—what will the Regent say to that? I hear the Grand Duchess is charming in her manners, and has a sort of intelligence which my informer (I suppose forgetting he spoke to one of the unfortunate race) said was quite new in *de Princess* line. After this, I need scarcely say it was Mr. Ward who made dis speech. The Duchess held a drawing-room at Devonshire House the other

evening. I never have *signe de vie* now from any of dat set, I mean G. L[——]w, W. C[——]s,—oh, no! dey are too wise to court *de setting* sun.

I am interrupted, so good bye,

Croyez moi pour la vie,

Yours most affectionately,

C. P.

The PRINCESS OF WALES *to the same.*

MY DEAR [——],—After a second reflection, which the moralists assure us is the best of *all*, I shall be satisfied with the sum of £300, as I verily believe £500 is quite out of the reach of possibility at this period. I am much sorry for all the dreadful trouble I put you to on my miserable account.

You will be sorry to hear of Mrs. Beauclerk having lost her youngest son, in consequence of which she is in the greatest affliction. It was quite unexpected.

I am afraid I shall not have the pleasure to see you to-morrow at Lady Anne Barnard's breakfast, as I intend to send an excuse, knowing it will be a very dull party there. I cannot begin my day with tiresome people. I hope you will be able to come to Kensington on Friday, on which evening T. Campbell promised me to read his lectures to us. In case you meet my mother at Lady A. Barnard's, I prepare you that she intends to pay you visits, and to ask you often to the house to dinner; now, as her parties, dear good soul, are rigorously dull, I should think the most prudent way would be that you inform her that you are to be absent from town for some time, to avoid being made a victim of; her entertainments are *de* dullest ever invented. I am out of favour, but really I do not deserve it, so I try not to trouble my poor head with unnecessary evils, having so much to plague me that I cannot get rid of. I give

a dinner on Sunday the 28th to Lord Grey and the Duke of Gloucester. Think you *dat* would be a party that would suit the [——] ? And now I will not tire you any longer, but only wish you much amusement at your ball, dinner, and concert. I remain, yours, &c.

C. P.

In reading the above letter it is impossible not to regret how many advantages the unhappy writer of it threw away and contemned. For instance : the Princess never would avail herself of the kind protection of respectable persons, unless they happened to amuse her. She had an aversion to dulness ; and would have risked solid benefits to gratify her thirst for amusement for a few passing moments.*

The PRINCESS OF WALES *to the same.*

October 9th, 1813.

Nothing but discretion has prevented me from writing sooner to you, my dear [——], and also having had no pleasant news to entertain you with. Sir Harry Englefield has left under my care a most beautiful maroon morocco portfolio for you, wherein all the witticisms, songs, and drawings have been collected for your perusal ; but Mrs. Arbuthnot, who has left town for five weeks, is the cause of my not sending it to you. The [——] never came to take leave of me, though they told Miss Garth that they intended to do so :—*ainsi va le monde.* I am becoming more and more insignificant every day, and cannot say I feel sure of having a single friend in England ! It is a melancholy position, my dear [——], to be thus *isolé,* but I must bear my fate, and keep up a good courage so long as I can. How long that may be, God, He knows. I am ashamed of wearying you with my lucubrations, dear [——], but you are always

* Original comment.

indulgent to my miserable self, and truly one must confide one's sorrows to somebody.

Mr. Ward has been in town since ten days, but he has not honoured Kensington with his witticisms and sarcasms. I was told the Regent wished to turn him away from me; *dat* is possible, but it would not break my heart; he is such an odd being, one cannot depend upon him.

We go on here at Kensington in a *humdrum* way, and many days I dine by myself in my little room, and see only my two deputy guardian angels, only that they may see I am alive and well. The following week will be a little more lively, as dear Lady Glenbervie will take charge of my welfare, my soul and my mind, and all my earthly worth and celestial. By the frank which this letter will receive, you will see who dines with me to-day, and that we are still in expectation of the gentle Devons.

Believe me, ever yours,

C. P.

The PRINCESS OF WALES *to the same.*

MY DEAR [——],—I send you back your paper, and I shall take care of the [——] letter concerning our plan about our mutual friend's letters to be published. I have some particular reason that the title should be "Genuine Documents found amongst the papers of the ever-to-be-lamented Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Spencer Perceval, and that in the year 1806, on the 11th of June, Mr. Perceval undertook the charge of very valuable letters and papers which were in the Princess's possession from the period that she came to this country, till the demise of Mr. Perceval. No other inducement can be the motive of laying them before the eyes of the public, but to show how much this illustrious personage has suffered from the traducers and slanderers of her

honour; and every British heart will feel the justice of her cause, and espouse it with energy and vigour."

This is only a rough sketch of the picture; I shall write to you more at length next Monday. I wish I could see you for an hour, as I think by word of mouth everything is better explained.

Ever yours, &c.

C. P.

The PRINCESS OF WALES *to the same.*

I have been much amused with your remark concerning husbands, and I trust, dear [——] you will retain the same sentiment for ever, as I all my life thought husbands were only a creditable evil, and men in general a necessary plague. But so much about nothing.

I send you the enclosed answer from Messrs. Drummond, which is a very laconic one. I am still in hopes that H[——], by his influence, will succeed in my negotiation, as I really should not know how to turn myself if it should not succeed. I must tell you an unpleasant circumstance which occurred to me the other evening. I was in the ante-room; Mr. M[——] and Lord L[——] were talking together in the drawing-room, waiting for me, and I heard Lord L[——] say, "The Princess is so vain and foolish, no one can do her any good; her English is the most ridiculous language any one ever made use of, and I could scarcely help laughing the other night, when she said to me, 'Give me my wails.'"

I did not stay to listen to any more of what these treacherous "friends" of mine might have to say about me, but I thought to myself, then why do you come so often to my dinners, &c., and I determined they should not be asked again in a hurry. However, I went in to them, and tried to be as civil as I could, but I felt furious when they made me fine compliments, and I

soon dismissed them. So much for courtiers. I send you Madame De Stael's pamphlet, and remain yours,

C. P.

The PRINCESS OF WALES *to the same.*

MY DEAR [——],—I have been busy all this week trying to make up a match for Lady A. H[amilton]. I have set my heart on getting her married somehow or other to some man; she would be so much more agreeable if she was married; at present she is so full of old maid's whims and prudery, it is quite tiresome to be under her surveillance.

Lady Oxford has no thought but for Lord B[yron]. I wonder if she will succeed in captivating him. She *can* be very agreeable when she pleases, but she has not pleased to come near me for this long time past; she has quite forgotten that Kensington Palace used to be a convenient place to see certain folks, and be seen by them; *n'importes, ça m'est bien égal;* she does not make *le pluis ou le beau temps* to me, only it shows what her friendship is worth, and how little gratitude there is in her nature. Lord Rivers, I think, is a little mad, but very interesting. Lady [——] is in a great fright that Sir W. G[——] is falling in love with her. I do not see the tender passion growing, but perhaps I am short-sighted: Lady [——] is not apt to be vain. I wish you good night, my dear; my eyes are beginning to gather straws, as you English say, so no more from yours, &c.

C. P.

The PRINCESS OF WALES *to the same.*

Last night I gathered together, my dear, a room full of people, and when I did look round at them, I said to myself, *à quoi bon* this dull assemblage of tiresome people? and it so happened they were all ugly, and I longed to

get them out of my sight, yet I could not send dem away, having made them come. De fact is, I know not what to do; I am tired, or rather sad, because I have no grande intérêt to busy myself with. A Princess, and no Princess —a married woman, and no husband, or worse than none!—never was there a poor devil in such a plight as I am.

Lady Euphemia Stewart, that old commère, talked to me till I thought my ears never would be able to hear again. She thought I listened. Well, no matter. What think you I did? I dare say they all said I was mad. I sent them all away, ordered the carriages, and set off wid a chosen few to the play. The first one made me cry; and, strange to tell you, I felt a satisfaction in being able to weep. And den de second piece was a farce, and it made me laugh; so dat amusement compensated for the dullification of the first part of the night. Little Lewis came into the box: he affected to be sentimental; dat is always laughable in him, and I quizzed him. I do not think he enjoyed the fun.

My dragonne de Virtue has been sick for some days, so I am in the utmost danger of being run away with by some of the enchanters who come to relieve locked-up Princesses. No hopes of getting *the dragonne* married; no one will venture to espouse Joan of Arc. Dey are all afraid of de Amazon, and I am not much surprised.

Ever yours,

C. P.

From the PRINCESS OF WALES *to the same.*

I shall see Mr. Brougham next Sunday, as he is my counsellor and chief adviser. He thinks it his duty first to inform me of it before he gives his final answer in the newspapers.

Many thanks for the interest you have taken in the

unexpected event of my brother's death. It was a happy release for him, as he was in a delicate state of health from his cradle. My mother has not suffered in the least from this occurrence.

I have just been calling at Lady Oxford's door to inquire for her and the new-born little ruffian; both are doing well. The only news I can tell you is, that the Duchess of R[——] is going to lie in of a marvellous child. Her husband is as old as de hills; but no one says any harm of her; indeed she is universally extolled.

I had almost forgotten, dear [——], to wish you a happy new year, which I now beg to do wid all my heart, and remain

Yours, &c.

C. P.

The PRINCESS OF WALES *to the same.*

August 7th, 1814.

I am on the eve of sailing, which will be to-morrow evening, as the wind is favourable, in the Jason frigate. Another brig is to convey all our baggage, luggage, and carriages. Captain King represents Jason himself. Only tink, my dear [——], what His Royal Highness de Duke of [——] said to him: "You are going to take de Princess of Wales in your ship. You be a d——d fool if you do not make love to her" Mein Gott! dat is de morality of my broders-in-law.

I rejoice in the thought of so soon being far off from all of dem. I shall be at Brunswick, *Deo volente,* by the 15th. I intend only to remain in my native country ten or fifteen days, after which I shall set out for Switzerland. My intention also is to remain at Naples for the winter. I transcribe the following quiz on the Emperor for your amusement, and have nothing else to say worthy of you.

I will only add that I hope you will take my best wishes for your happiness and welfare, till we meet again. With these sentiments I remain for ever,

Yours, &c.

C. P.

Copy of the Testament de Napoleon, written in the Princess of Wales's handwriting.

Je lègue aux Enfers mon génie ;
Mes exploits aux aventuriers ;
A mes partisans infamie ;
Le grand livre à mes créanciers ;
Aux François l'horreur de mes crimes ;
Mon exemple à tous les tyrans ;
La France à ses Rois légitimes,
Et l'hôpital à mes parens.

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

P.S.—The second Prince of Orange is just arrived in London. He is of the same age as my daughter, and I should not be much surprised that this marriage would take place soon, as Princess Charlotte would certainly not be under the necessity to leave her native country, he being not the successor, only the second son.

Telemachus shall meet me at Brunswick, and take the place of my old *saint*. I have been dreadful tormented by Whitbread and Brougham about my going abroad. *Mais bouche close!* Once more, *Addio, toute à vous.*

C. P.

The PRINCESS OF WALES *to the same.*

26 de Mars, 1815.

MA CHERE [——],—Je viens d'arriver à Gènes ce matin dans une maison délicieuse près de la mer. Un jardin divin. 'Lord et Lady Glenbervi dîne aujourd'hui chez moi ; ils sont mes meilleurs amis, mais je les trouve

tous les deux changés. Pour la politique il faut que je sois bouche close. Car, hélas! j'ai trop bien vu des choses pour me faire croire toute chose possible à l'égard de Murat et de sa Dame. Le bon Sicard a été obligé de se rendre en Angleterre pour quelques mois, ainsi toute la besogne des arrangemens de famille retombe sur moi. Lady de F[——] est déjà à Londres ayant fini ses chasses * sur le continent. Monsieur Craven est avec sa mère. Sir W[——] a la goutte. Voilà toute mon histoire.

&c. &c.

C. P.

The PRINCESS OF WALES *to the same.*

(No date.)

MY DEAR [——],—Many thanks for all the trouble you have taken about houses. I hope I have at last found one to put myself, my guardian angels, and all my goods and chattels in. [——] did come this morning prosing, and saying My Royal Highness ought not to leave Kensington Palace:—as if dere were protection and honor in these old walls! No, no; I must and will leave dis royal hospital for the decayed and poor royalties, and live in some more cheerful situation, and one where my friends can come to me without paying de toll at the turnpike-gate. Dey would like to have me always shut up in dis convent. Out of der mind, out of der sight, my dear. But I will not submit.

I send for your edification a criticism that has lately reached me, and remain for evei

Your affectionate

C. P.

P.S.—I have made Joan copy out the vers.

* In allusion to that lady having hunted with the court at Naples. [Original note.]

THE COSTUME OF THE MINISTERS.*

Having sent off the troops of bold Major Camac,
With a swinging horse-tail at each valorous back,
And such helmets, God bless us! as never deck'd any
Male creature before, except Signor Giovanni.
"Let's see," said the R—g—nt, like Titus perplex'd
With the duties of empire, "whom shall I dress next?"
He looks in the glass, but perfection is there—
Wig, whiskers, and chin tufts all right to a hair!
Not a single *ex*-curl on his forehead he traces,
(For curls are like ministers, strange as the case is,
The *falser* they are, the more firm in their places.)
His coat he next views; but the coat who could doubt?
For his Yarmouth's own Frenchified hand cut it out!
Every pucker and seam were made matters of state,
And a grand household council was held on each plait.
In short, such a vein of perfection ran through him,
His figure, *for once*, was a sinecure to him.
Then whom shall he dress? Shall he new rig his brother,
Great C—mb—rl—nd's Duke, with some kickshaw or other,
And kindly invent him more Christian-like shapes
For his feather-bed neckcloths and pillory capes?
Ah! no, here his ardour would meet such delays,
For the Duke had been lately packed up in *new stays*—
So complete for the winter, he saw very plain
'Twould be dev'lish hard work to *un*pack him again.
So what's to be done? *There's the ministers*, bless 'em,
As he *made* the puppets, why should not he *dress* 'em?
An excellent thought! Call the tailors; be nimble;
While Y—rm——h shall give us, in spite of all quizzers,
The last Paris cut with his true Gallic scissors.
So saying he calls C—st—r—gh, and the rest
Of his heaven-born statesmen to come and be drest;
While Y—rm——h with snip-like and brisk expedition,
Cuts up, all at once, a large Catholic petition
In long tailors' measures, (the Prince crying "Well done!
And first put in hand my Lord Chancellor E. L. D. O. N.)

* From Moore's "Twopenny Post-bag."

The PRINCESS OF WALES *to the same.*

MY DEAR [——],—I am very sorry to hear of your being ill. Pray send me word how you are by return of my messenger, as I shall be extremely anxious to hear you are better. Only tink what the courtier, Lord M[——]a did de oder night. When Lady Charlotte Lindsay go to Carlton House, she forget to take her credentials with her. So when dat preux Chevalier ask for it, she say she have left it at home by mistake; yet Milord will not let her in, though he is *intime* wid her, and she have to return and fetch de card of invitation before Lord M[——]a will let her enter de presence of de great Mogul! So much for de courtesy of dis polite gentleman; it does not reflect honour on de lessons he have received from his royal master.

Enough about nothing, my dear,

From your

C. P.

The PRINCESS OF WALES *to the same.*

DEAR [——],—Pray do me the favor to accept and wear de accompanying gown, and when you are in de ball at Carlton House, tink of me, and wish me well.

For ever your affectionate

C. P.

The above brief note is full of matter for reflection and comment. In the first place it is a proof of the Princess's generosity of feeling, as well as her liberality of ideas in pecuniary matters. She always had pleasure in giving to those of her ladies whom she considered to be in want of her generosity. But the occasion on which the foregoing note was written was one in which she displayed great magnanimity of character and nobility of disposition. All Her Royal Highness's ladies had

been invited to a fête by the Prince Regent, from which she was herself excluded: yet she took that opportunity to give them a proof of her regard, by presenting them all with very handsome dresses. Such traits of character should be set forth, and receive the public homage due to their merit.*

The PRINCESS OF WALES *to the same.*

MY DEAR [——],—What shall I say—dat I am in low spirits? It will only vex your kind heart to hear of my being unhappy. Yet, hélas! it is the only news I can offer for your amusement. But it is so long since I have had the pleasure of seeing you, or hearing anyting about you, dat I must trouble you with a few lines, to ask you to let me have de satisfaction of hearing of your welfare; and also let you know that such a person as I still exist on de face of der terrestrial globe.

I have lived very quiet since I saw you last, and no one has intruded demselves upon my solitude; unless I do show dem de knife and fork no company has come to Kensington or Blackheath, and neither my purse nor my spirits can always afford to hang out de offer of "An ordinary."

I have seen my daughter once; she do not look well, and I tink dey not love her very much, poor soul, but I no say anything to make her grumble; it is best she should be satisfied with what is. She sees little of the Sultan, and he do not take the way to win her heart. Mais ça lui est bien égal à ce qui paroît; however, he may repent his conduct some day.

I heard of Lady [——] at a ball de oder night, dressed in a curious costume. Her beauty is quite flétrie comme une rose passé; but she has all de perfume dat flower has when it is dead; she is très amiable et bonne, but

* Original comment.

between you and I and dis sheet of paper, voilà tout, she will never set fire to de Thames.

Next month Lady C. Lindsay will take de charge of my soul and body, which she always do well, and she is very witty, and amuses me.

I send you some verses Sidney Smith wrote on Lady [——]'s parasol; pray ornament your scrap-book with the productions of dis worthy man, and believe me for ever to remain,

Your affectionate,

C. P.

To Lady [——]*'s Parasol,—by S. S.*

Detested shade! thou that dost oft beguile
My watchful eyes of many a winning smile,
Why dost thou spread thy silken arch above
Her dazzling face, and dim the light of love?
Why hide the wandering sun-beams from her eyes?
No gem so bright the wand'ring sun-beam spies.
Why stop the breezes from their fleeting bliss?
No lips so sweet the fleeting breezes kiss.
'Twere something worth, if thy soft gloom could stay
The gazing soul, and cloud the inward day—
Could veil that form that thrills my inward breast,
And give me days of ease, and nights of rest.

From the PRINCESS OF WALES *to the same.*

MY DEAR [——],—I did much regret your absence from my little party last night, for we were all very merry. The Gell, Berry, Sidney Smith, Lewis, Lady Oxford (*De Miscellany Harleyan*, as all de world does call her now), and Milord Byron, did make it very pleasant; and we all laugh till we cry. Lewis did play de part of Cupidon, which amuse us, as you will suppose. He is grown so embonpoint, he is more droll than ever in dat character; but he tink himself charming, and look so happy when he make *les yeux doux* to the pretty ladies, dat it is cruel

to tell him, "You are in de paradise of de fools," so me let him sigh on to My Lady Oxford, which do torment Lord Byron, who wanted to talk wid her, and never could contrive it.

Lady Anne is en petite santé just now; she is truly interesting; yet, as your song says, "Nobody's coming to marry her," nor I fear never will; so I and Joan shall live and die together, like two turtle-doves, or rather like dem two foolish women, Lady Eleanor Butler and Mlle. Ponsonby, who must be mad, I should tink, to choose to leave the world, and set up in a hermitage in Wales,—mais chacun a son goût,—it would not be mine. My dear [——], I do dread being married to a lady friend. Men are tyrants, mais de women—heaven help us! dey are vrais Neros over those they rule. No, no,—give me my sweet Prince, rather than a female governess.

We are all so well, and in such good spirits, that we shall be at Worthing on Thursday at five o'clock, in the year of our Lord 1814, on the 26th of May.

There are wonderful and astonishing reports in the great metropolis; that the Queen has written a letter to the Princess of Wales, by the instigation of the Prince Regent, that the Princess is not to appear at the drawing-room;—and that the Princess of Wales has written a very spirited answer to the Queen, assuring her that her determination was to go, for which reason nobody believes that there will be any drawing-room; but we will talk of it at our meeting.

So for the present I will only add dat I am

Your sincerely affectionate

C. P.

The PRINCESS OF WALES *to the same.*

COMO, VILLA D'ESTE, *Friday.*

Thank you, *ma chère*, for your kind letter, which I am afraid to answer, for I have so little to tell you; living

here, as I do, wid my faithful little society, who are all composed of persons dat do not meddle wid de grand *monde*, which suits me better than if they did, but which of course prevents my having much wherewith to entertain oders. I should be happy to see you in my little nutshell, which is pretty and comfortable, and my gardens are charmant. I lead quite a rural life, and work in de garden myself, which do my body and mind both good. I am pretty well in health. Au reste, toujours de meme.

I heard from my daughter de oder day. She expect to be confined in November. She sent me some vers, de production of Lady [——]'s genius for de muse, on the subject of dat interesting Prince, her husband. Perhaps it may amuse you to see what a courtier Lady [——] is become. She never write to me now; she has gone wid de crowd, and turned her back upon de setting sun to worship the rising planet; mais, she mistakes if she tink Charlotte will like her the better for not noticing de Princess of Wales.

Pray give my compliments to Lady W[——]d, if she is at Rome. She is always polite to me.

And now, having no amusement to offer you, I will only say that I am toujours your sincere friend,

C. P.

On being desired by Princess Charlotte to write some lines on the Portrait of her Husband.

IMPROMPTU.

The thoughtful brow, the warrior mien,
The look that speaks a soul serene;
The forehead's fine capacious bound,
With intellectual beauty crowned;
The pensiveness which seems to say
That deep-felt bliss is never gay:
Such is this image. May it be
For e'er as now, beloved by thee!

United may ye ever live
With all of joy that earth can give—
In soul, in thought, in spirit one;
And when this earthly race is run,
Translated to a higher sphere,
Improve the bliss you tasted here.

Letter from QUEEN CAROLINE *to the same, in reply to one addressed to her Majesty, congratulating her on the glorious termination of her trial.*

I assure you, my dear [——], no one's congratulations have been more welcome to me than yours. I do indeed feel thankful at having put my enemies to confusion, and received the justice my conduct and character deserve. Mais hélas, it comes too late, dear [——]. Her who would have rejoiced wid me at her moder's triumph is losset to me; but she is in a much better world dan de present, and we shall meet soon I trust, for to tell you de truth I cannot expect much comfort nowhere so long as I shall live. No one, in fact, care for me; and this business has been more cared for as a political affair, dan as de cause of a poor forlorn woman. Mais n'importe! I ought to be grateful; and I reflect on dese proceedings wid astonishment—car ils sont vraiment merveilleux. That I should have been saved out of the Philistines' hands is truly a miracle, considering de power of my enemies and deir chiefs, for noting was left undone dat could be done to destroy my character for evermore. I could tell you something—oh! mein Gott! some day I will—but I cannot write dem. I feel very unwell, fatigued, and ébayé; I wonder my head is not quite bewildered wid all I have suffered—and it is not over yet wid me. Dat cruel personage will never let me have peace so long as I stay in dis country: his rancune is boundless against me.

I was sure you woud rejoice at my glory, dear [——];

no one has been more true to me dan yourself at all times, and you have not wasted your interest on an ingrate I assure you.

Poor Joan of Arc has really proved herself true to de name I used to give her pour me moquer d'elle. She has staid wid me through it all, and God He knows dat was no small trial. Poor soul! I hope He will reward her for her courage.

Many people call on me now who never did before. The [——] is one of those who has made me l'amende honorable. I will not quarrel with their respect, though it is shown me rather late in de day, and when they cannot well help it.

I could prose for an hour to you, dear [——], but will spare your patience, and my own eyes and head, which are both aching.

So adieu, and believe me

Truly and affectionately yours,

CAROLINE.

LETTERS FROM THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE

LETTERS

Extract from a Letter of PRINCESS CHARLOTTE,*

Dated Weymouth, 19th August, 1815.

I CANNOT close this letter without returning my best acknowledgments for your condolence with, and inquiries after me, in consequence of the fall of my glorious (as well as much-loved) uncle. I bore it as, I trust, a Christian ought, bowing to the will of the all-wise Being; but it was a grievous circumstance—a dreadful, an irremediable loss to me, for the great possess few real friends. In him I had a warm and constant one, allied, too, by the closest ties of blood. I loved him with the fondest affection, and am confident he returned the sentiment. His death was so glorious—so completely what he always desired for himself—that if it was decreed he should so early in life quit this world, he would not close his career more gloriously or more worthy of a hero, as he was, and of that father and that blood he descended from.

Pardon me if I seem enthusiastic in my expressions; but I confess this is a topic which warms every feeling of my heart and mind. You knew him [a word illegible] impartially if I say too much in his favour. My health I do not think has suffered from this shock; but I have not been really well for some time past.

[An illegible line.]

I was much better for so doing last year, and trust I may derive equal benefit this; but I am still complaining, though I am not the least fanciful about my health;

*The original comments are retained.

that is a weakness I do not allow myself to indulge in, though there are some which cannot be avoided by the wisest. I less regret than I otherwise should do your remaining abroad, for two reasons: the first is [illegible]; secondly, there is at present so little chance, I may say none indeed, of our meeting, that it would only be tantalizing. Time, which is the sweet healer of all sorrows, has mitigated and softened down my previous afflictions and distresses to a gentle mild melancholy and resignation; but the recollection of them cannot be effaced. What was at first (as you sensibly remark) the aggravation of my sorrow is now my consolation.

I trust my mother continues well, and that she has not been very much shocked by the death of her brother. I hope she has got a letter. *I was permitted to write to her* on the sad event, &c.

(Signed) CHARLOTTE.

The above letter does great credit to the head and heart of the royal writer. Who would not have expected that such warm affections, such natural and pious reflections, must have ripened into a great and good character, had this young Princess lived to realize those expectations? but it pleased God to take her away, it may be, from the ills to come.

Another from Her Royal Highness to the same, dated Warwick House.

My dear Miss Mercer brought me word of your return to [——], dear [——], and I write to ask you to be so kind as to do me the favour of coming to see me any day this week, from one till five, when you will be sure to find me at home in my own sitting-room. I wish very much to have the pleasure of seeing you again, and I also wish you to look at and give me your opinion of a portrait

Hayter has been painting of me. It is reckoned like; but I do not feel flattered by it. Do not think me vain, and suppose I expect to be represented as a perfect beauty, because I am a Princess; but the fault I find with this picture is, that there is no *sentiment* in the expression,—it is quite a piece of still life, and rather cross-looking. I dare say I did look tired; for oh! it is very tiresome to sit for one's portrait. However, I ought to make allowances for the artist if he has failed, for I know I was a very bad sitter.

So pretty B. B[——] is married to Lord W. B[——]. I hope she will be happy, and I hear much good said of her husband. I could have wished her a richer one; but it is frequently not the best matches that turn out the happiest. Talking of matches, I hear I am to be married to the Prince of Orange; it is more than I know myself. If you see my mother, please to tell her so, with my love. Have the goodness to send me word what day you can call on me, and believe me

Yours, most truly,

(Signed) CHARLOTTE.

The portrait Her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte mentions in the above letter, is certainly the most faithful likeness ever taken of her; but the Princess was not a very good judge of the fine arts, nor indeed of the merit of a portrait as such, to judge by the specimens which she had hanging up in her apartments, and which she admired. I remember once observing a picture which I thought was intended to represent the Duke of D[evonshire], and upon my asking Miss K[night] whose portrait it was, that lady replied, with courtier-like prudence, that it was the picture of the Pretender. There was a comical aptness in the expression she made use of, to the real person whom, I believe, the picture represented, at which I could scarcely restrain smiling. Perhaps it

was the portrait of a Pretender in more senses than one.

Extract from another Letter from Her Royal Highness to the same.

Thank you, dear [——], for having permitted me to peruse my mother's letter to you, though, indeed, its contents have made me feel very uncomfortable. I wish with all my heart things could be altered, or, at least, that she could be persuaded to feel more at peace, and, above all, more confidence in those who really have her interests at heart. If I could see you I would *tell* you *why* I do not write to her; but I do not think it quite prudent to write all I feel upon this, to me, very painful circumstance.

I trust, Dr. [Holland?] will remain in the Princess's service, and am also led to hope that Lady C. C[ampbell] may join my mother again. I should feel much relieved by knowing that she had some English attendants with her in a foreign country. I *think* some of the others might have remained with her; but I am told they were all compelled, from circumstances in their own private affairs, to return to England. I think she would do well to secure Miss M[——] as a temporary attendant. She is trustworthy I believe; but you know my mother is not easily pleased.

I cannot help thinking it was unlucky she ever left England; yet I can fully enter into the motives she had for so doing, or rather the *feelings* which prompted her to seek change of scene.

I have said too much on this subject, dear [——]; pray forgive me for having prosed so long. Thank you for your inquiries after my health. I am not so well as I ought to be, for indeed I have *everything* to make me both perfectly well and perfectly happy, and these lesser evils sink before my greater blessings, and I hope to grow

stronger as the warm weather advances. The Prince desires me to say *something* kind from him to you; what shall that something be? I am no very ready scholar, so I will leave it to you to compose a pretty speech for him. All I can assure you of, and that with great sincerity, is, that my cara sposo and myself are very truly yours,

(Signed) C. P. S. C.

This letter is a pleasing proof of Princess Charlotte's affection for her mother, and affords ample grounds for believing that, had they mutually been spared, each would have derived comfort and protection from the other. In a very remarkable letter (though a brief one) given in the body of the Diary, Princess Charlotte laments her *inability* at that time to serve her mother, and there can be little doubt that, had she ever obtained the power to shield and succour the Princess of Wales, the will would not have been wanting. From all I ever heard or saw of Princess Charlotte's character, I can affirm that that which she proposed to do, she would have surmounted a world of difficulties to have performed; and I am certain that the passive conduct she displayed towards her mother only proceeded from a feeling of inability to take any useful or effective steps in her cause. There was both wisdom and propriety in the Princess's conduct during the whole of that most painful epoch, when she was placed in such a situation as not to be able to defend one of her parents, without blaming or appearing to reprobate the other. It is well known to several persons, however, what were Her Royal Highness's real feelings on the subject, and to which individual her heart inclined; there is no doubt she leant with fond partiality towards her mother, and that the chief reason of her having appeared so passive for many years, was that she had only waited a fit opportunity for supporting the Princess of Wales, and advocating her cause judiciously.

From the same to the same.

Dated *Friday*, CLAREMONT.

MY DEAR [——],—Having so very lately troubled you with a letter, I will not be guilty of indiscretion in plaguing you with another long one so soon. This is only a few lines, to hope you will be able to do us the favour and pleasure of coming to us next Thursday, and, should you not find it *too dull*, perhaps you would prolong your stay till Saturday. Our dinner hour being seven o clock, and our rule that of everybody's following their own habits as to hours, and doing that which is most agreeable and comfortable to themselves, in order to make them feel as much at home as possible, it is not *à façon de parler* to say that this is Liberty Hall, and that we are only too happy to dispense with form and ceremony.

I heard from my mother a few days ago; she had reached Geneva, and was much pleased with her reception there. I hope she will derive much benefit from her tour, *mais je ne sçais;* at all events, change of air must do her health good. It would require more than novelty of place and society, I fear, to do her spirits service. However, I hope time and Providence may yet have much happiness in store for her.

Adieu, my dear [——], and believe me yours, most sincerely and affectionately,

(Signed) C. P. S. C.

The great simplicity and unaffected style of the foregoing letters render them exceedingly interesting, as being the production of a royal personage. And they are a true index of the Princess's mind, which was, like them, true, natural, and kind. But Her Royal Highness mistook, when she promised her correspondent should find no form or ceremony at Claremont, for it was far otherwise, whatever the Princess might have wished on

that point. There was another person, whose will was paramount to hers, and who considered, and perhaps with justice, that it was not advisable to dispense with all observance of etiquette, and the circle was by no means without form and stiffness. It was remarked by persons who were present, that the Prince never quitted the Princess for a single moment when she was in company, and Her Royal Highness seldom, if ever, saw anybody alone after her marriage ; her husband was always present. and the chief favourite of the Princess Charlotte, Miss M, E[lphinstone], who was accustomed formerly to go straight to Her Royal Highness's private apartment, was always subsequently shown into the public reception rooms, and made to await there the announcement that *Their* Royal Highnesses were ready to receive her.

It was a singular fact, that the heiress apparent to the throne was not permitted to have an establishment in any degree suited to her rank, and that the Princess Charlotte had no regular attendants. Certainly, every means were taken to keep her in subjection, and there can be no doubt that the "rising sun" was an eye-sore to the Regent, more especially as it was the daughter of the Princess of Wales who was to be his successor. And both Princess Charlotte and her husband evinced much discretion and forbearance, in the dignified manner in which they avoided causing any tumult in the country, by attempting to enforce their rights, or asking for the dignities and privileges to which they had a claim.

ADDITIONAL LETTERS FROM SIR WILLIAM GELL, M. G. LEWIS, SISMONDI, &c.

LETTERS

Letter from M. G. Lewis.

Edinburgh, *February 14th.*

DEAR [——],—I received your letter at Inverary Castle, where I was too much occupied to write to any person, with the exception of my mother. I am now again upon the wing, and only intend to sojourn for a day or two in this northern capital, which is at present quite deserted, all the choice spirits having quitted it to seek green groves and rural sights. We had a very pleasant party at Inverary. Besides the family there were Tom Sheridan and pretty Mrs. G[——[and C[——]d, who were amusing us idlers with their tender glances at each other. Tom was in great force, and wrote verses without end. Knowing that you are curious in these matters, I transmit to you his "last" upon Lady [——], which, I think, will please you. This must be a very short epistle, as I am charged with commissions to execute for Lady [——] and Mrs. [——] and Miss [——]. I am in great request among the ladies, I beg to assure you, and also that I am ever faithfully yours,

M. G. Lewis.

P.S. I send you the verses written in Tom's own hand, so you may give the autograph copy, if it so please you, to your friend [——], who is collecting such matters.

T. Sheridan to Lady [——].

Mark'd you not how that morn, when all around
The drifting snow had blanch'd the shivering ground;
When zephyr's gentle call great nature heard,
How quick each struggling plant and shrub she rear'd;
Woke the mute grove, reviv'd the drooping flocks,
And shook the tempest from her verdant locks?

So when sad thoughts of joy for ever flown,
Or self-reproach for follies still my own,
Drives o'er my shrinking heart; and bitter truth
Chills the wild, thoughtless spirit of my youth;
Thy magic skill, with music's thrilling charm,
Dispels the storm; my trembling senses warm;
Bright hopes like springing flow'rets deck my way,
My breast is sunshine, and the world again runs gay.

Letter from M. G. Lewis, Esq.

My dear [——],—I should have answered your kind letter before now, but that I have been so gay I have not had a moment to spare to absent friends. There's an honest confession for you! Well, I will not waste my paper in composing appropriate excuses, but endeavour to be as amusing as I can. In the first place I must tell you that I have lived a great deal at Kensington, and that I am happy to say the Princess looks well, and appears in good spirits. People, of course, never talk of anything but Her Royal Highness's letter, and I fancy for all she will make of it she might as well have let it alone. Questionless she has been hardly used; but for all that, she does wrong to make herself the tool of a party, if it is by the Opposition she has been instigated to this measure. As for the letter itself, the first impression it gave me was its being too long. I would have imagined she must have composed it herself, though it may have been corrected by others; because it is so diffuse that

there is no mistaking it for a woman's writing. Amplification always diminishes interest and compassion, and if it had been condensed into one-fourth of its present length it would have made a greater effect on the public mind. I suppose it was to please Princess Charlotte that she wants her to be brought into public; otherwise she is young enough; besides, her wishes would rather retard than accelerate the event. The newspapers say the Princess of Wales has been communicative with Sir F. B[urdett]; which is very unwise; and also, they say, she has been dining twice with Lady Oxford. Now she ought in prudence to choose more decent company than the latter. Is it really true Her Royal Highness dined twice with Lady O[xford]? You ask me what the feeling is towards the Princess in Scotland. I can answer, decidedly favourable. It appeared to me when I was at Edinburgh that she had a strong party in her favour there, and that, generally speaking, all Scotch and virtuous hair stands on end when they hear her abused; but I fear me, if she associates with gay ladies, the good dames of Scotia will shake their heads, and not continue so partial to Her Royal Highness.

London is mad with gaiety. There are half a dozen parties to go to, at least, every night. There are a host of new beauties come forth to turn all our heads; but, for my part, I admire some of the older stagers infinitely more than the rosebuds. The sweetest, to my fancy, is Miss Rawdon, and she has wit, too, and sprightly humour. I wonder what coronet she will get to put upon her pretty head.

Lady Oxford's long fair hair is the most beautiful I ever beheld; she is like one of Guido's fair Magdalens—that is to say, in appearance: as to the inside, I don't believe there's much penitence there. But stop. I am growing ill-natured, which I know you can't bear, so I will conclude with giving you a receipt for making an

accomplished woman! which I beg you to deliver to [——], and ask him if, out of such ingredients, he could not make up a wife to suit his lordship's fastidious taste.

To form a fair one all complete,
Regard the following receipt:—
Take noble Devon's lovely face;
Take Marlborough's dignity and grace;
A grain of Lady Bridget's wit;*
The shape and elegance of Pitt; †
From Smyth take ev'ry polish'd art
That youth and genius can impart;
From Cath'rine ‡ take th' historic page;
From Pool what love will most assuage;
From Townshend's eye take Cupid's dart,
Make Lothian fix it in the heart.
What well will ev'ry care beguile
Must be collected from Carlisle;
From Pembroke's conduct lessons take
To mould and mend a noble rake;
Dawkins Hymen's torch shall lend;
From Langhorne learn to be a friend.
Minerva's talents take from Guise;
Take brilliancy from Clayton's eyes;
A little dash of Fitzroy's § spirit,
Craven's wish and Milford's merit;
Take Cranbourne's || lively wit and sense,
With fair Louisa's ¶ innocence.
Let Acheson the mind improve,
And Joddrel fan the flame of love.
Let Bulkley lend the wedding chain;
Ask Milner how a heart to gain.
From Baily learn a heart to keep,
And honey take from Beauchamp's lip.
Take softness from Carmarthen's **dame,
And Philps to crown the lover's fame.

* Lady Bridget Tollemache.
† Lady Rivers.
‡ Mrs. Macaulay.
§ Lady Southampton.
|| Lady Salisbury.
¶ Lady Shelburne.
** Lady Conyers.

Let Crespigny by magic powers
Fill up and smooth domestic hours.
Granby shall loves and graces spare,
And Hobart banish every care.
Let Vaughan conduct the marriage reins,
And Meynell ease a lover's pains.
Taste you will find in Derby's school;
Let Bampfield teach you how to rule;
And Thanet all that gladdens life,
In friend, in mistress, or in wife.

They are too long by half; but out of the quantity of ingredients surely [——] can make up a wife for himself.

Ever yours,

M. G. LEWIS.

From the same.

DEAR [——],—I have no great pleasure in writing in ladies' albums, but to please you, *anything* I can do I always will;—so to please your friend, for your sake, I send you the last productions of my muse. Poor thing, she's sadly out of order, and nearly worn out, as you will see by the specimens I send you herein enclosed; but it is the best I have to offer your friend, so she must either insert these lines into her album, or put them into the fire, which latter, I truly think, is all they deserve. The subject ought to have inspired me, but I am grown very stupid—as if I had ever been bright!—what a conceited creature *the monk* is, you will exclaim—so no more about self.

I hear it rumoured that Miss F[errie]r doth write novels, or is about writing one; I wish she would let such idle nonsense alone, for, however great a respect I may entertain for her talents (which I do), I tremble lest she should fail in this book-making; and as a rule, I have an aversion, a pity and contempt, for all female scribblers. The needle, not the pen, is the instrument they should handle

and the only one they ever use dexterously. I must except, however, their love-letters, which are sometimes full of pleasing conceits; but this is the only subject they should ever attempt to write about. Madame De Staël even I will not except from this general rule; she has done a plaguy deal of mischief, and no good, by meddling in literary matters, and I wish to heaven she would renounce pen, ink, and paper for evermore. Indeed I feel afraid she may get herself into some scrape, from which she will perhaps not save her head, if she does not take care. In a word, to make short of a long story, I hate a blue; give me a rose any day in preference, that is to say, a pretty woman to a learned one. What has made you inflict this long harangue upon me? you will exclaim, and I must beg your pardon for so doing; but the fact is, I am full of the subject, being at the present moment much enraged at Lady [——], for having come out in the shape of a novel; and now, hearing that Miss F[errier ?] is about to follow her bad example, I write in great perturbation of mind, and cannot think or speak of anything else.

Poor Princess A[melia], it is said, confessed her marriage to Colonel F[itzro]y before she died and furthermore that he treated her very cavalierly; the more the shame, for she was a sweet creature, so amiable and really pretty at one time.

Am I rightly informed, that the Princess of Wales has suddenly taken a great fancy for music, and certain professors thereof? I hope not. Do tell Lady [——] to give Her Royal Highness some good advice, though I know she never will; and perhaps she is right. But, if I were in her situation, I should feel too much interested to be able to withstand saving and serving a person I was attached to, even though I might risk the loss of a little of the royal favour. I feel certain I should not know how to be a courtier, yet I think I might be useful at a court;

though I would not for any sum be Master of the Horse, Chamberlain, or candle-snuffer to any royal person whatsoever. It is a great pity if things go wrong at Kensington; and if they once are ill arranged, it will be almost impossible to remedy the evil, or avert painful, nay, awful consequences. But I do not wish to be a prophet of evil, and all that I say proceeds from sincere regard for Her Royal Highness, whom I consider very ill treated.

I am summoned to Holland House to dinner, so must say adieu, and remain ever yours,

M. G. LEWIS.

Lines addressed to the Lady Sarah Bayly, by Mr. Lewis, on her desiring him to write some verses on her.

Dated RAMSBURY PARK, *January* 3, 18 .

Come, lute, let me wreathe thee with roses,
  Silver soft be the tune of each string,
For Sarah the subject proposes,
  And she's the sweet subject I sing.

What sound can I draw from my lyre,
  What theme can I pour in her ear,
Not too cold for her charms to inspire,
  Nor too warm for her virtue to hear?

Not praise,—for its strength might offend her,—
  Though the strongest would be but her due;
Not love,—for she'd think it too tender,—
  Not less, for it would not be true.

But, hark! from the chamber adjoining,
  The harp of Diana I hear;*
Thanks, Dian, my scruples designing,
  I'm bold now I know you so near.

Ah! when Cupid and Phœbus are turning
  Their influence into a curse;
When my bosom with passion is burning,
  And my brain is exalted by verse;

* Miss Bayly.

Lest the goddess of beauty should chide me,
It's well for the half-witted elf
That nought but a door should divide me
From the goddess of chastity's self.

Lines by M. G. Lewis on Lady Sarah Bayly having talked to him whilst playing at Chess with him, and having made him lose his Queen by so doing.

My ideas to confuse
Your tongue wherefore use?
Your eyes quite sufficient had been.
King George in my place,
While he gazed on your face,
Like *me*, had forgotten his Queen.

From the same.

Dated HOLLAND HOUSE, *October* 22.

MY DEAR [——],—I confess that I am sorry for the abandonment of your Lisbon plan, since I think it would have been beneficial to your health and spirits as far as change of scene, climate, and objects would have gone; but I believe, in every other respect, you would have found the present to be by no means a fit time for visiting Portugal with comfort. I have lately seen several officers who are just returned from that kingdom, and represent its state as being truly deplorable. The whole country is laid waste; every thing is exorbitantly dear; the natives are too much occupied by their own losses and alarms to show attention to strangers; the army consumes all the provisions, and Lisbon is represented as being almost on the brink of a famine. When to all this we add Portugal's being the seat of war, and the heavy loss in the exchange of money, I think you will allow that for the present, at least, your plan of visiting Lisbon is full as well postponed, like the second part of Dr. Drowsey's sermon, "till a more convenient opportunity."

I dined at Kensington Palace on Tuesday. Nobody was there except Dr. John Moore. I was sorry to find the Princess evidently in very low spirits. She told me, that she was to go to Blackheath as Sunday last—that she should remain there seven months, and (if I understood her right) that it was Her Royal Highness's intention to see nobody there, except for a short morning visit. Can you account for this long retreat of hers? It is to me quite inexplicable. Lady Glenbervie was in waiting, and as agreeable as she always is; that is saying everything in her praise. She spoke a great deal to me of our mutual friend Lady [——], and the interest which she takes in her welfare; above all, she charged me to impress upon Lady [——]'s mind how much better it would be for her to pass the winter at Brighton, than at [——]. Lady Glenbervie observed, that houses are not more expensive at the former place, than at the latter, while at [——] Lady [——] would be left quite in solitude, and at Brighton she would have an agreeable society, of which she might take as little or as much as she chose: Lady Glenbervie, moreover, declared herself ready to do everything in her power to make the place comfortable to our friend, and said that Lord G[lenbervie] would take any trouble off her hands which might require *masculine* interference; observing (I should think very truly), that it was always very uncomfortable and inconvenient for a woman to reside at a place where she has no male protector to take her part if it should be necessary to do so. By the by, she said incidentally, "I assure you I am quite anxious for Lady [——] coming to reside at Brighton; which is certainly very generous in me, for Lord Glenbervie admires her beyond any woman in the world." I set this down as a joke, but people have since assured me that she meant it quite seriously, for that she is really and truly extremely jealous of her caro sposo. Have you ever had any suspicion of this kind?—But to return to Brighton and Lady

Glenbervie. I replied to all she said (in which I think there was a great deal of reason) by saying Yes; but if the Regent goes there, it would be extremely unpleasant for Lady [——], as I have every reason to believe he would take no notice of her; for, notwithstanding that he pretended at first to take the intelligence of her having accepted the place of lady-in-waiting to the Princess of Wales with a good grace, I was assured he by no means liked the circumstance of so dignified and advantageous a person being about the Princess; and I have heard suspicions that he influenced Lady Sheffield to quit Her Royal Highness's service; but of this last circumstance I am not so well informed, and think it rather a far-fetched and improbable act of mischief. But I dare say the Regent did not feel pleased at Lady [——] filling the vacant situation, and I should be sorry she went to a place where she would be under his eye, and not noticed as she deserves to be. I must say, I think it is a most illiberal trait in him not to pay that attention due to the rank of the Princess's ladies, without reference to their being in her service. But such is not his idea of propriety, and for this reason I object to Lady [——] going to Brighton. I have always considered it a noble contrast in the Princess's character, the liberal manner in which she always forgives her acquaintances and friends for paying court to "the Great Mahomet," as she calls him; and I have particularly admired the total absence of all prejudice which she displays, by frequently being even partial to many of the Regent's cronies. Certainly, she has not the justice done her that is due to her merits. But who has, my dear [——], in this world?

I have lately been to my sister's new residence, which I approve of very much; the house is thoroughly comfortable, and the park is really beautiful; it formed part of Enfield Chase, is still quite wild, in the forest style, and contains some of the finest trees I ever beheld. I

think you will be pleased with the place, and flatter myself that, when you return to this part of the world, you will manage to pass some days there. Maria and Lushington will, I am certain be most happy to receive you. From my sister's I went to Lord Melbourne's and from thence to Oatlands, where I found the royal party well, and gracious to me, as they always are. By the way, the Duchess is very kind in her feelings about the Princess of Wales, but *hélas! à quoi bon?* in the world's opinion—though in my humble estimation, she is very good-hearted person, and has many virtues that others more esteemed do not possess.

I am now come to make a short stay at Holland House, where I find all going on *à l'ordinaire.*—I was sorry to learn that Lady [——] has not profited by Lady Mary Cook's death,* and that she has sent *her coals to Newcastle*, by leaving her riches to the Duchess of Buccleugh. I could, on hearing this intelligence, have sent Lady Mary to a place not proper to mention to "ears polite." I always thought her a detestable piece of buckram and pride, and am now quite convinced I was right.

I hear Clanronald has made his proposals and been accepted. He has been rather long of making them, but the Princess says this was right, for that it would not have been proper in him to have done so before, and that it would have been unfeeling in him to have proposed so soon after Mrs. G[——]'s death. I hope this is the proper reason, but I confess I do not understand it. While she was alive, his attachment to her might have made him waver as to marrying; but really, I cannot see, as things stand at present, how Mrs. G[——] can be any obstacle, or where there is any delicacy in the case.

Lord H[artingto]n is wooing Lady E[lizabet]h B[ingha]m. I do not envy him the lady, she is so full of conceits, and so busy at work for a great *partie.* The

* She died, very rich, on 30 Sept: 1811.

Lord help us! what a deal of trouble she takes. Somehow, I do not think she will win this great prize. Lord H[artington] may play with her as a cat does with a mouse, and let her ladyship go after all, which is often the fashion of these great men. Besides, there are more things than are dreamt of in our philosophy, and you know the story of that house, which, *if so* be it is true, would preclude any alliance.

I have no more to say at present, dear [——]. Indeed, I dare say you will think I have said too much by half, so here I stop, wishing you all possible felicity.

I remain, ever most truly yours,

M. G. LEWIS.

From the same.

LONDON, *Nov. 8th*, 4 in the Morning.

MY DEAR [——],—I have been on the point of writing to you for many months, but still delayed it, in the daily expectation of telling you positively, what I can now tell you very positively indeed—when I was to set out for Jamaica. My chaise is at the door, my baggage is on board, and in a few hours I shall have quitted England. Accept, therefore, my parting assurances of unimpaired friendship for yourself and [——] in the same breath. Be assured that time and distance have no effect upon my affections, and that as long as I am in existence you and yours will ever have, at least, one sincere friend in the world. God Almighty for ever bless you! and do not forget your sincerely attached

M. G. LEWIS.

P.S. Make my parting respects to the Princess of Wales when you see her, or write to her, and tell her that I have never forgotten the kindness with which she honoured me. If I do not find her in England on my return, I trust that in Italy I shall be more fortunate, and

in whatever part of it she may be, I shall not fail to pay my respects to her. My brother-in-law, Sir Henry Lushington, when he passed near Milan, inquired whether Her Royal Highness was at the Lago di Como, and if she had been there he would have gone over there purposely to inquire whether she had any commands for England. I hope Her Royal Highness will act prudently, and I also sincerely hope and pray all her enemies may be confounded. The pleasant evenings I have spent at Kensington, Her Royal Highness's hospitality, and the delightful assemblage of persons she had the good taste to congregate around her, will ever form the most agreeable reminiscences in my life.

Again farewell, and all happiness attend you.

Letter from SIR W. GELL.

MY DEAR [——],—I ought to make you many apologies for not having written long ago in answer to your last very charming letter; but I won't do so, and I'll tell you why. It is a bore to invent excuses, and a bore to read them. So now for it. If you please, I will dash at once into the most interesting topics I wish to discourse with you upon.

In reply to your kind inquiry about my health, I am happy to be able to tell you I never was more flourishing. Enough on that score. You ask me for news of the Princess. Her Royal Highness appears gay and well in health. I have dined frequently lately at Kensington, and the society has been most agreeable and "select," as the papers say. But when I tell you these parties were made up of the Lindsay, and *the* Berry, par excellence of all Berries in the world; Lady Oxford, who is lovely indeed to look upon; my Lord Byron; sometimes Sidney Smith from whom issues perpetual and dazzling sparks of the most brilliant wit; the grave Lord Henry; and,

though last not least, your humble servant; you can believe these parties must be super-excellent, reflecting on the superior qualities of each individual who has composed them. It is wrong in me to have omitted our royal hostess herself; for to "*us*" much of the gaiety and spirit of these entertainments is due. "*We*" are most irresistibly good-natured and droll, in despite of ourselves.

Oh the English! Oh the English! it is perfect. "Fie, fie, Mr. Gell, *dat* is a great shame, 'pon honour. You see *vat* it is to make one man one's friend who laugh at me when I do turn my back."

"I do hate Lord Henry, my dear [——]; to *tell you God's truth*, I cannot bear dat man." (Courtier)—"I agree with your Royal Highness." (*Aside*) "The Lord forgive you for *leeing*, for *leeing*," &c.

To return to the Kensington parties,—joking apart, they are the pleasantest arranged meetings in London. They only want one more ingredient to render them a non-pareil sans pareil mixture—that is *you*. And we must have you. The Princess promises to lay her commands upon you, and to summon you within reach of her royal cry. By the way, Lewis also is often at Kensington. He is desperately in love, comme à l'ordinaire, with Lady S[ara]h B[ayl]y. It is rare fun to see him looking sentimental, as you well know. C. S[——]e is going about making his observations on the world and his wife. He is a very sly gentleman, but can be pleasant when he chooses, and has not got the eye ache, or tooth ache, or some other ache; which happens but seldom, for he is always coddling himself. He is a great pet at D[——] house.

The Princess is very busy trying to make up a marriage for Joan of Arc with some one; any one *voud* do. "Oh! mein Gott, she has de eyes of Argus, and do pry into my most secret thoughts; 'pon honour, I wonder sometimes

how she guess what I tink. 'Tis a great plague to have dis dragonne de Virtue always attending me partout, partout. I must find her a husband to deliver me of her. Mais qui voudrois l'entreprendre?" And then Her Royal Highness looks very significantly at me, as if she thought I should have the courage necessary to conquering this "*Amazon.*" I leave that boast to a more fortunate, or unfortunate man. Meanwhile the lady in question, it would seem to me, makes les yeux doux to Lord B[——].

Now for some scandal, say you. I hasten to obey, and readily open my knapsack, but, alas! it is scantily replenished.

No. 1.—*An ill-natured Story.*

A gentleman passing along Piccadilly saw a crowd of people at Sir W. Hamilton's door, where they were putting the coffin into the hearse; but seeing everybody looking up at the window, he looked also, and there was to be seen Lady H[amilto]n in all the *wildness of her grief.* Some said her attitudes were fine; others that they were affected; others that they were natural. At last, as the gentleman was leaving this motley group, some of whom were crying and others laughing, he heard a child go up to its mamma, and say, "Ma, mamma, don't cry, pray don't cry, for they say as how it's all *sham.*"

No. 2.—*Another of the same sort.*

A gentleman went to call upon Lady H[amilton], who had not seen her since Sir W[illiam]'s death. On entering the room she burst into a flood of tears and cried out, "Ah! he's gone!" The gentleman made some remark upon the occasion, and she repeated, "*Ah! he's gone*—at four o'clock this morning." At this the gentleman

stared, knowing Sir W[illiam] had been dead more than a month; when he discovered that "he's gone!" alluded to Lord Nelson, who was that morning gone to his ship. Being a great friend of Sir W[illiam]'s, the gentleman felt provoked and hurt, and left the room without attempting to give her any consolation.

No. 3.—*The irresistible Duchess.*

Her Grace was driving about the streets in search of a house, when all of a sudden she exclaimed, "I've got one!" and desired the coachman to drive to Lord Fife's. My Lord was *not at home;* but she made her way up stairs and found him at a late breakfast.

"My Lord, you were in love with me five-and-twenty years ago, and I am now come to ask a favour of you."

"Ma'am, I admit the fact; but as I cannot boast of any favour your Grace bestowed upon me, I don't see what claim you derive from that circumstance."

"My Lord, it matters not; I have a favour to ask, nor shall I stir from this chair till it is granted."

She then asked for Lord Fife's house. In vain he remonstrated, and gave her a great many reasons why it could not be. Nevertheless, he was out of it in a week, and her Grace in full possession. Nor has she lost any time in opening it—balls, petit soupers, &c. But what improves the story much is, what I dare say you know, that the two families have been at *daggers drawn* for these fifteen years on account of politics.

No. 4.

The same lady, when attending upon Lady Louisa Broome, in her lying-in, turned round to the doctor:—"Remember, Sir, I engage you for this time twelve-month. My Georgie is just going to be married—mind you are engaged to her."

LADY HAMILTON AS A SIBYL
From an engraving after a painting by Madame Lebrun

No. 5.

Having married all her daughters, she says now she must set about marrying herself to her old Duke again.

Marriages as is to be—Interest leads to the altar.

Lady Georgiana G[ordon] with the Duke of B[edford].
Miss Legge with Mr. Dutton (Lord Sherborne).
Miss Curzon with Mr. Cholmondeley.
Miss Clement with Mr. Milner.
Miss Blackburn with Mr. Leigh.
Lady Mary Paget with Lord Graves.
Lady Caroline Paget with Lord Inniskillen.
Mrs. Bradshaw with Sir H. Peyton.
Miss L. Crofton with Col. Maitland, who was so much in love with Miss Thurlowe.

This is all the London news I can send you, which is but little. It must suffice you for the present, however, and for the time being I will say adieu.

Believe me always your faithful
"BLUE BEARD."

(Such is the name lately given me by Her Royal Highness, the Lord knows why), alias H. Englefield, Anacharsis, Adonis, John Julius Angerstein, W. Gell, &c., &c.

From MRS. [——] *to* [——].

MY DEAR [——],—Since you have determined upon this step, I will say no more to dissuade you therefrom except that I sincerely hope it may be productive of pleasure and advantage to you in every way. You quite mistook my sentiments if you suppose that I meant to express any personal dislike or disapprobation towards the Princess of Wales: it was entirely worldly considerations

that made me advise you to reflect well before you placed yourself in a situation which must, from the nature of things, be one of dangers and difficulties; and certainly, whoever embraces the service of the Princess of Wales, as matters now stand between her and the Prince, place themselves (or at least run a great risk of doing so) for ever out of the pale of his favour. Now, as he is the person in whom all power and authority will be vested, in a worldly point of view, it is his countenance that is alone worth seeking. *Au reste*, I believe the Princess to be exceedingly amiable—a true and zealous friend to all those whom she once takes *en amitié;* and is moreover an excessively agreeable companion, full of natural talent, and combines in a surprising manner the dignity of her position with an unaffected and natural ease very rarely seen in a Princess. It is, indeed, only fair to add, that she makes it a point to draw about her all the clever and agreeable persons she can; and that, particularly in a *royalty*, is no small merit. There are no courtiers or parasites in the society at Kensington; it is chosen with great discrimination and impartiality, from all that is most distinguished in rank and talent, and, above all, *agrément* is the greatest attraction a person can have for Her Royal Highness. You have hitherto been no *politician*, but you must become one, for the Princess will call upon you in that way. She is now *flaming* against the present Ministers, and inviting to the palace all she can collect of the Opposition. You will have a great advantage in this circumstance, as no one can deny that they are, with some few exceptions, a more agreeable body of people *en masse* than the principal heads of the Tory party.

You ask me to tell you something of the individuals who form the Princess of Wales's household, and if they are persons of amiable and agreeable qualities. I can give you a most satisfactory reply to this inquiry. They

are all known to me personally, some more and some less; but, through others of my friends who are intimate with several of them, I am able to say that I feel sure you will find them all particularly honourable and superior persons. Of Lady C[harlotte] L[indsa]y's wit, and proverbial good humour and kindness of heart, you must be well acquainted; her sister, also, though less brilliant, is fully as amiable. Miss G[ar]th is a very estimable character, simple-minded, and very downright in all she says, and little suited to a Court, except from her high principles and admirable caution, which indeed render her a safe and desirable attendant upon royalty. Miss Hayman is shrewd and sensible; she has strong sense and good judgment; she plays well on the piano-forte, and understands the science of music, and has very agreeable manners, though not polished ones. All these persons are totally different from the common-place run of character, and the Princess's selection of such persons does her infinite credit, as they are of a very different quality from those who generally occupy places at a Court.

Amongst the visitors at Kensington you will frequently see Messrs. Rogers, Luttrell, Ward, and a host of brilliant spirits; so that I think I may with safety predict for you a pleasant life at the palace. I have only one piece of advice to give you; it is, not to receive *any* confidences. Be firm, and decline being made the repository of any secrets. This course is the only one that can ensure your own safety and comfort. I will also tell you an anecdote related to me by one of the ladies in Her Royal Highness's service:—Upon one occasion, the Princess wished to visit a person whom Lady [——] knew it was not wise for her to frequent, and she ventured to express her opinion upon the subject to the Princess, upon which the latter was much displeased, and said there was nothing she so much disliked and *despised* as advice. Lady [——] never repeated the dose, as you may suppose;

and I have told you this circumstance to put you on your guard, that you may not incur the same rebuke.

I have now informed you of all I know respecting the Princess and her *entourage*, so I will conclude, begging you to believe me, &c.

[——]

From the same.

MY DEAR [——],—The Duchess of Brunswick is dead. Doubtless you are aware of the event; but I write to say that I would recommend your sending to inquire after the Princess of Wales, for, poor soul! she is much vexed at the carelessness of all the royal family, in never having condoled with her on the occasion; and also many private persons, who ought to have paid Her Royal Highness this respect and attention, have neglected to do so, and she has, I know, been much hurt, and complained to Miss H[ayma]n that the manner in which she was treated was most unkind. I would not have you negligent towards Her Royal Highness; and knowing, as you do, that, in fact, this event will not render the Princess long or exceedingly unhappy, I thought you would perhaps not consider it worth while to *write* on the occasion, whereas I am certain it would pain Her Royal Highness if you did not do so. Miss H[ayman] told me she was much affected on first hearing of the Duchess's death; which I can believe; for although her mother's habits and tastes did not suit the Princess, and she disliked the dulness of her house and society, the Princess is too good-hearted not to regret the death of so near a relative; and she most touchingly observed to Miss H[ayman], "There is no one alive now who cares for me except my daughter, and her they will not suffer to love me as she ought or is inclined to do."

The Princess also said: "True, my moder behave ill to me several times, and did eat humble pie to the

Queen and the Prince; yet she only did so from cowardice; she was grown old, and was soon *terrified*, but she love me for all that."

This remark was perfectly just, and in fact I know, from many conversations I had with the Duchess of Brunswick, that such was the case. I hear that the little property she was able to leave she has bequeathed to the Princess of Wales. I am glad to hear it, for I fancy the latter is much in need of a little pecuniary assistance, and every *mickle makes a muckle*, as the Scotch saying is. I hope poor Mr. H[——], however, will not risk his own interests by serving the Princess, and forwarding Her Royal Highness much more money, for I do not think he would stand a good chance of getting paid if anything befell Her Royal Highness.

I dined at Kensington about three weeks ago. There were Lord and Lady C[——]t, and Mr. Ward, Mr. Luttrell, Lord Byron, and Lady Oxford, and the party was exceedingly agreeable. I never saw any person, not royal or royal, who understood so well how to perform the honours at their own table as the Princess: she does it admirably, and makes more of her guests than any one else ever did. Lady C[——] is beautiful, and is so gentle, and seems to wish so much to improve herself, that she is quite interesting. I went to see her picture the other day, painted by Lawrence: I should never have known it was intended for her, it is so little like; but it is a lovely picture—I think one of his best. I saw poor Lady Maria H[——]n yesterday at A[——] House. She was quite overcome at seeing me, and scarcely could speak. She is grown thin with anxiety, and the scene of woe which she constantly witnesses in her sister's dying state has quite softened the asperity of her manners. From that melancholy visit I also went to another, where I witnessed more gloom: it was at Mrs. Nugent's; but I only saw her daughter, for she herself is too ill to see any one. Miss

[——] appears clever, and has something remarkable in her appearance and manners; but whether 'tis for good or bad I cannot say. Her poor mother has been cruelly treated, I think, by the Duke of C[——]; yet what right had she to expect any other result to her own folly? I met at the Duchess of Leinster's, some days since, a daughter of the Lord Edward Fitzgerald's, a girl of about fifteen years of age, with a most beautiful countenance, and a captivating manner and voice, which added to the interest one felt in looking at *her* father's child. Your friend Mrs. C. L[——]k is grown into an old woman. Her countenance is all hard lines upon an orange ground. I met her at the Duchess of Leinster's, and she inquired much after you, as also did Lady W. G[——]n, whom I found as usual, *simmering*, as she calls it, in a high-backed old chair, which she told me was Mr. George Selwyn's, of witty memory. I do not like the arrangement of her house in the Park which looks so pretty outside. Lady W[——] talked in a strange manner upon strange subjects. I do not like speaking of religious matters, and mixing such sacred topics with the common-place and frivolous conversation of the day; but Lady W[——] is very eloquent and very clever in all her remarks, and it is exceedingly amusing to hear her set forth all her curious thoughts. How very different a character hers is from her sister, Lady H[——]! Who could suppose them related so nearly to one another.

I am interrupted, and so compelled par force to bid you adieu, my dear [——], which I ought to have done before now, as I fear you will be tired of this long letter.

Believe me, yours, &c.

[——]

From the same.

I was commanded, dear [——], by the Princess of Wales (with whom I had the honour of dining last night) to ask

you to return to Her Royal Highness some books she lent you; and I take this opportunity, therefore, to add a few lines to inquire after all that interests you, and to tell you a little about myself. In the first place, I must speak of the party I was at last evening at Kensington, which consisted of Mr. Arbuthnot, Lord Palmerston, Lady C. L[indsay], Mr. Gell, and Lewis. To use the Princess's own words, "dey all do their little possible to be agreeable;" and, as you are well acquainted with them, you can judge how pleasantly the party went off. Lord Palmerston pays the Princess great court: he is not a man to despise any person or thing by which he can hope to gain power; he has set his heart thereon, and most likely he will succeed in his ambition, like all those who fix their minds steadily to the pursuit of one object; though, except a pleasing address, it does not appear to me that he has any great claim to distinction. There is one strange circumstance connected with him, namely, that, though he is suave and pleasant in his manners, he is unpopular. I wonder what is the reason. The Princess is not, I believe, really partial to him, but she is aware that his countenance is of some weight and advantage to her, and she is right to conciliate his favour.

I was very sorry to see the Princess of Wales in low spirits, and to hear her allude several times to leaving England, saying, she had no comfort or happiness in this country. She laughed very much in relating to us Lady A[——]'s advice, which was that she should reside at Brunswick, "where Lady A[——] told me I should still be under de pertection of de English. Mein Gott! I would sooner be buried alive dan live there; it is de dullest place in de world; full of noting but old German spinsters and professors of colleges. No, no, when I leave England, it will be to see all dat is best worth seeing on de continent. I go to amuse myself, else I might stay in Connaught Place." I could not help thinking that perhaps this was

not a wise strain of conversation to hold before Lord Palmerston; but you know it is in vain to annoy one's self with thinking of the consequences of what the Princess says, as nothing ever prevents her saying what comes into her royal head at the moment. We all with one accord agreed in expressing our regrets at Her Royal Highness's intended departure, and assured her that we did not think she would like the continent as a residence; to which she replied, "Ah, my dear friends, 'tis all very polite in you to say you wish me to remain in England, mais! you do not know all I suffer here; and, as to yourselves, you will soon forget me and my dullefications; no, dere is notings to keep me in dis country, and I go." I was very near saying, Good heavens! Madam, and the Princess Charlotte, is she no tie to you to remain in England? but fortunately I restrained the expression of my thoughts; and after a pause, which every one present appeared to feel awkward, we spoke of indifferent subjects, and became very merry,—which a good supper contributed to in no small degree. I forgot to mention that I think the rudeness and total neglect of all these foreign potentates towards the Princess has very much vexed and mortified her: and no wonder. I marvel at the Regent's being able to keep up such a perpetual system of unkindness and malignity against the Princess. I can understand great wrath for a time, but not retaining such a constant ill-will towards a person who after all has never done anything to deserve such treatment.

I was very angry at Madame de Stael also for her subserviency to the Regent's will; it was beneath one so great, and I had believed so amiable. But she did not so consider the matter, and she gained the reward of her courtliness, for the Regent paid her every attention. I like her daughter very much, and fear that Madame de Stael's views of forming an alliance for her with an English noble are not likely to be realized, and that if they were,

it is exceedingly doubtful that they would be productive of happiness to any of the parties.

And now I must say, adieu.

Dear [——], believe me, yours, &c.

From MR. [——] *to* [——].

MY DEAR [——],—I am just returned from the drawing-room held in honour of Princess Charlotte's marriage; it was exceedingly brilliant, and Her Majesty was most gracious to myself and Lady [——]; but the Regent turned his back upon the latter, took no notice of her, and pretended to be busy talking with some other person. This conduct was at variance with His Royal Highness's proverbial courtesy and good breeding, and in my opinion was also worse even than a breach of the civility due to a lady, and one who in every way is so deserving of respect; for it betrayed a spirit of meanness and anger at her for having been in the service of the Princess of Wales, of which I should have thought him incapable. But so it was, and I could not help recurring to the assurances he had made to Lady [——]'s friends, when he was first informed of her being about to enter the Princess of Wales's service, that he never should in any way resent her doing so, but that he was well aware that circumstances in some degree compelled the lady in question to avail herself of the offer. How much his conduct yesterday was at variance with this kind and generous manner of expressing himself at the time to which I allude! Certainly, with regard to any matters connected with the Princess of Wales, the Regent cannot command his feelings, and, like murder, they will out, in despite of his usual urbanity and caution.

Lady [——] was not in the least annoyed by this circumstance. Most other persons would have been so, but she was not at all flurried by the Regent's unpolite reception of

her, and on my remarking how surprised I was at her composure, she made me a reply, which no less surprised than it pleased me,—"La raison est tout simple," said she, "I did not feel to blame in any way, and therefore I was not put to confusion by the Prince Regent's rudeness, feeling conscious that I did not deserve to be so received. I was spared all the awkwardness I must have experienced had I been guilty of anything that could have given His Royal Highness a right to treat me in such an uncivil manner."

The said drawing-room was, as you are aware, held in Buckingham House. Princess Charlotte stood apart from the royal circle, in a window, with her back to the light; she was deadly pale, and did not look well. It struck me that the expression of pleasure on her countenance was forced. Prince Leopold was looking about him with a keen glance of inquiry, as if he would like to know in what light people regarded him. The Queen either was, or pretended to be, in the highest possible spirits, and was very gracious to everybody, including Lady [——]. All the time I was in that courtly scene, and especially as I looked at Princess Charlotte, I could not help thinking of the Princess of Wales, and feeling very sorry and very angry at her cruel fate. True, between friends, she has often been much to blame for folly and imprudence; but, when we consider of how tenfold more acts of a reprehensible nature her accusers have been guilty, it is impossible not to feel indignant at the injustice of her being put down from her proper sphere, when others equally, if not more blamable, are suffered to remain in the full possession of all their honours. Surely, such a state of things will not be allowed to go on long; some more just spirit will arise, and ask for redress for this poor Princess. I shall be happy when I hear that some able person brings the subject boldly forward to public notice; at the same time that I fear it will be the means of making a great commotion in the

country, and wiser heads than mine predict the possibility of this subject producing a civil war, if not most dexterously managed by the reigning powers. Then, again, I am told that the Princess will inevitably commit some enormous act of folly, that will ruin her cause; and that, besides the heedless recklessness of her own disposition, every possible means will be taken to make her say or do something which will enable the Regent to set her aside, and for ever sink her into insignificance, if not disgrace. I can scarcely believe these reports, yet they are circulated by many sensible and dispassionate persons, who are neither violently for nor against either party. Alas! every one's own experience more than suffices to prove to them that "*les plus fort ont toujours raison*" in this world; yet I would fain hope that this oppressed lady (for that she certainly is) may be restored to her rightful position in society. Nay, I am certain the country would never permit her, if only as Princess Charlotte's mother, to be crushed and defamed, without a proper examination of the justice of the condemnation.

I dare say Princess Charlotte was thinking of the Princess of Wales when she stood in the gay scene of to-day's drawing-room, and that the remembrance of her mother, excluded from all her rights and privileges in a foreign country, and left almost without any attendants, made her feel very melancholy. I never can understand how Queen Charlotte dared refuse to receive the Princess of Wales at the public drawing-room, any more than she would any other lady, of whom nothing had been publicly proved against her character. Of one thing there can be no doubt,—the Queen is the slave of the Regent.

I must say adieu, and believe me, &c.

From MONSIEUR SISMONDI.

PARIS, RUE GRENELLE ST. GERMAIN, No. 26, *Lundi.*

CHERE [——],—C'est à Paris que votre gentille lettre m'est parvenue. J'y ai vu avec joie que vous ne m'aviez point oublié, que vous mettiez encore quelque prix à mon vif attachement, et que vous sentiriez du plaisir à notre réunion, mais en même tems j'ai vu cette réunion renvoyée bien loin. Hélas, elle est devenue bien problématique. Vous me donnez vos visions prophétiques *on my future fame and future fortune*, et puis vous me plaisante comme si je croyois déjà tenir en partie cet avenir brillant que vous me promettez. Hélas, je suis bien éloigné d'avoir tant de prétension. J'ai tracé autour de moi le petit cercle que je parcourerai ; je mesure assez bien tout ce que je puis jamais obtenir de réputation, et le très modique fortune qui y sera jamais jointe, et il ne faut point pour cela, je vous assure, aspire à des hauteurs propre à tourner la tête. Mais la partie de ce rêve la plus agréable pour moi c'est la facilité qu'il m'a donné de voir et de connoître des gens que je suis heureux d'aimer ; c'est un profit bien réel dû aux lettres, qui m'ont introduit auprès de vous et votre bienveillance. C'est encore à elle que je dois ce point de vue d'où je jouis à mon aise d'observer ici la société. C'est une chose très-curieuse que la marche de l'opinion en deux sens diamétralement oppose les progrès journaliers que font les idées libérales dans le peuple, le retours toujours plus impudent des courtisans aux anciens usages, aux anciens absurdes préjugées. Tous les émigrés, tous les royalistes, tous ceux qui par vanité ou par intérêt veulent être confondu avec les unes ou les autres, ne regardent la restauration que comme le commencement de la contre-révolution. Ils y travaillent dès lors avec zèle ; chaque jour ils font un pas pour opprimer quelque forme libérale, pour écarter quelque personne qui ne leur soit pas dévoué. Le Roi

s'est tiré, au commencement, de la grande difficulté de règne avec les instrumens mêmé du gouvernement qu'il venoit de détruire ; mais dans ces six mois il a déjà trouvé moyen de récompenser à sa guise une grande partie des état-majors, l'armée des préfecteurs, et de toute l'administration civile et judiciaire. Ces messieurs sont beaucoup plus dans ses mains qu'ils n'étoient alors, les marins lui ont beaucoup près échappé, et l'arm eéde la peuple ont oublié les malheurs de la guerre pour ne se souvenir que de sa gloire. Le rentrée des émigrés dans tous les cadrens de l'armée, dans toutes les places lucratives et honorables, blessoit déjà les sentimens nationaux ; l'insolence qu'il y ont déployée les blesse davantage encore, toute irritation, toute animosité contre les prêtres et la noblesse, avoient complètement cessé sous le gouvernement précèdent ; on reprenoit pour eux une disposition aux égards que la commisération pour des long malheurs rendroit plus délicate. Aujourdhui on ne voit plus en eux que personnalité, arrogance, fausseté, et bassesse ; le peuple, à la haine qui éclata contre eux au commencement de la révolution, a joint le mépris, et une réaction violente deviendra inévitablement la conséquence d'une irritation si générale, d'une fermentation qui s'est étendue de la capitale dans toutes les provinces. Il est difficile au reste de savoir à quand sont ajournés les scènes nouvelles de désordre et de malheur.

Votre Princesse dè Galle v'a-t-elle en Grèce ? On dit qu'elle ne se conduit pas à Como avec une grande prudence. Il est vrai que la prudence qu'on lui demande c'est de ménager des sentimens qu'elle ne partage point, et qui ne sont peut-être pas les meilleurs. L'accusation contre notre amie,* qu'on taxe aussi d'imprudence, étoit d'avoir répondue par une lettre de simple remerciement à des offres de Murat. Elle le nie expressément ; quand

* Madame de Staël.

il seroit vraie, il n'y auroit pas eu grand mal; la chose est au reste absoluement oubliée. Notre amie a aujourd'hui la promesse positive du payement de ses deux millions. Elle marie sa fille au Duc de Broglie, homme de beaucoup d'esprit, d'excellens principes, âgé de vingt-neuf ans, d'une jolie figure, mais qui à très peu de fortune: le mariage se fera au mois d'Avril. Albertine en paroît fort heureuse.

Je viens de voir arrivé hier ici une autre belle épousée, Lady Elizabeth Bingham, avec son père Lord Lucan; ils vont rejoindre à Londres Monsieur Vernon *: les deux autres filles sont restées à Florence sous la garde de Lady William Bentinck, &c. &c.

Extract.

From the same to the same.

Sir James Mackintosh arriva hier, avec sa belle Babylonienne, qu'il avoit rencontrée à Bâle; mais il repartit dès le surlendemain. Cette jeune femme, qui a traversé à cheval toute l'Assyrie, l'Arménie, l'Asie Mineure; qui, ne voyageant qu'avec des hommes, étoit elle-même habillé en *Warrior* Tartare; dévroit faire peur, avec de sabres et de pistolets, à ceux qui auroient osé l'approcher. Elle est cependant jolie, délicate, et légère, quoiqu'elle ait à la joue une cicatrice qui ne ressemble pas mal au coup d'une arme à feu. Sa conversation étoit piquante, et on auroit été tenté de lui faire la cour, comme à toute autre jolie femme, quand le voyage qu'elle achève à peine, et qu'elle va recommencer, ne l'auroit pas rendue une être extraordinaire. Mais elle ne fait que passer.

Vous aurez auprès de vous avant ma lettre les Glenbervies, qui vous diront combien ils ont eu de prévenance pour moi. Lord Lucan, Lord Binning, &c., sont partie. Monsieur Macdonald part ce matin. Lord Rancliffe

* They were married in May 1815.

fait le tour du lac. Il ne reste plus enfin que les Butes, que je n'ai point vue, et les Conyngnams. Celles des sociétés de Genève qui m'est agréable, et que vous n'avez guère pu voir parcequ'elles étoient toute dispersee dans les campagnes, ne rentrerons pas de deux mois à la ville ; le reste de celles que vous avez vue sont trop décolorés une fois que vous n'y êtes plus. Il faut donc par nécessité se faire d'autres délassemens, se jeter dans la politique, et celle de notre petite ville, animée par un si petit esprit, a bien peu d'attrait. Notre grand conseil, notre Parlement, a recommencé sa session au milieu de la semaine, mais il est encore perdu dans les formes ; il n'a eu que des élections à faire ; personne n'a ouvert la bouche, et nous ne pourrons point encore préjuge quelle sera cette éloquence Genevoise, dont il doit devenir l'école.

De dehors, j'ai de bonnes nouvelles sur la parfaite sûreté des routes d'Italie ; le plupart des contes de voleurs, dont on nous avoit entretenus, paroissent n'avoir aucune fondement. J'ai aussi une lettre de Madame de Staël, dont le fils qu'on disoit parti ne partira point pour la Suède avant le fin du mois. Elle est triste, et cependant rien ne va mal pour elle ; mais il est difficile qu'aucune lettre qu'on écrit ne fasse faire des retours mélancoliques sur soi-même ; on se livre au mouvement du monde tant qu'on est animé par la conversation, mais on retrouve toute ses amères pensées quand on est seul, et quand on rend compte de soi-même à un ami.

Voilà toute notre Gazette ; vous voyez comme elle est peu variée, mais je vous la donne pour vous engager à me donner la vôtre, &c. &c. &c.

Extract.

From the same to the same.

Toute ma société Britannique est partie. Je l'ai trop aimée pour prendre beaucoup de goût à celle qui leur

succède, et j'en suis reduit à faire dommage à notre petit conseil de tout ce qui me reste d'amour ou d'humeur. La politique est devenue mon pis aller. J'ai reçu une lettre de Monsieur Camille Jourdain, qui, par ses regrets de ne vous avoir point vu, augmente les miens. Monsieur Jourdain s'intéresse pour ma brochure des nègres; en général elle paroît avoir du succès, et Monsieur Wilberforce m'a écrit à cette occasion de la manière la plus flatteuse, en m'envoyant une de ses dernières ouvrages. Mais d'autre part, j'ai reçu la plus impertinente lettre d'une dame de Lausanne que jamais femme s'est permis d'écrire à une homme. C'est une bigotte qui, dit-elle, a été ruinée par la révolution de St. Dominique; qui regard les amis des noirs comme les ennemies des blancs, et les auteurs de tous les massacres, et qui m'accusoit volontiers d'être Athée et Antropophage, pour avoir écrit une brochure qu'elle m'a renvoyé. Je ne m'attendois pas à ce qu'on soutien d'un ton si haut la cause de la férocité.

Vous faisez sur quelques rapports bien de l'honneur à Lyon, de vous rappeler de Londres à cause des mouvemens de ses rues; il me semble qu'on s'y sent terriblement dans une ville de province, dans une ville marchande, où l'on ne suppose pas même qu'il dût y trouver une bonne société; mais en revanche quelle situation admirable, et si les provinces du midi avoient dû avoir une capitale, quelle ville mieux placée pour l'être que Lyon! Vous n'avez probablement rien pu voir de ces bords de la Seine, qui sont d'une si admirable beauté, ni de ce vieux fauxbourg de Veze, quelquefois si pittoresque. Moi aussi je dis souvent que j'aurois aimé faire ce voyage avec vous. Vous aimez admirer, et moi j'aime ceux qui admirent, et j'aurois eu plus d'objets à admirer que vous. A présent vous êtes dans un pays que je ne connois point, mais que je crois ressembler très fort à notre Toscane. Toute cette rivière de Gêne est de même

nature, et le revers de l'Appenin, plantés d'oliviers, entremêlés de champs et de vignes, des villages plantés à la cime des montagnes ou au bord de la mer—ces terraces les unes au dessus des autres—forment des objets toujours variées, mais pourtant tous de la même famille. Il me semble donc que je me représente fort bien le pays où vous êtes ; je voudrois que mon imagination vous peignoit aussi bien vous-même à mes yeux ; mais à cet égard je ne me contente pas—il s'en faut beaucoup. Depuis ma lettre commencée j'en ai reçu une d'Albertine de Staël, qui me dit que sa mère n'est pas très-bien de santé, et que quoique sa maison soit très brillante, elle semble ne plus trouver de grandes jouissances dans la société. Je suis réellement bien inquiet du bonheur futur de Madame de Staël ; elle s'est livrée à chacun de ses goûts avec tant de vivacité qu'elle a épuisé tout ce qu'ils pourroit lui donner de jouissances. Pendant bien des années le bonheur suprême étoit pour elle de rentrer à Paris ; depuis qu'elle y est rentrée elle s'est tristement apperçue que ce bonheur suprême ne ce trouve pas, et cependant elle n'a point appris à s'en passer. Le portrait que ne fait Albertine de votre Lord Wellington ne me séduit point ; il paroit cependant qu'il a pris beaucoup d'attachement pour sa mère, et qu'il est très frequemment chez elle. Il n'y a rien de nouveau ni sur leurs affaires d'argent ni sur aucun projet de mariage.

Sûrement il est sage et convenable d'aller à Paris cet hiver. Comme je l'avois comté, j'y terminerai et j'y imprimerai mon livre, j'y trouverai bien aussi des amis et du plaisir ; mais je ne me reprocherai pas à moi-même d'avoir laisser et le soin de mon bien et celui des affaires publiques uniquement pour satisfaire mes goûts ; j'aurois un prétexte avec moi-même, et c'est presque aussi important que d'en avoir avec les autres : c'est précisément dans un mois que je compte partir. Notre session de corps législatif ne sera pas terminée, mais comme

je m'y trouve constamment dans la minorité, ce cera avoir assez long temps soutenu la lutte. Cette école pour parler en public a été fort nouvelle pour moi, et à tout prendre, fort agréable. Je ne savois point si je pourrois m'en tirer ; je m'attendis à être interdit—à ne pouvoir pas mettre une phrase après l'autre ;—mais je sçait cependant que je me forme, et il y a presque autant de plaisir à parler dans notre république Liliputienne que dans le Parlement Britannique, puisque les questions que nous débattons,—l'établisement d'une troupe soldât, les impôts, l'institution de l'ordre judiciaire, le code pénal,—sont pour chaque citoyen d'un intérêt parfaitement égal que. * * *

Je regrette seulement quelquefois que personne ne nous entende. Entre autres des vieux préjugés de nos magistrats que nous attaquerons, j'espère que nous parviendrons à les dégoûter de la ridicule fermeture de nos portes. Je vais essayer de vous envoyer par la poste une nouvelle brochure que je viens de publier sur les nègres ; elle est jointe à une troisième édition de celle que vous connoissez, mais Dieu sait si elle vous parviendra. Conservez-moi votre amitié, et croyez à mon vif attachement comme à mon profond respect.

(Dated) GENÈVE, *Mardi.*

From MRS. [——] *to the* HON. MRS. [——].

MY DEAR [——],—I received your letter of the seventh, with great pleasure, but I wish you were safe at home, though as yet you have experienced no difficulty : but things are in such a state, one does not know what will happen. What a dreadful business this has been at Waterloo ! Every body directly or indirectly feels it, and every day one hears of some new cause of pity ; a *true* list, it is well known, has not been given, which is very wrong, for many people are in a dreadful state of

uncertainty about their friends. Amongst others, Frank Moore till Saturday night was quite ignorant whether his only son was dead or alive; but he got to speak to the Duke of York, who assured him he was quite safe; a convincing proof they know more than they choose to tell.

There were illuminations at the public offices, but they were far from general. They say Wellington was never so near being beaten; he saw the moment, and cried out, "Come, my boys, give them three cheers, and attack them!" which was done with such force, that it decided the fate of the day. It is very evident he was determined to conquer or die. One may well say, as was said on another occasion, "such another victory would ruin us." We have been drawn upon for 36 millions!!! which they are giving away as fast as they can. The Duke of C[umberlan]d is come for money, and a settlement for his wife. I am assured he has obtained the latter request.

There has been a French play at the Argyll Rooms by private subscription. At first it was very bad, but they have got some tolerable actors now; they talk of going on with it next winter, but it is thought it will be stopped.

London is very dull this season. Paris will now, I suppose, be the scene of all the rejoicings on this glorious victory. It is said, Bonaparte is in bad health; and this overthrow to all his greatness will not mend it, I should suppose. Mrs. W[——] and her *tribe* are well. We called one day at W[——]'s, and found them *tête-à-tête most uncomfortably;* we went another to dear Strawberry, which is very well kept in *her* way.

Believe me, dear [——], &c.

Letter from MRS. [——].

Florence

Every day since I have been here, dear [——], I have been myself to the post-office in vain, expecting a letter from you, till at length yesterday my eyes were gladdened by the sight of your handwriting. I told you in my last letter of our journey from Milan hither, which was not very interesting. The country is amazingly rich, and highly cultivated, but not very picturesque, till you come near the Apennines. We were two days and a half crossing them,—snow and tempest all the while. Florence swarms with English at this time. There are soirées twice a week at Madame Apponi's, the Austrian minister's wife; they are both delightful people, but I cannot say much for the Florentine society. Madame Apponi sings delightfully, and so also does a Duchesse de Lanti; but I believe the latter is not altogether a praiseworthy character, though she is one of the principal personages at Florence, and generally received, and paid great court to. The Duchesse, Madame A[——], Magnelli, and David, the famous stage singer, are generally at Lady B[——]'s every Saturday evening, and they make her parties agreeable, otherwise they would be the most tiresome things possible, for it is impossible to have worse manners than her Ladyship; she is like an ill-bred school miss, vulgarly familiar with one or two, and never speaking a word to the rest of her company. Lord B[——] is more agreeable and well-mannered, and is a delightful musician. Mr. P[——], his secretary, likewise sings very well. Pretty Mrs. Cadogan is here, and Lord and Lady Ponsonby, likewise. I saw Lady Glenbervie the day I arrived here. She set off the next to Rome. She never hears from the Princess of Wales now, and has at length discontinued writing; as she received no answers to her letters, she concluded they were not welcome, or

that the Princess is displeased with her. Lady Glenbervie expressed herself with much kindness on this melancholy subject. Mr. Douglas was with the Glenbervies, which makes his mother quite happy. Poor Lady Bute is dying, I am sure; she has been much worse lately. Mr. Burrell was dreadfully shocked at Lady Malpas's death, and indeed so were all the English here: it is supposed she died of consumption. Miss M[——] will be setting her cap, I dare say, at Lord Malpas, as soon as it is decent to do so. Do you not think Lord Aberdeen's marriage to Lady Hamilton an odd circumstance? She has not mourned her first husband long.

Is it true that the Prince Regent purposes trying to get a divorce from his unhappy consort, so soon as he is King, and that she enforces her right to being Queen? I do not approve of her conduct, but I am exceedingly sorry for her, and think she has been as much sinned against as sinning. I should think and hope the Prince can do her no further wrong.

This Milan commission is an odious piece of business, and a disgrace to all those who have taken a part in it. The English here are generally in favour of the Princess, but she is doing all she can to forfeit their good opinion. I heard that Willikin had quarrelled with the courier, and left the villa d'Este; what have you heard on this subject lately? Willikin always appeared to me to be a well-behaved, sensible child. I trust this rogue will not be permitted to injure the poor boy, but I fear his power is unlimited.

Lord Byron passed through Florence a few days since, and dined at Lady [——]'s, where I was invited; but I did not like to gaze at him, though I wished it; for there is something to me derogatory to feminine dignity in the effrontery of running after a man to stare at him, because he has written a clever work, or because he is dressed in some peculiar costume. It is, in my opinion,

beneath a lady, and impertinent to a man's feelings, if he has any, to indulge in such rude curiosity, by courting his attention to such an extent as I have often seen ladies do towards Lord Byron. I did not therefore pay him so much attention as I would have done a person of less celebrity: but at supper I sat next him, and he entered into conversation with me. The few words he spoke were uttered in a voice peculiarly melodious. As to his person, 'tis nothing; his countenance is replete with intelligence, but far from being regularly handsome. He appeared to me annoyed by the excess of attention lavished upon him by all the ladies; and I was much amused by one very ugly woman, who said she would go a thousand miles to see him, and whose ecstasy was so great when she was introduced to the poet, that I thought she would have fallen on her knees before him,—she was speechless with delight. But what made this lady's admiration so diverting was, that she is certainly one of the plainest people it is possible to see; and I thought how the object of her adoration would ridicule the poor foolish woman.

And now I have filled this sheet, and not said half what I have to say. I must employ the remnant of space left to me, to entreat you to write soon, and to believe me always yours, &c.

From the same to the same.

MY DEAR [——],—I learn that you are anxious to have some tidings of me, and I hasten to relieve your kind anxiety about myself. All Rome is quite distracted at the arrival of the Emperor, and at the expected galas which are to ensue at the same time. The Romans themselves look upon this visit as one of *mauvaise augure* to their ancient government and their ancient Pope. I went into the Corso yesterday, and looked at the show

from a window. The street was filled with an innumerable concourse of people of all descriptions. Tapestry and satin bed covers, &c., were suspended from the balconies, every one of which was crowded with well-dressed people; in short, it was the Carnival over again, only without noise and in fine weather. After all, what was it set us all gaping, to see about twenty or thirty state carriages drive past, for it was not possible to distinguish the people in them? Cannon fired from the Porta del Popolo, and was answered by the Castle of St. Angelo. Hats were slowly and unwillingly taken off. No huzzas, no tokens of approbation were bestowed upon the whole cavalcade, which passed along in a dead silence to the Monte Cavallo, where the Emperor had an interview with the Pope, which must have been short, as the Pope passed our house half an hour afterwards, on his usual airing; and so ended this eventful entrée. It is said that Marie Louise was not permitted to come further than Florence, for wherever she appears, universal applause and acclamations ensue, in contradistinction to the marked coldness shown the Emperor. I have not yet heard what are the orders of the day in the way of entertainments or revels, pious or impious, as we have no ambassador here, and the English are generally disliked. I conclude we shall be all excluded from these festivities. Gell and Craven dined with us two days ago,—just as amiable, just the same as ever,—can I say more for them? in short exactly what Lady Glenbervie used to say to her son,—*not in the least improved*: perhaps you will think otherwise, however, for Sir W. Gell is so far changed that much of his gay spirits are subdued, for he is quite a cripple from gout. Craven you will see shortly in England. I charged him to see you, which required no charge. Lord Guildford is also here, and to remain here another week: he looks as well as ever, and is as charming. He dined with us yesterday. I see the Duchess of

Devonshire frequently; she is suave and pleasant in society, and is an invaluable friend here to the English. It is impossible to give you an idea of how unpopular our country people have made themselves with the Romans. During the Carnival they did all sorts of violent silly things, which have gained them this bad name. Sir William Gell heard a few days since from the Princess of Wales, and in her letter she hints at the probability of her returning soon to England. I hope she may put this good intention speedily into execution. Sir W. Gell is averse to remaining in her service, and, if she could find another eligible person to replace him, would resign his situation; but he does not like to do so before Her Royal Highness has found a successor to himself. He is the kindest-hearted person in the world.

Adieu, my dear [——].

Believe me, &c.

SUPPLEMENTARY LETTERS OF THE PRINCESS OF WALES

LETTERS OF THE PRINCESS OF WALES

No. I.*

"*June 27th.*

"MY DEAR [——],—I send you a new novel of Madame de Genlis' 'Mademoiselle de la Fayette.' I think it will interest and amuse you at the same time. The subject is taken from the reign of Louis XIII. and Anne d'Autriche. The colouring of the characters has proved a very happy effort of genius, and, after my taste and my humble judgment, I think it one of the very best that ever she wrote, except 'Les Vœux Téméraires.'

"I am in expectation this morning of seeing Madame de Stael, and I shall fairly give my opinion upon this new meteor, which is now in full blaze upon our atmosphere. I trust it will not be long before I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again.

"Believe me, in the mean while,

"Your affectionate

"C. P."

"I have opened my letter again, to announce to you that Miss Johnstone † is going to be married to Count St. Antonio, on account of her £40,000.

"Lady Davy has not taken the least notice, by writing

* These letters are printed with their original comments, which are not uninstructive.

† The Duchess of Canizzaro.

or by verbal message, of keeping her promise to bring Madame de Stael to me, and I begin to suspect that Madame de Stael will be guided by the torrent, and may live this moment in the hopes of being introduced on the 30th, 'dans le Palais de la Vérité.'—On the Friday following, which is the 2d July, I hear there will be given in Pall Mall also a great breakfast 'dans le Temple de la Justice.' I am determined to be very proud, and not to take one single step, if it is not entirely from Madame de Stael's own impulse that she becomes acquainted with me; but pray, if you have heard any thing on the subject, and that my suspicions rest on good foundation, *let me know*, as I am quite resigned to any disappointment of that nature."

It was even so. Madame de Stael did go with the torrent. She would not know the Princess, and paid the most servile court to the Regent, after she had once prevailed on him to visit her *first*. She insisted upon this unusual compliment being paid her, and she carried her point. The Prince did visit her in her lodgings. It is reported that she treated him cavalierly, and spoke in a strain of personal praise, which was too strong for his taste; particularly dwelling on the beauty of the form of his legs, but saying very little to him of the glories of his country, or the powers of his mind. The interview was not supposed to be pleasant to either party; nevertheless, Madame de Stael continued her adulatory conduct to the Prince. It was unlike her nobility of character to shew disrespect to one of her own sex, or to join in a hue and cry against her, which, if it were founded in truth, would not have been amiable, and, if it were false, was utterly unworthy of Madame de Stael. To lend herself to any party, for any reward of court favour, was so totally unlike the principles she professed, and the general tenor of her conduct through

life, that, were it not for the discrepancies which exist in all human character, one could not credit that she should have acted thus; but so it was.—She, who braved the political ire of Bonaparte, crouched to the social tyranny of George IV.

No. II.

"DEAR [——],—I should not so long have delayed answering your letter, which so earnestly requested a return, if I had not hoped to atone for my seeming neglect; but, as I live in my little nutshell, like an hermit, and never meet Princes, Lords, nor Commons, and all such paraphernalia of ornaments, I cannot decorate our epistolary correspondence by a fine franc on the envelope of the letter. Nevertheless, I can assure you, in a situation like mine, the world and its blessings are seen in their just point of estimation; but, when a blessing of real innate value glides before me, I catch it and strain it to my bosom with all the eagerness of poverty. Judge, then, of the transport with which I seize my pen, to apprize you that my daughter has acted with the greatest firmness, promptitude, and energy of character possible, in the very intricate business concerning her marriage. She has manœuvred and conquered the Regent so completely, that there can be no more doubt that the marriage is broken off. The Prince hereditary of Orange was secretly sent for by the Regent, and arrived under the feigned name of Captain St. George. Under that same name, he presented himself next day at Warwick House, early in the morning. She was in bed, and had not expected him in this country. Miss Knight received him. She had afterwards a long conversation with him, in which she shewed him every letter that had passed between her father and her upon that subject. She then declared to him that she never

would leave this country, except by an act of Parliament, and by her own especial desire. She then desired that he might retire, and that she would not see him again till these matters were settled. Two days after he came again, and brought a message from the Regent, in which he proposed to her that he would forgive and forget every thing, and that she should immediately come to him, and that every thing should be arranged in the most amicable manner. She declared that she would not see her father, or any of the family, till their consent to her remaining in this country had been obtained, or that otherwise, the marriage would be broke off. She has received no answer since the course of a week from her father, and she supposes that the papers have been sent to Holland, to make the family there also a party concerned in a new political question for the future happiness of England. It has, in my opinion, nothing at all to do with the Dutch family. The Duchess of Oldenburgh, I believe, is her chief adviser, and, as she is a clever woman, and knows the world and mankind well, my daughter cannot be in better hands. They are a great deal together, which makes the Regent outrageous, and his good looks and spirits will not be of long duration, if he will be beaten, '*plate couture*,' by his daughter. She desired also not to see the Prince of Orange again, till she received the definitive answer upon her request.

"I am quite transfixed with astonishment that my daughter at last has resumed her former character of intrepidity and fortitude; as her father frightens her in every manner possible, that her character would be lost in the world, by her fickleness to break off her marriage. My paying a visit, my dear [——], will be either before the 22d of this month, or after, for as I intend merely to come to see you and enjoy your personal society. I rather wish to meet nobody there,

and I wish to spend a few moments of our eternal friendship together.

"With these sentiments,
"I remain for ever, yours,
"most truly and affectionately,
"C. P."

"Madame de Stael set off yesterday for Paris. I send you the will of Napoleon,* which I wrote con amore for your perusal; you may show it to any body, but without my name."

What a miserable view of human nature is here unfolded! A daughter mistrusting her father, and, conceiving that a marriage was only proposed for her which should take her out of the kingdom. At the same time, it must be acknowledged, that if the Princess Charlotte was under this impression, it was reasonable she should arm herself against the dreaded evil; and, had the Prince of Orange loved her truly, he could not have refused to accede to the terms on which she consented to become his bride. But a different fate awaited her: she had at least one gleam of brightness in her brief and melancholy career. She married a man to whom she gave her heart, and one who seemed worthy of the prize.

No. III.

"*Friday Morning.*

"MY DEAR [——],—You must be at half past eleven at Blackheath, on Monday; I shall send you the carriage in time. You must be also so good to send through the bearer of this '*Le gentil Troubadour*,' which I think must be amongst your music, as it is not to be found amongst mine, and young S[——] is very anxious to have it back.

* Something copied out of a French brochure. See page 301.

"The editor of the * * * * * has behaved quite scandalously; he has been corrupted and bribed from Carlton House since a week; and, though Dr. Warburton affirms, that so late as six weeks back, Mr. M[——] has left him, having been under his care, and not even then believed to have been well, and he has been the creator of forging false letters, pretending to be from me to him, still the Editor will not relent, or hear reason, and will punish the whole fabricated correspondence, which is a false and foul one, in his next Sunday's paper. Poor Lady Anne and Lady P[——]l are in the greatest alarm possible. I wish you would write a very *strong contradiction* for the Examiner, that this is a new trick played, and that the Editor of the * * * * * will not even suffer Dr. Warburton, or the lawyer, to take an affidavit of Mr. M[——]'s being mad. Write this to [——], and to [——], and all our friends, that they do not any longer take the * * * * *, as he must know that people of respectability do not like to be imposed on, and that every body may some day or other be liable to see forged letters of their's in the * * * * *. My servant is quite at your service. If you have any letters to send ready by him, he may wait, as he is besides going that way to town.

"Heaven bless you, and believe me, for ever,

"Yours,

"C. P."

It is impossible, at this distance of time, to sift the truth from the falsehood, respecting this transaction with editors of newspapers. To say the best of it, it is always to be lamented when ladies of rank and character enter into any discussion, or are in any way mixed up with similar stories. Certain it is, that after this time the Princess of Wales gradually dropped all intimacy with Lady P[ercival]. Whether she imagined *that* lady had in any way compromised her in this business, does

not appear; but the intercourse between them ceased. How vain for the Princess to imagine that her command would suffice to make any one discard a newspaper or journal which might chance to amuse them!—No! not even if they saw their best friends shewn up in its columns. Indeed, that circumstance might be an additional reason for taking it in. Amiable! but true!

No. IV.

"SOMPTING ABBEY, *Sussex.*
"*July* 29, 1814.

"DEAR [——],—I am in great haste, as you may easily imagine, as I have postponed my writing to you till I could give you a definitive and comfortable account of all my proceedings.

"On Monday, the 25th, at two o'clock, I delivered my letter for the perusal of the Prince Regent into Mr. Canning's hands; but previously my brother had sent a gentleman, his grand écuyer, the week preceding, as he was prevented himself from coming to accompany me to Brunswick, that this gentleman should take charge of me; and through that medium I was informed already that there would be no objection made, either on the part of the ministers or the Prince Regent himself, to go abroad for some time, and unconditionally upon any other point. But knowing that it would be gratifying to you to see the answer, I have enclosed a copy, which Mr. H[——] will forward to you with this letter. The same day that I sent my letters, I went to Norbury—where I stayed the night, and arrived next day for my late dinner at nine o'clock, at Sompting. But last night, in the midst of a most violent storm of thunder and lightning, a king's messenger arrived, as if from the clouds, sent by Jupiter with his thunderbolts. It is the most gracious letter that ever was written to me from that quarter—'end well, all well';—and I feel quite happy

and comfortable at the prospect that we can now soon meet each other, and enjoy each other's society, in a warmer climate. I have desired that the man of war is to be ready by the 6th of August, that I may set sail with the full moon on the 8th, to go immediately by Cuxhaven, the shortest way to Brunswick. I shall only remain a fortnight in my native country, anxious to go by the Rhine to Switzerland, and so to Naples, before the bad weather sets in. I trust to meet you there (I mean to say in Switzerland) and take you in my suite to Naples. I heard of Mr. Craven of your safe arrival at Paris, and how much you had been admired, which has given me great satisfaction, to hear that the Parisians have, at least for once, shewn good taste and judgment.

"I saw Princess Charlotte on Saturday, two days before I set out; she seems much more calm and resigned to her prison at Cranbourne Lodge than I expected. She is to go afterwards to the sea-side. Warwick House is to be demolished, and a new wing built to Carlton House; and the Regent is to remove to the Duke of Cumberland's apartments, in St. James's Palace. This, I believe, is all the news I can offer you. The marriage of Georgina Fitzroy and Lord Worcester took place last Monday, and Emily Pole's and Lord Fitzroy Somerset's is to be next week. They are going to Paris, with the Duke of Wellington, as he is his secretary. Don't trouble yourself with answering my letter, as it certainly would not find me. In September, I shall be certainly near you in some part of Switzerland, and you may imagine how anxious I shall be to assure you again in person of my sincere and unfeigned attachment, with which

"I remain, Ever yours,

"C. P."

Poor Princess! she played her enemies game. Of course, the adverse party desired nothing more than that

she should leave England. "The most gracious letter that ever was written to me from that quarter." It was the fable of the Fox and the Crow. She swallowed the flattery and fell into the snare, which ultimately caused her death. The Princess Charlotte, too, could not think her mother's heart was wrapped up in her, when she left her in no very pleasant circumstances, to go whither ?—she knew not herself—and why ?—merely to get rid of time, and lose, by change of scene and idle amusement, a bitter sense of the indignities she had received. But it is impossible not to feel that, if the Princess had possessed as much *moral* courage as she had *personal* fearlessness—as much of principle as she had of good impulses—her whole fate would have been far different from what it was. True, she had been grossly insulted at the time when the foreign potentates came to England, and to England's monarch, almost as vassals subject to his power. Discarded by her husband from every public and private homage due to her rank ; —branded with the dark stigma of crime, which her enemies dared not examine into or avow openly, and in which their machinations had been secretly, years, before, defeated, when they attempted to prove their charge ;—mocked by the King of Prussia's pusillanimous conduct in sending his chamberlain to her with professions of regard, but avowing that under circumstances he dared not come to her himself—he, in whose cause her father, the Duke of Brunswick, had fought, and her brother lost his life ;—spit upon, as it were, by the Emperor of Russia, who now would, and now would not, come to visit her, and of whom it is said, that as he was actually leaving his apartment to pay her a visit, one of the Regent's ministers almost fell on his knees before him to prevent, and ultimately did prevent him from going to her ;—thus persecuted, defamed, tormented, much may be said in extenuation of her unwise resolution

to leave England and her cares for a time, at least, behind her. But it was a great moral mistake, and a greater political one. Her daughter, too, had a short time before proved her love for her mother, by flying to her arms in a moment of offended pride—when her escrutoire had been broken open, and her correspondence seized—her favourite attendant and guardian, one of the most high-minded women in the world, and the kindest-hearted, Miss K[night], turned rudely in disgrace away—and herself removed to a sort of prison, near Windsor. Whom, then, did Princess Charlotte fly to? her mother.—Her mode of doing this was wild, and evidently the impulse of an offended pride; but the act was dictated by nature. Where, if not in the arms of a mother, can a child find refuge?—The Princess Charlotte fled from Warwick House unattended and unobserved, got into the first hackney coach she could find, and desired to be driven to Connaught Place. The man must have guessed that he drove a person of no mean note, as the Princess put a guinea into his hand; but he was in no wise to blame in driving him where she ordered. Her mother was out when she arrived. The Princess's chief page, seeing her arrive in such an equipage and unattended, was, as he himself declared, thunderstruck; but, of course, ushered her into the drawing-room, where she awaited her mother's return. It is said the Princess, either from fear of the consequences, or from surprise, did not receive the Princess Charlotte with that warmth of affection which it would have been more natural and more fortunate for both parties, had she displayed. But, terrified lest any thing should detain her in England, the Princess of Wales was loth to offend the Regent at that moment, and therefore did all she could to dissuade her daughter from remaining with herself, and begged her to return to her allegiance to her father. It may be questioned whether this was

altogether right, under the immediate circumstances of the case. Had she preached obedience to her father's will, but at the same time offered her an asylum with herself, in the event of her determination to remain with her, it would have been acting in the true spirit of maternal love; but it seems that she did not, and that there was an evident bias in the Princess of Wales towards a mode of conduct which evinced greater anxiety for her own pleasure than love for her child. She sent for the Duke of York—she sent for the Archbishop of Canterbury—and, finally, they prevailed upon Princess Charlotte to return to Warwick House.

The Princess of Wales was as much blamed by the adverse party on this occasion, as if she had instigated her daughter to the act of having run away from Warwick House; and, though the consequences are incalculable, had her Royal Highness pursued a different line of conduct—supported her daughter with mildness, but with steady resolve to be to her indeed a mother, in all the tenderness of the tie—yet it will always remain a problem to be solved, whether the Princess did or did not act rightly, by giving up Princess Charlotte to her father, her uncle, and the church. Certain it is, her Royal Highness had used no influence whatever to induce Princess Charlotte to act as she did: the deed was her own, and no other person whatever had any share in it.

The sequel of this most melancholy history must have embittered the Princess of Wales's life; and the idea, that, had she remained in England, she might have saved her child's life, must have been a deep aggravation to all her sorrows.

No. V.

"MY DEAR [——],—I suppose by this time you have been informed of the result of the business in the House

of Commons yesterday. Though it has been *in some measure satisfactory*, I AM NOT YET SATISFIED.

"I should not have troubled you with these lines, was it not on account of a visit which you will receive to-morrow; namely, Mrs. B[——]k. She came this morning again, being very busy to carry messages back and forward to Lord Grey, which I declined completely, and that she certainly never would disclose anything to Mr. A[——]t, though he was her great friend. I never saw any woman compromise herself in such a way as she did this morning; for which reason, I am *particularly* anxious, that if she should make any questions to you, you would be *particularly* careful, and, to avoid any questions, *concerning the family of Oxfords*, Lord Byron and Co., as I cannot help thinking that she has more curiosity than ladies usually have. Sir F. B[urdett] must also not be named. In short, you must be as much upon your *guard as possible. Holland House* is, of course, entirely against *poor me*, and they have sent her as a spy to Black—th.

"Heaven bless you,—I am in great haste,

"Your

"Most truly affectionate,

"C. P."

"After you have read the newspaper, pray send it to [——]; but let C[——] see it."

How miserable must that person be, who has, in fact, no one friend in whom she can confide!—Mrs. B[——] was, I really believe, attached to her Royal Highness; and yet the Princess doubted and feared her. The cautions contained in this letter, against this lady, were addressed to a person whom she afterwards cast off in like manner;—although I have good reason to know her Royal Highness, in her heart, was perfectly con-

vinced that that person remained her true friend to the last. It is a singular fact, that when the unfortunate Princess passed through Rome, and that the Duchess of D[evonshire] sent word to the Cardinal Gonsalvi, if the Pope valued the friendship of the Prince Regent, he must not send a guard of honour to the Princess, a steady friend of the latter (whom her Royal Highness would not, however, receive) sent her word by a famous antiquary, that if her Royal Highness would leave on the continent every individual foreign attendant, and throw herself on the generosity of a British public, she had yet a great part to play. The Princess had confidence in the person and in the advice, (although she no longer liked the society of that person,) and, acting upon it, immediately set off that night for England. Had she acted a different part there, what might have been the consequences ?

No. VI. *a.*

"DEAR [——],—I still continue to live in the same active idleness. My party for Sunday dinner was small, as it did consist of only ten people ; but Lord B[——]n was more lively and odd than ever, and he kept us in a roar of laughter the whole dinner time. In the evening, Catalani sung. William Spencer came with the family of Mr. C[——]. The daughter is the finest piano player I ever heard in this country—and Mr. Craven and Mr. Mercer sung their delightful Spanish songs. At supper, Mr. Lewis was more absorbed and queer than ever.

"Yesterday, I received your amiable letter, and would have answered it sooner, but that I forgot to have a *frank*. Lord Glenbervie does not come till to-day. After the hot and dull dinner at Spring Gardens, I went to the Opera House to see a play—one act of an opera, and the ballet of Psyche, for the benefit of Kelly : it was as full as it could hold, and I returned to my solitary

supper. I am rather early this morning, as I expect the Marquis. I have not yet seen *any body* that particularly *interests you* since you left this sphere. If I could be of any use to you, you know how glad I should be. I am always ready to do *mon petit possible. Monday the* 18*th will be a grand masquerade at* Mrs. Chichester's *—and, if you mention it to some of your intimate acquaintance, they would procure you some tickets for your family* and *your friends*. There is a week almost to consider of it, and if it is agreeable to you, which is *sufficient* to me.

"I had a very surprising visit yesterday from the Duke of Gloucester, and he comes the 24th to dinner. I cannot help thinking that the visit was intended for you. If he has no other merit, he has, at least, that of admiring beauties, which is certainly the ninth part in a speech. I could write a volume to you, had I but time; but as it is, you escape the misfortune, luckily for you—and I only subscribe myself, with the greatest pleasure,

"Your most sincere and affectionate,

"C. P."

"Kensington would be the surest place to go from on *that* day. Lady Glenbervie must not HEAR OF IT.

"*Par causa*, give me an answer soon."

There is a curious story respecting this masquerade. The Princess, it was related to me by undoubted authority, would go to the masquerade, and, with a kind of girlish folly, she enjoyed the idea of making a grand mystery about it, which was quite unnecessary. The Duchess of York frequently went to similar amusements incognito, attended only by a friend or two; and nobody found fault with her Royal Highness. The Princess might have done the same, but no!—the fun, in her estimation, consisted in doing the thing in the most

ridiculous way possible; so she made two of her ladies privy to her scheme, and the programme of the revel was, that her Royal Highness should go down a back staircase with one of her ladies, while the cavaliers waited at a private door which led into the street, and then the *partie quarrée* was to proceed on foot to the Albany, where more ladies met her Royal Highness, and where the change of dress was to be made. All of this actually took place; and Lady [——] told me, she never was so frightened in her life, as when she found herself at the bottom of Oxford Street, at twelve at night, on her cavalier's arm—and seeing her Royal Highness rolling on before her. It was a sensation, she told me, between laughing and crying, that she should never forget. The idea that the Princess might be recognized, and of course mobbed, and then the subsequent consequences, which would have been so fatal to her Royal Highness, were all so distressing to her, that the party of pleasure was one of real pain to her.

This mad prank, however, Lady [——] told me, passed off without discovery, and certainly, without any impropriety whatever, except that which existed in the folly of the thing itself. It was similar imprudencies to this which were so fatal to the Princess's reputation; and truly, it might have been said of them, "Le jeu ne valait pas la chandelle."

This anecdote is alluded to in the body of the diary; but the letter calls for a note in this place.

Whenever the Princess did not like the visit of any person, she ascribed it to the attractions or influences of some one of her household. This was a hint that the person should not come again. In the present instance, as in many others, how mistaken her Royal Highness was, in respect to the estimation in which she held the Duke of G[——]! To have had the countenance

and friendship of so good a man, was of incalculable consequence to her, and she despised both.

No. VI. *b*.

"DEAR [——],—I found a pair of old earrings which the *d*—— of a Q—— once gifted me with. I truly believe that the sapphires are *false* as her *heart* and soul is, but the diamonds are *good*, and £50 or £80 would be very acceptable for them indeed. I am quite ashamed of giving you all this trouble, but believe me,

"Yours."

It is much to be regretted that the Princess should have conceived such a hatred against a person she ought to have respected,—whose whole life, as it appeared to the world in general, was to be venerated and admired, and still more is it to be lamented that she should ever have expressed her sentiments. But the reasons the Princess alleged, though probably groundless, and the mere devices of mischievous persons, were in themselves sufficient to have justified her Royal Highness's dislike, had they been true. In the first place, the favorite of her husband was sent for to escort her to this country, (some say by consent of the Queen), and it is further said she gave the Princess the most insidious advice. On a particular occasion, after the birth of Princess Charlotte, she contrived, by a most unfeminine manœuvre, to render the Prince's first visit to his wife after her lying-in most unpleasant and disrespectful to his feelings. At Brighton, all sorts of tricks, it is alleged, were played off upon the Princess. Spirits were mingled with her beverage; and horses were given her to ride, which were dangerous for her to manage, and made her appear ridiculous.—Lastly, there was undoubtedly a letter of her Royal Highness's, addressed

in confidence to her mother the Duchess of Brunswick, which was opened surreptitiously and carried to the Queen, who read the same and acted upon its contents. Many other stories are related of the same nature, and of a blacker dye. A belief in these, however devoid of truth in reality, it must be confessed was quite sufficient to excite an inimical feeling between the Royal mother-in-law and her son's wife.

No. VII.

"The intention of Mr. Whitbread is, that some few questions will arise in Parliament this week concerning my business, and he has just given me the advice not to go to the Opera this week; for which reason I lose no time in forming you, my dear [——] that I shall not go this week.

"I am in great haste, but believe me ever,

"Your affectionate

"C. P."

"*March* 15.

"You are at liberty, my dear [——], to make any use of my box that you please."

Since "trifles form the sum of human things," it may be remarked in the Princess's favour, that she was perpetually balked in all the minor occurrences of daily life; and those who had most constant access to her person knew that, generally speaking, she bore these teazing circumstances with great good temper. The perpetual recurrence of trivial contradictions is more difficult to endure with equanimity, than any disappointment of a more serious kind. In the latter case, there is a defence prepared, either by philosophy or religion; in the former, the thing is unexpected, and when often repeated, becomes exceedingly lacerating.

No. VIII.

"MY DEAR [——],—Pray make any use you like of my Opera box as long as you remain in town, as I have no inclination to go at present. Pray tell me what you hear, and what the general opinion of the world is about all my affairs.

"I am very angry with Miss B[——], that she has refused my invitation. *C'est dans les moments d'adversité* that you know your real friends; but I must honestly confess, I begin to have a great *contempt for the world.*

"Pray, my dear [——], if you can, call on Lady [——], who leaves London at the beginning of next week—and even England I may say—perhaps for ever. She will take it very kind of you, and I shall never *forget the pleasant moments and hours I passed at her house—the only ones I ever passed in England.*

"The enclosed letter which you sent me, of the unknown lady, who offers herself to come forward with any *deposition and document*, has also written to *Mr. Whitbread*, which tempted me to send the letter you enclosed to *Mr. Brougham*, as he is upon *the spot*, and in a few days I shall inform you what *the result of this* inquiry has been.

"I trust your health is good, that you may enjoy all the amusements which waltzing and suppers may offer you.

"With these sentiments, I glory in subscribing myself

"Your most truly affectionate,

"C. P."

The constant restlessness of persons immersed in the cares of this life, to know what others are saying of them, what others are thinking of them, and the inefficacy of this knowledge, even when it meets their expectations, to produce peace or even pleasure, form one of the most striking illustrations of the Preacher's word—"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." There is

every now and then, in the Princess's notes and letters, as there was in her conversation, an under-current of acute feeling and melancholy, which required only to have had more permanency, and more justice and legitimacy of cause, to have been as respectable as it was touching. But with her Royal Highness, one circumstance drove out another; and the habit of catching at straws for diversion, or for succour, (as the emergency of the moment might demand,) rendered the efforts of her best friends, to serve or save her, fruitless.—"Whom the gods design to ruin, they blind."

Lady [Oxford] was, it must be allowed, an improper person to have been admitted to the Princess's intimacy; and afterwards, when it was too late, her Royal Highness was made to feel this truth.—At Naples, the lady in question being reduced to great pecuniary difficulties, drew largely upon her Royal Highness's generosity; and when the latter had no more to bestow—having literally sold some diamonds or pearls to the Duchess of Bracciano, at Rome, to enable her to do this act of kindness—Lady [Oxford] turned upon her benefactress, and became one of her most vile detractors! But the besom of destruction has swept the [Harley] family to the winds, and the betrayer and the betrayed are alike beyond the praise or censure of this world's applause or blame.

No. IX.

"My dear [——],—I will not dwell upon all the subjects which you must have read over and over again in the newspapers, *pro et contra*, and you see now how prudent and wise it was in my friends, not to have published the other 'letters in question,' till the mind of the public was ripe for the conception of all their infernal tricks. The only punishment which has for the present been inflicted upon me, is that Princess Charlotte has received orders not to come at all; which, of course, has

occasioned a very delighful letter, dictated by me, to the skilful pen of Lady Anne Hamilton, to Lord Liverpool. Mrs. Lisle, as one of the valuable witnesses of theirs, has been sent for, and, with her usual grace and elegance, she will try to give herself some consequence, making it believed that she was one of my confidential friends, though she never had that honour.

"There has been a letter forwarded to me, which I beg of you to send to Lisbon; but, as one of Miss Knight's cousins goes by Thursday, if you would enclose it yourself, with a few lines addressed to Miss Knight, Warwick House, it will reach completely. But I beg of you to mention it as your own letter, and not a commission.

"I shall come in the morning of Thursday or Friday, after my luncheon, which is four or five o'clock,—and, by that time, I trust I shall have something more interesting to communicate to you. In the mean while, believe me, your's affectionately,

"C. P."

The assumed tone of jocularity, and a straining after wit, or what her Royal Highness conceived to be such, which are discernible in this letter, cannot deceive any one, nor conceal the worm that gnawed her heart. But the constant irritation in which the Princess and the Regent contrived to keep each other, was a perfect game of battledore and shuttlecock; and, if the latter ever fell to the ground, there was always some bystander ready to pick it up again, and thus the game of torment was renewed, and lasted to their lives' end. It is difficult, at this distance of time, to ascertain what letters her Royal Highness alludes to, as having been prudent on the part of her friends not to publish.

Poor Lady A. H[amilton] has been very unjustly condemned; for she intended to do right, though she was

always doing wrong. A spirit of intrigue and petty concealment, and a false idea of prudence, prevented that open uprightness of character, which walks erect through the world, and defies slander, because it has no little mean interests to serve. Nevertheless, it will be told of this lady hereafter, that she underwent all the contumely and all the opprobrium of the last public scenes of her unfortunate and misguided mistress, and never left her person in life, or her insulted remains, till they were deposited in the grave, where all things are forgotten. This moral courage on the part of Lady A. H[amilton], by which she could get little or nothing to compensate for the odium it entailed upon her, will be done justice to at last, and will cover a thousand little defects of meaner kind, the growth, it may be, of timidity, of a false idea of doing good—*que sais-je?* of a littleness of conception, which, after all, was strangely contrasted in the same character with a greatness, during the last scenes of the historic tragedy in which she was a figurante —that will ultimately reverse the judgment which has been too hastily pronounced upon her.—*Mais tôt ou tard tout se sait;* and the public award is generally just at the last, though often too tardily so, to affect beneficially the happiness of the person on whom sentence is passed.

No. X.

"A thousand thanks, dear [——], for the beautiful gown! worked by the most beautiful and delicate fingers. I trust you have been amused at the [——], where you found the family, and particularly the Marquis, in high spirits.

"Pray, any day, when it is convenient to you, let me have a line, to inform me if you have an answer from Mr. [——], as suspense is worse than misfortune.

"Concerning 'Jeanne d'Arc' * and myself, we go on in a humdrum way. I have been so fortunate to have contrived that we have not been one whole day alone together. The only news I have heard is, that Paddy has, very near Staines, a cottage for the Dowager Lady [——]. The sign for the house will be 'Le beau Cléon et la belle Javotte,' in case any body calls on them.

"I have heard of nothing but merriment and high spirits of the royal family—so that I am afraid that my prospect of intended journey and travels are put a little far back. But I will not trespass longer upon your time with all my Jeremiades. I will, therefore, only conclude with assuring you, that I remain for ever, my dear [——].

"Your

"Most sincere,

"And affectionate,

"C. P."

"Sept. 17th."

Any person who knew the parties, must guess that the Princess designates Lady A. H[amilton] as Joan of Arc. There was a comicality in that idea which might be called happy. Who Paddy is, and who Lady J[——] remains a mystery. The "high spirit" of the one party of the royal family, always seemed to have given comparatively low spirits to the poor Princess. The German clocks, where the husband and wife alternately come forth or retire, are illustrative of this fact; and one instance may serve for all. But this is not a circumstance confined to any one court or clime. Turn over the records of the past—look to the families of the present dynasties of Europe—How fares it with them? —even so: la ressemblance et la différence may be read in all leaving the foundation the same.

* Lady Anne Hamilton.

No. XI.

"*Sunday Morning.*

"MY DEAR [——],—I shall send the postchaise in time to-morrow morning, as you must be at Blackheath at *half past ten* o'clock, for it is *absolutely necessary* that I am at Kensington, at *twelve* o'clock; for which reason I beg of you, my dear [——], to be exact. I intend to dress at Kensington, so you may take your little parcel with you, to be quite smart.

"You will have read the * * * of this morning, and to-morrow, there will be a very excellently written contradiction by Mr. Whitbread, and a Mr. Holt, in all the morning papers of Monday, as Mr. M[——] is this moment in custody under Dr. Warburton again; of which the editor of the * * * is perfectly aware; but still he has obstinately insisted in his intention, and, therefore, he must be prosecuted, and nobody will ever like to take his paper again, which is a very just punishment for his impudence.

"The 'gentil Troubadour' I shall give you to-morrow back, as the copy, and all the verses which belong to it, I find, are not in your possession.

"I will not detain you any longer—don't take the trouble to write a single line—but only be ready in time to-morrow morning, and believe me ever,

"Your sincere and affectionate,

"C. P."

"You will have read the * * * of this morning," &c. &c. There was a curious story current at the time to which the paragraph refers, of Mr. M[——]'s having been employed by Lady [——] to write violent, ill-judged articles for the * * *, which I think I remember to have heard were libellous, and in consequence of which Mr. M[——] was taken into custody, not for madness, but for scurrility; and he, to defend himself,

declared that he had put in the paragraph by order of the Princess. Then came an examination of the man, and a defence of her Royal Highness, and more attacks. How the matter ended, I forget; but the probability of the story is, that Lady [——] was the contriver and plotter of the whole manœuvre, which did a great deal of harm to the cause of her Royal Highness. It was the misfortune of the Princess to be surrounded by intriguing people. Perhaps, this is more or less the misfortune of all princes. If they do not detcet it, they fall into the snare—if they *do*, they become suspicious, and hardened, and unnatural; like a baited animal, they are driven as she was, to despair and death!

No. XII.

"MY DEAR [——],—I hope you have been amused at the Opera yesterday.

"Pray, if you hear any news, be so kind to communicate them to us. I am to see Mr. Whitbread to-day, on what further proceedings in the business will be necessary. I hear the Grand Mufti is furious against the House of Commons. Sir J[ohn Douglas] passes his days, instead of Newgate, at Carlton House.

"I have not yet seen Princess Charlotte, except by chance in the Park, which was on that day five weeks.

"I send you a letter, which if you can get a frank for, so much the better; if not, you are so kind as to send it to the general post as soon as possible.

"If you hear or see any thing of the Sapios, send them this paper, and desire to know how soon the money is to be paid: it contains subscribers to his concert.

"My best compliments to Mrs. D[——], and my love to Miss B[——]: ask her what she now thinks of the House of Commons; and believe me, my dear [——], ever

"Your sincere and affectionate,

"*March 10th.*" "C. P."

Sir J[ohn] was the husband of that Lady D[ouglas], who proved herself to be a most unworthy person, and who acted a principal part in that notoriously dirty job, the investigation of the Princess's conduct by private commission, instituted against the Princess of Wales some years previously to the date of this letter: —a transaction which will always remain a blot on the page of English history, and which every name of note that was implicated in that unconstitutional measure, must wish erased for ever from the records of their country. But, if they were erased at an earthly tribunal, they will remain still graven on a higher one.

No. XIII.

"*Friday, April 23rd.*

"MY DEAR [——],—As you like sometimes high treason, I send you a copy of the verses written by Lord Byron on the discovery of the bodies of Charles the First and Henry the Eighth: you may communicate it to any of your friends you please.

"The Lord Mayor and Aldermen, &c. &c., are to come on Wednesday at one o'clock, to Kensington, for which reason I shall send you my post-chaise, to bring you here at half-past nine, as I must set off at ten o'clock precisely, to prevent a crowd. I hope you are better, and that there will be no impediment to prevent your being at this great show.

"Believe me,

"Yours affectionately,

"C. P."

"As you like sometimes high treason." The person thus addressed must have been doubtless astonished at this assertion, being one of the most loyal in the land. The scene alluded to, of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen,

coming with a congratulatory address to her Royal Highness, was one of those extraordinary triumphs which, had they effected a corresponding demeanour on the part of her whom they ought to have warned and encouraged, might have been productive of great changes in public affairs, and have lifted her up to the station she had a right to hold in the land. But the same levity and imprudence which seem to have been her curse throughout, turned all these expressions of attachment and respect towards her person into a farce; and even those whom her benefits and kindness had endeared her to, could scarcely avoid feeling these demonstrations of admiration and respect to be ill-placed. It is possible to render our best friends ashamed of us.

No. XIV.

"*Wednesday, 5th of May.*

"I shall in future be called 'Queen Margaret in her sequestered bower,' my dear [——], and you will be the fair Rosamond living with me in that bower. The short and the long of this is, blessed dear old Lady Reid be, for her good taste! I think her *house perfection*, and to-day, I believe, the contract will be signed. Some of the rooms which I have chosen for my own use are extremely dirty; but with soap and water and brushing and a little painting, I shall make them look well. The two drawing-rooms and the dining-room are truly magnificent old rooms, which would do credit to any old manor-house in Scotland. I have taken it for seven years, as it was impossible to take it for less; but, in case my situation should change before that period, I can let it whenever I please. It is no more than *eight hundred pounds a year*, which is extremely *cheap*: it is like a complete villa in the midst of *town*, as you know that Curzon Street, Mayfair, is close to Stanhope Gate,

and the other end to Piccadilly, which will make it very easy for my friends to come. I hope in ten days I shall be able to live in it; though I may not be immediately quite comfortable, it is the only means to make the workmen be more speedy.

"The only news I heard on my return from my land of discovery to Kensington is, that the Regent had the impudence to plan to give a ball to the Queen and royal family to-morrow at Carlton House, but his friends advised him not to do such a foolish thing.

"What do you think of the Queen's attack by a mad woman? I suppose the true courtiers would wish that now an address should be presented to her Majesty, as her life, and for what heaven knows, perhaps her honour, might have been in danger.

"The city is now busy about an address to the Regent. It is to be hoped that it will be carried. I also hear that Lord Yarmouth is to leave England in course of a month. I am now in great haste to receive the address from Canterbury,—and have only to add that I remain for ever,

"Yours affectionately,
"C. P."

This house of Lady Reid's was a thorn in the Princess's side, and she firmly believed, perhaps with reason, that she was prevented from obtaining possession of it by persons inimical to her living in London. The tide of public favour was with her at that moment; she might have sailed in with the favouring gale to fortune's highest honours. But how widely she departed from all the common rules of prudence; and how mournful was her fate! Whatever her faults and follies were, when her previous life is taken into consideration—the education she received—the example set before her from her earliest years—the actual contemplation of the

life of those who persecuted her—will not posterity draw a parallel which will silence too severe a judgment, and record her follies with a lenient hand.

No. XV.

"Saturday Morning.

"MY DEAR [——],—Whoever is in your agreeable society must forget all matters of business; for which reason I must now take up my pen to trouble you with these lines, and trespass upon your leisure hour. I wish you would be kind enough to write to Lord Melville in my name, to represent to him the very melancholy situation poor Lady Finlater has been left in, since the demise of the Duchess of Brunswick. She has literally no more than £300 a year, which is all she possesses in the world. The Duchess gave her £250 a year, and made her besides an allowance for candles and coals, and the rent for a small lodging-house (in Manchester or Baker Street I believe); and, if Lord Melville would espouse her cause, to get her a pension of £500 a year, without deducting the income tax, it would make the latter moments (which can only now be moments) of this poor, blind, and infirm woman, at least comfortable —and particularly coming through the channel of Lord Melville, whose father has always been her best and most steady friend. I leave all the rest, my dear Lady [——], to your skilful imagination, and the pathetic for your excellent heart; and no one is more able to express right and amiable feelings than you.

"By universal applause the address has been carried in the city, and I expect the Sheriffs this morning. But, of course, a very civil answer will be given, that I cannot receive them, having no establishment suitable to receiving the Lord Mayor and city; and besides, being

in deep mourning on the melancholy event of my mother's sudden death.

"Lord Moira has given a very satisfactory answer to Mr. Whitbread, which arrived last night, (before he leaves this country,) about the private examinations in his house—and a copy of it I shall send you of his 'reminiscences,' and I say, 'mieux tard que jamais.' I send you also enclosed, a letter for Miss Rawdon, to send to Mrs. Grethed, as I do not know her proper direction. Heaven bless you, and believe me for ever yours.

"C. P."

The Princess was always inclined to do kind and noble things. She was decidedly liberal, and liked every thing upon a grand scale. When she gave a shabby present, as she frequently did, it was from ignorance, not from parsimony. Sometimes, it might be, she had nothing better at the moment to give away, and she would take up any thing that happened to lie about her room, (in which there was a sufficient quantity of trash,) and present it to a friend. The feeling which prompted the deed was genuine kindness; and she would as readily have given away an article of costly price as one of a trumpery kind, had it lain in the way. She was singularly ignorant of all works of art, and totally devoid of taste, though she fancied she was precisely the reverse. Imitations pleased her as much as realities, and she fancied that others were like herself. She once said with some asperity, "De English are all merchants—de first question they ask is the value of a gift in money." There was a wrong and right side in many of her sayings; but she saw most things through a distorting medium.

SUPPLEMENTARY LETTERS

[THE following series were evidently intended for publication: they bear in that respect a distinct character from the foregoing Diary and Letters, which, on the very face of them, carry the conviction of having been decidedly written without any view of their coming before the public; but these Supplementary Letters will be found to throw a light upon the previous pages, and to contain much amusing and novel matter; while the opinions expressed in them may excite matter of consideration for the page of future history.] (Original note.)

QUEEN CAROLINE
From a painting by Samuel Lane

SUPPLEMENTARY LETTERS

LETTER I.

SO, it is determined to proceed against her Majesty the Queen, by a Bill of Pains and Penalties! I am sorry for this. The spirit and intelligence of the age are opposed to such a course; and perhaps her case requires another. I will state briefly why I think so; trusting, that although I hold my own opinions as firmly as a smithy-vice, I am yet very tolerant to those of others. They may be certainly as correct in their notions as I am in mine, when I do not discuss the reasons which influence them.

In the first place, a Bill of Pains and Penalties presupposes guilt to have been ascertained, to which it is proposed to award a definite punishment, if the legislature shall find that the guilt has been demonstrated.

Now this, to speak in vulgar parlance, is not fair. It gives to the injured party submitting the bill to parliament, the power of determining what the punishment should be. No doubt, parliament may modify the penalty proposed to be inflicted; but still it is in principle contrary to justice, inasmuch as, practically, parliaments are complacent enough to the wishes of kings, and it is not reasonable to expect them greatly to mitigate the dictates of royal wrath and indignation.

In the second place, the character of the alleged crime, in its blackest consideration, is of a personal nature, and if substantial to have been committed, a Bill of Pains

and Penalties is not the way of proceeding to punishment; inasmuch as the party claiming relief is notoriously not in circumstances to entitle himself to claim it. If divorce be sought, it is not a whit better than Napoleon's repudiation of poor Josephine; a transaction which outrages the feelings and convictions of every christian heart in Christendom.

According to what I have heard, and to the opinions I have formed, it is not probable that the imputed delinquency will be proved; but it is almost certain that the derogatory charges as to the demeanour, will be made indisputably obvious. If so, again a Bill of Pains and Penalties is not just, for it is making that criminal which was not so when the indiscretions were committed.

Then you will say, would I allow that kind of conduct to pass with impunity in a Queen (one of whose uses is to give an example to society), which would be unworthy of a married woman who has any rank to uphold in private life? Emphatically *No;* and the law and usages of the nation have provided a remedy adequate to the offence, without obliging the Government to sanction such an odious, tyrannical, and obsolete measure as a Bill of Pains and Penalties. The remedy is this:—The Queen must come to Parliament for an establishment. Before granting this, I would submit the charges of improprieties and levities to a Committee; and if substantiated, I would not then give her any such establishment as would enable her to spread the infection of her follies or infirmities.

If it be true that a Bill of Pains and Penalties is in contemplation, there is less philosophy and knowledge of history in the Cabinet than I had supposed; and I do assure you, I had not imagined there was much. It subjects the king to the suspicion of driving at an object which will be a *stink* in the nostrils of all the civilised world that has any moral sense of what is odious; and

it will be a flagrant and glaring demonstration that Liverpool and Co. are but the meanest hucksters in those scenes of politics which affect the principles of society—that they are, to use the most ignominious epithet possible, and advisedly, the filthiest panders to iniquity that ever lent themselves to a disgraceful purpose; seeing, that without throwing rotten eggs at the indiscreet but ill-used Caroline of Brunswick, they had it in their power to have punished her to the full extent of what will probably be found to have been her guilt, as a Queen, by persuading Parliament not to grant supplies for the maintenance of unbecoming self-indulgences.

I have not bridled the expression of my ideas regarding this ignorant, despicable, and senseless project of proceeding by a Bill of Pains and Penalties. But I will not pour out all the violence of my antipathy just now. I request to be only considered as giving a decided opinion upon the principle of the measure, and that I do most unequivocally object to it. When I hear of the details, I will write again; in the meantime, this stain, which is rumoured to be preparing for the morals, and character, and jurisprudence of *Great* Britain, will obtain, not, I hope, my invidious attention, but my utmost vigilance. I will not mince matters respecting any one whatever; and, to use the old proverb, *If they brew good ale, they will drink the better.*

LETTER II.

I am growing quite furious, and you must endeavour to bear with me, or forbid me to write on the subject of the Queen. Do you know there is a parcel of Cabinet or Parliamentary ninnies, who have the absolute and inconceivable fatuity of defending the Milan Commission sent to fish for proof of her Majesty's imputed guilt? and upon this ground: they say, forsooth, that the

characters of the Commission are not impeached. The only inflection in this absurdity is, that it has been wondered how men of wise and lofty minds could have engaged in such a *sooty* business.

Contemptible as I do think the dominators in the councils of St. James's are, I never could, *à priori*, have imagined that any one would have been so silly as to think they would be guilty of employing bad men to do a bad business. I do not think them idiots, whatever many may do; for I am really of opinion that the majority of the royal panders, Liverpool and Co., have common sense, though, in the case of the Queen, not to an opulent degree. They judge of her as of a lay figure, without life, heart, or feelings; but, assuredly, believing themselves honest in what they do (for only their knowledge of human nature is doubted), it is probable they would employ agents like themselves, that is to say, persons not eminently distinguished for discernment, wisdom, or ability. They know well enough—even George IV. knows—that the best argued cause can derive no advantage from sullied agents. They would never trust bad men from principle. They are too good themselves to do so; and the worst generally know that honesty in subordinates is an essential qualification. Subordinates must act according to their instructions; and they are more likely to do so well, when they are culled with care. The sin of all crimes is in the originators, and to them, and to them alone, the evil of the issue designed must be attributed. A healthy arm may inflict a fatal wound, by the prompting of a foul heart.

I wonder how this is not obvious. The integrity of the Milan Commissioners, whatever may have been their purity, is only an assurance that their task or duty, since they did undertake it, would be honestly performed; but it is no assurance that they would reject those witnesses whom moral delicacy might lead to bear condign

testimony against the delinquent lady, or whom malice might influence to asseverate suspicions as facts, and transmute imaginations into truths.

I am grieved to observe that there should be supposed, in the public, men so capable of being deceived as to the character of any cause, by dwelling upon the virtues and honesty of subordinate agents. The proof of the agents having been imbecile, is in their agreeing to undertake a derogatory mission. Could they have been allowed to judge of their instructions, and had they been invested with discretionary powers, then the case would have been different; but as I understand it, and as many understand it, the Commissioners were sent to *find* evidence against the Queen; a circumstance which must have made them insensibly greedy of all malignant witnesses, and blind to those who were not scrupulous of truth. We shall soon however have the true aspect of the proceedings unveiled; for the Green Bag Lords are nearly ready, I am told, to report.

Believe me, &c.

N.B. I have opened this note to say that a friend has just been with me, who has seen a draft of the proposed Bill of Pains and Penalties. It has all the objections in it that I anticipated, and particularly a clause to *dissolve* the marriage. Now, be one atom of justice in the House of Lords, they will submit to be shovelled into the Thames as an abomination, before they make themselves so vile as to pass this clause. R[——], (for it was he who has been with me), says that in other respects, if the facts should be demonstrated, the Bill for degradation is not objectionable. I have however shown to him that it is a very foolish and unnecessary affair, inasmuch as Parliament has it in its power, by the proceeding being at the beginning of a reign, to punish by refusing an establishment. He, however, is not to be convinced. It is singular that men, really wise enough in the business

of common life, do not see that nothing should be held to be a precedent, merely because it may be a similar measure to a previous one, unless the circumstances in the measure proposed are similar to those in which the previous one originated. There never was in this country such a dilemma as the present; and therefore no former predicament in which Bills of Pains and Penalties were enacted, should be referred to.

LETTER III.

Of course you have heard that the Bill of Pains and Penalties was introduced into the House of Lords this evening. As it will be printed, I refer you to itself, and I can only regret that you cannot be present at the public quest which must now ensue,—remarking that it does contain a clause to dissolve the marriage. This iniquity the nation will not endure, or it is made up of different stuff from that which I have hitherto imagined, believed, and venerated.

One thing I beg particularly to remark, and when you see the debate in the morning papers, look at it sharply. Liverpool said that it was satisfactory to reflect that the country had no precedents of a case similar to the Queen's during a period of two hundred years.

What did the honest man mean? and when was there a similar case even in four hundred years? Could he be so ignorant of history as to imagine anything was like it in the instance of Henry the VIII.'s Blue Beard transactions? Does he, a statesman, not know that there is good reason to doubt if the first Defender of the Faith ought to be so much blamed as he is, for condemning Mrs. Anne Boleyn? Is it not notorious to every one who has examined the questionable representations of incidents connected with the Reformation, that the truth of many of them is still at the bottom of a well? Was not the

Gipsy's own father requested to be on her trial, and did refuse to be? Was not her uncle the Duke of Norfolk on it, and concurred with the others in finding her guilty? Did not several of her alleged paramours confess their participation in her guilt, and were executed not because they confessed, but because they were proved on evidence guilty? Did she herself ever deny her guilt after the inquiry became serious? Is it not true that her famous pathetic letter in Hume is deemed a forgery? I have myself seen many of her original letters, and they are no more like it in style than a turnip is like a pine-apple. I have no hesitation in saying that Lord Liverpool, by directing men's minds to the transactions of Henry the Eighth's time, manifested deplorable ignorance, or a disposition to find Queen Caroline guilty. Now, once for all, I beg to say, that although I do think him a weak man, an excellent composer of red tape papers and files, I believe he is as incapable of doing voluntarily a bad action, as a pen by itself, though full of ink, of inditing a libel. He ought to have been aware that in two ways the allusion was bad: it either bespoke an opinion of the Queen's guilt, or implied that the King was such another as the unfeeling Henry. In whatever way the thing is considered, it was in bad taste, as affecting both the King and the Queen.

Nothing beyond this antiquarian abortion occurred to-night; but it is evident that *too scrimp* justice is meant to be measured out to the Queen. The case is one in which magnanimity would be graceful. Is it forgotten that her Majesty stands near the throne in her own right; that she is a stranger, as Katherine said of old, "in your realm;" that she had enough, first and last, as Captain M[——] said, to drive her to d——n? There never was the case of any poor defenceless woman which called so much for civility, at least.

It would seem that she is not to be furnished with a

list of the witnesses against her; and the refusal is justified on parliamentary usage; just as if a proceeding by bill were not in fact a trial. Posterity and contemporaries will alike consider it a trial; and you cannot change the nature of the rose by calling it a filthy nettle. There was much fairness in the reply of Grey, I thought; but you will see all that passed, in the papers in the morning.

I beg to add, I am as convinced as Earl Grey seems to be, that there will be no difficulty in proving much against the dignity of the Queen's manners; and the very certainty of doing so much should ensure magnanimity towards her. When delinquency of any sort in any case is clear, the prosecutor can afford to be great and generous; but there is a dirty mean incubus in this affair, that will cause Great Britain hereafter to blush; as if there were reason to apprehend that the Queen would be again declared "pure as the unsunned snow."

Yours, &c.

N.B. Perhaps I have too strongly expressed myself with respect to the Earl of Liverpool; but I feel strongly, and really at this moment I am not inclined to sheath my sword, even though you may think it somewhat rusty. The national affairs of any nation should always be conducted according to the acknowledged spirit of the people. But I do not think this persecution of Queen Caroline is such as will elevate the pride of our countrymen. However, now that I am in for it, I will give you, from time to time, my notions of all that passes under my own eyes. I will be a witness, impressed with a belief that much indiscretion will probably be developed, still withal as impartial as my feelings will allow. It is a grand drama, and I will be as attentive as if it were conceived by Shakspeare, written in blank verse, got up in Drury Lane Theatre; yea, and I will be as critical.

LETTER IV.

Before I say more than I have already done about the Queen's business, give me leave to mention a thing which I have just heard. It is said that Grey is of opinion that the Queen has a right to object to the procedure by a Bill of Pains and Penalties. I think so too. She is accused, and I do not think that a delinquent should be allowed to say in what manner he would be pleased to be treated, in the parliamentary inquiry which may be necessary to ascertain the degree of alleged delinquency. But I still maintain that the method of proceeding by a Bill was not necessary; and to this opinion I must adhere, until convinced that the practice of the constitution did not allow of another as effective and less operose, ay, and less ostentatious. In public affairs, where the same end can be attained by quiet means that may be reached by ostentatious, I would prefer the least notorious. That, however, may be a matter of mere taste. Nevertheless, I do think Lord Grey is right: the Queen has nothing to do with the forms of trial, she has only to vindicate herself. She may, indeed, like the eel, wince at being skinned; but she is in the hands of the cook, who may treat her as being used to it; at all events, she must submit.

I was not present at the discussion which took place on this point; but, I apprehend, neither Brougham nor Denman was very orthodox in maintaining that the Queen had anything to do with the form in which she was arraigned. They had only to take care that nothing was permitted, or attempted, that might impair the demonstration of their client's innocence. It was too much of the nature of a lawyer's quibble, to object to the form, or, rather, for the Queen to object to the form. Her business and duty is to vindicate herself, in whatever form she is to be tried or to be oppressed: I say oppressed,

because the Bill of Pains and Penalties was only to be passed if she was found guilty. If she be not guilty, she will have been grievously oppressed.

I think the discussion must have been a very idle one. It was an endeavour to draw attention to forms; and yet, an escape by any defect of form, would have been more ignominious than the mark of a brand on the forehead. Could it not be thought that it was a Queen who was about to be tried?

I have thought it necessary to send you this brief notice because I do think that the Queen should not attach any importance to matters of form, and that Earl Grey was right in defending the proceeding by Bill on the ground he does.

I am, &c.

LETTER V.

This affair of the Queen's is becoming more and more offensive to the intelligence of the age. They have, in the Lords, been searching for precedents, with respect to allowing her a list of the witnesses who will testify against her. They have never thought of inquiring whether the thing itself is proper, or is not proper. It is setting up prejudiced antiquity, and the dogmas of comparative despotism, to regulate, by example, what ought to be the conduct of those who do not regard the notions and maxims of times past as very worshipful.

Nothing is more certain than that all the precedents which can be discovered, will be found to be the *fungi* of comparatively dark and unwholesome periods; would it not, therefore, have been better to have inquired what were the circumstances in which measures that were thought precedents were resorted to. Legislature should palpably not be shackled by precedents. Their functions are prospective, and their faculties prophetical. It may be expedient for the wisest (and the House of Lords is

the best informed on the earth) to see how precedents bear; but it is making a court of law of a legislature, to hold it bound by any precedent whatever.

Last night, Lord Shaftesbury presented the result of the search for precedents respecting witnesses; and, in my opinion, (which, however, is but that of an individual, and, perhaps, not a very wise one,) it was a singular demonstration of the inutility of having recourse to a search of the kind. Only two cases were found—1. That of Sir John Bennet, in 1621, and, 2. of Earl Strafford, in 1640. They were not satisfactory; but would any rational human being, at all acquainted with the spirit of these times, think of saying that the common sense of 1820 should give the slightest heed to what was in those turbulent times suggested?

The mistake or error in the business seems to have been in thinking that, although the Lords were proceeding by a Bill, they are themselves trammelled by the forms of law. This is manifest in the speech of Lord Erskine; for, although he disavows, distinctly enough, the justice of the Queen's claim to have a list of the witnesses by whom the charges against her were to be supported, he speaks too much as a lawyer, as if the course of law should be adhered to in a case that was propped by such as no law could reach. A Bill was under consideration, and yet he treated it as if there had been statute law which already decided the subject.

I doubt not you have seen, this morning, what Eldon said on the subject. One is amazed at the mixture of good sense and ignorance of the world which distinguishes that energetic old man. He seems to have viewed the matter much in the way that I do. I make the remark not egotistically, but believe I am consciously proud of seeing my opinion approved, in some degree, by so great and so venerable a mind; that is to say, by his holding similar notions. And yet he was against granting the

Queen's request. It would almost seem as if the forms of law were deemed of more importance than justice, in the House of Lords.

With Lord Lansdowne, I entirely agree. He was of the same opinion as Erskine, but he spoke more like a lawgiver than a lawyer, and contended that a new precedent should be established, to meet the exigencies of what was certainly a new case. But, I say again, what have legislators to do with precedents? There is an air of candour in the mode of expressing his sentiments on every subject, which entitles the opinions of this respectable nobleman to particular deference. I do not know an individual, in either House, who seems to have less of the feeling of faction about him, and yet he is, most decidedly, a party man.

Upon a careful reconsideration of all that passed, I think the ministers not so heartily bold as they were at one time. Lord Liverpool evidently ate in his words, and, I am sure, thought Lord Holland not too mealy-mouthed. All this proceeds more, perhaps, from an obstinate adhesion to forms, than from any desire to find the Queen deserving of degradation. But why do they not act greatly? If she be guilty, the more liberality shown will redound to their own alternate advantage; and if she be innocent, still more. Proceedings do not look well, merely because they want the magnanimity which should characterize the aspect of the measure, granting even that it is to establish guilt. This refusal to grant a list of witnesses, will have its effect on John Bull. He will not trouble his head about legal questions, but will at once regard it as a proof of a determination to punish the Queen, for having been made, by God Almighty, so disagreeable to her husband. I abstain from saying what I think; but "all's well that ends well."

Yours.

LETTER VI.

It is better, after what passed between us this morning, to confine my observations to what actually takes place. It is not in the range of probability that the Peers, in the long run, will not do justice, however much, in the mean time, *some* of them may be bamboozled by lawyers' wrangles. I, therefore, prepare to confine myself strictly to what I hear and see.

It is now certain that the Queen herself will appear in the House. This will lend histrionic interest to the spectacle. It is utterly impossible that a party so interested can subdue her feelings, so as not occasionally to vindicate the presence of nature in her heart. I expect scenes of pathos and passion.

One thing is equally certain, viz., that the Duke of Sussex, with great propriety, declines to take any part, or to be present, during the trial. He pleads the ties of consanguinity, and every one must admit the plea. But the Duke of York is seemingly less scrupulous; and some think that his determination to be present augurs no good to the Queen. I really do think, however, that there may be a feeling of kindness and good-nature in the conduct of His Royal Highness; and for this curious reason: you remember, I dare say, my amusing intercourse with the old *chère amie* of the Duke, Mrs. Clarke, and how I wheedled her to show me all her papers. Now at that time she did inform me that His Royal Highness told her that it had been proposed to him to marry his cousin, the Princess of Brunswick. He was not, however, for some reason or another, quite enamoured of the suggestion; still he went to the Court of Brunswick, that he might himself "spy the nakedness of the land." Upon seeing the Princess, his courtly love was not inflamed into courtship. In a word, he did not like her; and what he heard

of her hoyden manners was not likely to reduce his heart to a cinder.

Now, supposing all tales to be true, this one must be true also; and I infer from it that, although the Duke may not have thought "the lovely young Lavinia" was a *con amore* dulcinea for him, he might have discovered in her, or have learned that she was apt to commit, indiscreet levities, but innocent ones. Instead, therefore, of auguring ill to her from his resolution to attend the trial, my notions, founded on the good nature of his character, are that he will be there, as friendly as a judge can be. Remind me of this opinion hereafter. It is needless to say anything of the proceedings, of which the newspapers will give you a circumstantial account.

Yours, &c.

LETTER VII. *a.*

Lords are not literary characters. You are indeed a swain, and Miss Deborah, though of the relief persuasion, in the threescore cycle of acrid maidenhood, is no better than a nymph. What you and she have said respecting my last letter, oddly reminds me of a song which Lord Byron used to sing. By the way, whatever he may have been as a bard, he was certainly not marvellous as a singing bird, if I can trust my ears.

Piangete Amabile,
Piangete Amore,
Piangete aggrazie,
Nymphe' e pastore:
La causa funebre
Merita pietà.

Do, for goodness' sake, never mind improbabilities; seek only for facts. Nothing often seems so improbable as the true. But I don't mean startling facts, but facts, of a different kind from those which your old neighbour,

Mrs. Brodie, laid so much stress on, when her *hempy O* put forth sacrilegious hands, and stole the pot of marmalade in so miraculous a manner, that she assures me it was next to an *impossibility*, for she had locked the closet with her own hands. A startling fact. It turned out, however, that Willy, *alias* now the Colonel, on being put to the question, confessed that the door was accidentally left open in her absence, and before she had turned the key. It was the next time, when she opened the closet, that the delinquency was discovered.

* * * * perhaps *indiscretions* should have been the word; but be warned by the error, and, as I said before, never assume any opinion, in a case of this kind, theoretically. All I adhere to is this. In the Princess's case, through the medium of my feelings, but crediting general opinion, I think she was deemed too vulgar to be a Queen; if so, you will not be surprised that "Gentleman George" wished her at the devil.*

As to what your aunt said about the "shild" and "Mr. Rogier," it is not so orthodox as something she told me of in my teens, which the Rev. Dr. Doobie set forth in a sermon. "Take away the D, (quo' she, as said he,) and he is *evil;* take away the E, and he is *vil;* and take away the V, and is he not a perfect ill—an ill, vil, evil, devil, in whom the truth is not?" In short, I am not going to *angol, bangol* with you, and far less, if it can be avoided, with Miss Deb. I will tell what I have heard, and I do not avouch for its correctness. In a word, you must not set me to demonstrate; and though Miss Deborah believes her Majesty as dignified as Zenobia,

* As private characters, there were so many faults, on both sides, that the friends of neither party could, with reason, be violently bitter against either of them. Least said, was best of each; but when publicity rendered these personages the gaze of the multitude, and the tools of faction, then ill-judged zeal blackened the conduct and character of each. It will be for posterity to judge impartially of both. [Original note.]

and as blameless as Eve before the fall, theoretically, it will not change my notions. In truth, I cannot see now that the matter is of any consequence; it is a black story, and would only be less interesting, were it not dark in the tint. To me, it is as a tale, and I regard it only in that light. I think the Queen may have provoked much of the ill usage she received, by a kind of left-handed vindictiveness. She incurred what the nation laments, merely because she acted on a principle of defiance. She may have acted as a woman, but not as a lady. She was, however, a peculiar, as well as a particular woman.

But reflections of this kind will be more suitable at the end of her story than here; inasmuch as they are suggested by the hearsay knowledge of things which have busied my mind, but which do not yet appear.

One thing, by-the-by, remember—"the delicate investigation." Until the Princess of Wales went abroad, no circumstance affecting her honour came before the public. The world, however, thinks the gentle sex should be ever gentle.

Yours truly.

LETTER VII. *b*.

DEAR [——],—My servant had not returned from postponing my last letter, otherwise putting it into the post-office, as the laird of Mudoizart used to say, when poor Hector called with your note. So he is now a cadet. Much too handsome a bird to be as a grouse to the Burmese—that is, to be shot at; but what can the poor leddy, his mother, do with her *small* family in the Highlands, where waterfalls and the echoes monopolize the vocations?

The sight of the really fashionable-looking stripling reminded me of his mother, when, indeed, she was a

"delightful vision," as Burke has it, and when my own mother said of her that "She's a great romp; but if she had not been so *bonny*, she would have been * *"

Miss Deborah is quite right; I have been myself too coarse in speaking of the Princess; but I only spoke of her, or intended so to do, as a royal personage. Therefore remember, when I use words that may seem to you derogatory, I always mean the inflection of rank to be considered. It did not occur to me before that you would ever apply them without that mitigation; that you would ever apply them in the sense of your local vernacular.

Your idea of trying to procure the Journal which you suppose the Princess may have kept, of her voyages and travels, is good; but I never heard that she kept any, nor can I offer to be of the slightest use. It occurs to me, however, that perhaps some one of her attendants may have notes. At all events, it might not be very difficult to gather among them reminiscences, from which a narrative could be compiled. Consider the notion well, because it is deserving of serious attention.

To resume my general strictures on the conduct of Her Royal Highness,—I think, however much we may differ as to the degree of her improprieties, we shall be in concord with herself and her persecutors at times, when we apprehend that it was not by either too much considered that she was only a Queen consort—a King's wife. One of the greatest indiscretions she committed was, in imagining, or in attempting to make herself, a political character. Except with the most illiterate of the vulgar, it could have no effect—at least, no good effect—for herself. Men in this country have too much to lose, to risk a great deal in abetting any one whose claims are not very dear. Much, no doubt, will always be given for the magnanimity of the people in the way of sympathy; but it is estimating their good sense at

too low a rate, to suppose they would ever array themselves for action without they had a stake at issue. The age has indeed departed for ever, when swords would have leaped from their scabbards for any princess. The murder of the Queen and Madame Elizabeth of France was too familiar with all minds, and too recent, to affect, beyond sorrow, any feeling which the case of poor Caroline disturbed. A friend of mine once heard a shopkeeper in the Strand say, while one of the processions was passing to Brandenburgh House, "All this is very well, and, poor thing! she needs heartening; but there are too many shops in London to allow the keepers of them to be visitors, for who knows what!"

I am, however, constantly putting the cart before the horse. This refers to her treatment after the accession; and I have much yet to say before we come to the trial. Besides, my paper will not afford me "ample room and verge enough," at this time, to advert to an anecdote that perhaps at once serves to show her mistaken notion of the importance she thought herself of to the people, and of the kind of popularity she enjoyed. It was not, indeed, popularity as she understood it, but only sympathy—that "heartening" which the Strand shopkeeper alluded to with my friend.

Yours, &c.

N.B. By the way, the *small* family of Hector Campbell's mother reminds me of a pretty story of the late Duke of Argyll. A poacher from Greenock was brought before him in Roseneith; "Why," said his Grace, "have you been guilty of this?" "I have a small family to maintain." "Ay!" said the benevolent-hearted nobleman, "what may be the number?" "Five daughters, sir, and every one of them has three brothers." "Poor man! that is indeed a heavy handful, and I must let you off for this time, but do not repeat the offence." Scarcely,

however, had the delinquent quitted the room, when his Grace recollected that the five daughters with each three brothers, only made a family of eight; and he laughed at the poacher's *pawkiness*.*

LETTER VIII.

DEAR [——],—It is a curious law of our nature which obliges us to think more about what we dislike, than of those things we positively esteem, and to encounter evils which common sense tells us we should shun. To one of the occult workings of this law I am inclined to ascribe the Princess of Wales's visit to the theatre, when the allied Sovereigns were present with the Prince Regent. She could have had no possible anticipation of enjoyment, when she formed the mad-cap resolution of going thither; but revenge is, in some bosoms, a stronger passion than love. I presume to think she would not have lessened her dignity with the public, had she retired into the country while the foreign princes were in England. Surely she could not disguise from herself that she had incurred the aversion of her husband. That was, or ought to have been, a subject of grief. Nor was it the effort of an amiable spirit, to break in upon the jubilee of a triumphant people. The Regent was in his public capacity: but she thought only of herself, with the resentment of an injured wife.

The visit to the theatre I have never ceased to regard as an indiscretion, and to condemn, but with a sigh, as belonging to that series of fatal actions which greatly diminished her own comfort, and sharpened the torture with which she was afflicted. What could she have hoped would result from the molestation? She could not be actuated by curiosity to see the "*mighty victors;*" or, if

* Pawkiness—i.e., quaint—cunning.

she were, the occasion was one in which the desire would have been wisely suppressed.

Kings and queens are things of posterity, and the individuals of them are regarded by their contemporaries as men and women. The mind of the Princess was obsolete to the age and in England. It was all as of the time when rotten bones were deemed holy in Christendom; bones which Heaven evidently despises, by making them carious. But this fault or defect increases, for her, pity or sympathy. Her part, in a word, was meek seclusion, but she obtruded herself in such a manner as to make indignant bravery seem like effrontery.

I had an opportunity of seeing how differently she might have been regarded by all ranks, had she chosen to be more sequestered. I happened to be standing in the saloon of Malmaison, when the Emperor of Russia visited the much-injured and quietly-degraded Josephine. He came in a plain private carriage, quite as one of no account; but, nevertheless, there was something imperially magnificent in this simplicity, this homage to fallen greatness. Whether he was expected by the household, I do not know, but she received him alone in her boudoir. A lady, who was with her, came out as he entered, and no greater ceremony disturbed the *triste* mansion than if he had been the most humble visitor, yea, myself. But would there have been such moral grandeur, filling, as the Greek poet says, "all the temple," had Josephine previously provoked more notoriety, and invoked Alexander to come to her with the *avatar* of a conqueror? The incident, I do not affect to deny, moved me, I know not wherefore, into tears; but it is probable that the Princess, though in a different manner, might have felt as keenly as the "crowned queen."

It is a very common thing to regard feeling governing conduct, as if all feeling were alike; but it should be remembered that feeling is in almost every one different;

and perhaps those are not wrong who ascribe ostentation to coarse feelings. I think the motive which led the Princess to the theatre when the allied Sovereigns were there, affords not an equivocal comment on the nature of her spirit; but that that spirit was such a one as could have been wished to have been manifested, will not obtain the universal assent of the public.

Perhaps you will think with Miss Deborah, that I make *midges* mountains, in the conduct of the Princess; and perhaps I do; but I am convinced that much of the mystery of her story has arisen from not sufficiently considering her natural character, and the circumstances in which she was brought up. There is, to be sure, not much difference between the manners of a person of noble rank, and the manners of a royal personage; but the natural peculiarity always makes a great difference; and when this natural peculiarity is strong, or an excitement arises which disconcerts the habits of discipline, we seldom can say what the effect will be. To determine what may have been the propriety or impropriety of the course which the Princess of Wales adopted, it is necessary to know, not only what provocation she may have received, but how far she was naturally able to constrain her feelings.

Without having any very accurate means of judging, I am sure however that I do her no injustice, when I think that she had very strong feelings; and what I have now to say, or rather to say in my next, will render this palpable. It will also end my strictures on her supposed ill-regulated *fierté:* for the tragedy of Caroline of Brunswick is only now about to be developed; and every thing imputed or suspected previously to her going abroad, shrinks into a very pale melancholy, compared to what ensued. I only wish you to recollect that there may have been something in her ways which provoked what she suffered, and that the very circumstance of mere

conscious innocence was likely to exasperate an impassioned character unjustly accused. Like Byron's scorpion, which inflicts death on itself when surrounded with flames, in seeking to avoid one evil, she may have incurred another.

Yours truly, &c.

LETTER IX.

August 21, 1820.

I have sustained a great disappointment to-day. An affair which could not be postponed, prevented me from getting to the House of Lords till after one of those *coups de theatre* which I had anticipated. It seems that, on the appearance of Theodore Majocchi, one of the witnesses, the Queen wildly exclaimed "Theodore!" * and immediately ran out. This caused an electric sensation among all present, and the newspaper reporter, who described the incident to me, looked as if he had an eye in each nostril, besides the orbs that "he did glare with!"

I cannot of course refuse faith to the fact: every body believes it, and that is no doubt a proof of its truth; but I gave a theoretical opinion respecting it, which staggered my informant, and yet it was but a very simple modification of the word uttered. I inquired if he was sure it was "Theodore:" adding, might it not be "Traditore!" —traitor? In fact, I do more and more think so. It was quite natural that a person of the Queen's reputed character should, at the sight of an old servant as an enemy, clench her fists, stamp with her feet, and indignantly exclaim, "Traitor." Besides, her sudden evasion is a corroboration of this idea. If sorrow, not anger, had been her feeling, it would not have prompted her to retire as she did. All modifications of grief or sorrow are only modifications of dejection and submission, but there was

* One version said that she exclaimed "Traditore!"

a violent action, as a symptom of intrepid passion. Whatever the printed evidence may show forth, I will believe in my theory, even although I did not hear the exclamation. In the whole of this absurd inquiry regarding the Queen, (for so I think it is, and do call it,) personal nature is not considered; and yet every thing hinges on that. This trial will hereafter be a monument of the length that folly may go, in the garb of wisdom.

I shall not attempt to criticise the whole evidence of any witness I may happen to hear; but occasionally I will treat their asseverations with common sense.

What Majocchi had said before I was present, you will see in the evidence; but one of the first things which excited my attention, and caused me to doubt his veracity, was a statement respecting the way of removing the light from *the tent* on deck, where the Queen slept. He said that Bergami sometimes handed to him the light from *between* the bottom of the tent and the deck. Now, I do not say this was impossible—but was it probable? Would Bergami, at the hazard of setting the tent on fire, have done such a thing—a thing so calculated to attract attention and excite speculation?—or did the action, if it took place, show anything of that conscious cowardliness which ever attends guilt? You see, I do not doubt that Bergami slept in the tent with her Majesty; but I contend, if he were there for a guilty purpose, he would not have committed actions to draw attention to his being there.

All the subsequent assertions of the witness did not, in consequence of what he implied by this statement, weigh the worth of two straws with me; for it was of the nature of inference, and deduced by the imagination. Besides, I do think he was a knowing rogue, who forgot to remember many things which perhaps might have changed the hue of his insinuations. I do not say that what he did state was not enough to justify a strong suspicion of guilt itself,

in the members of an English society; but this is the very thing complained of. The Queen was in *foreign* society, in peculiar circumstances, and yet our state Solomons judge of her conduct as if she had been among the English. For my part, I can discover nothing very heinous in her being attended in the bath by Bergami. It should be recollected, though that was not observed, that she would be in a bathing dress. I recollect being myself once in the public bath, at Bath, when a young lady, an acquaintance, came into it. We wished each other good morning; nay, she was interested in doing so by one of those laughable accidents not uncommon. Bubbles of air frequently rise from the springs at the bottom, and the sensation of them, as they ascend against the legs, is very like that of the touch. While we were speaking, she felt one of these bubbles rise, and, giving a scream or a skirl, rushed to another part of the bath. I solemnly declare the affair was only ludicrous.

But a case more in point did happen to myself once in Paris; which shows that the morals on the Continent, or among the southern continentals, are not so strait-laced as with us, and that the imagination has been allowed to swelter in foulness with respect to the Queen. I had occasion to go abroad early in the morning, and did not know how to get the key of the street-door. While I was asking for it on the stair, the lady of the house, a very *piquante* personage, called to me from her bed chamber that she had it, and to come in for it. It was under her pillow. It would have been criminal to have imagined she was actuated by any other thought than what respected the key.

This sad weighing up trifles among the Lords, is a making of midges mountains. We are unjustly trying a foreigner, for her conduct among foreigners, by an English criterion. However, this is enough on the subject

of Majocchi. I would not attach much importance to aught that he says. You will observe that he himself does not appear to be at all shocked or shame-faced at what he says. I shall therefore infer that he has been (may I say ?) taught to dwell so particularly on uncomely things, by one who did know how much they would revolt the English.

Yours, &c.

LETTER X.

There is surely some mystic influence in rank, which makes persons of condition seem to suffer more in similar circumstances, than others of a humbler station; as if the accidents of their troubles, being more widely known from their elevation, affected a wider range of sympathy. The snow on the far-seen mountains apprizes the snug vallies of the winter.

It is a natural feeling, thoughtlessly considered as vulgar, which teaches us to regard the distresses of the great as more affecting than those of lower men; but the tragic poets only obey the dictates of nature, when they choose their heroes and heroines from subjects with blood royal. I cannot tell how this should be, but I feel that it is fitting. The corporal sufferance of the man who "seeks his meat" from door to door, cannot be greater than that of another man; yet how different may be the anguish of the heart which he must endure, if he has been the nursling of affluence, and not accustomed to need! How different the case of him who has been dandled into luxury, contrasted with the vocation of the poor mendicant who has lived all his days on the brink of poverty! "The Lord's anointed" and the gatherer of samphire!

I was ruminating on this topic as I went down through the Park to the Parliament House, in the morning;

and I could not but think that the Queen's griefs were sharpened into keener sorrow, by the mere circumstance of her being a Queen. If she be innocent, God forgive those who afflict her; and if she be guilty, how much more is she already punished than any culprit in Bridewell! The same penalty does not affect all alike; and this should ever be considered when punishment is awarded.

This train of thought was not lightened by attending to the examination of Gaetano Paturzo. The first questions put to this witness filled me with indescribable amazement and indignation, to think there were men in the world, with wigs on their upper ends, who could display such ignorance. Was not the Princess of Wales in a vessel, and was it to be supposed that she could be otherwise accommodated than she was? Why insinuate (for the asking of the questions did insinuate as much) that she was indolently accommodated at her own request, and by an arrangement purposely made to gratify improper desires? "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" The lewd imaginations of these lawyers seem not to be aware that guilt is always, yes always, different. They have assumed that it has not its nature with the Queen; and that it was part of its enjoyment with her, to be ostentatious of criminality.

In the course of the voyage to the coast of Palestine, to Jaffa, nothing whatever was elicited from the witness that ought to have been construed unfavourably; and yet, I do assert, that there was a sinister attempt to do so. Why was this, if there had not been a desire to blacken the character of the Princess, and to produce a predisposition to find her guilty? The Scottish peasantry, so celebrated by one of themselves, Burns, in the Cotter's Saturday Night, are acknowledged to be the purest race on the face of the whole earth. Is there one circumstance respecting the situation of beds and berths, in the vessel

which carried the Princess to Tunis, and thence to Palestine, that the holy sanctuaries of their cottages can equal for propriety? Is it not the case, that these sanctified dwellings often serve for kitchen, hall, and bed-room, yea, a bed-room with several dormitories? I remember that when a boy, two years before I was sent to the grammar-school, a housemaid took me into the country, to her father's. The house had but one apartment, and there were three beds in it, with sliding doors. What *ruffians* would have dared to imagine that it was not sacred? I see yet the old white-headed man, with "the big ha' bible" before him, presiding at the evening exercises. Almighty God! does the Scottish peasantry every night insult Thee with such imaginations as lawyers dare to utter in the House of Lords!

In sifting Paturzo regarding the journey to Jerusalem, the slimy vipers which draw venom, as it were, from household herbs, were more successful. They laid open much to amaze the Peers of England, the most sybaritical inhabitants of the earth; and (may I say?) studiously kept out of view the circumstances of a journey in Palestine—leaving the sybarites to think that it may be something very like a journey from London to Doncaster. It is certain, by Paturzo's testimony, that, in travelling to Jerusalem, the Princess slept in a tent, and that Bergami dined with her in it. Remember more particularly Bergami was then her courier. Not a word was said that he had then been discovered to be a gentleman, as you have heard, of a family of fallen fortunes; and, of course, it must have confounded such of the auditors as had never heard of this, to think that a Lady would be dining with her groom. But I must again, as in the case of the *non mi ricordo* fellow, refer you to the evidence. See if you can find in it one, but one incident mentioned, that even a filthy mind would make the basis of an odious suggestion, unless it is allowed that guilt has lost its

nature with the Queen, and courts observation, as folly does when it believes itself virtue.

Yours, &c.

N.B.—I should notice how ignorant the Peerage must be of the value of freightage, to have started so marvellously as they did, when Paturzo stated what recompense he expected for his ship and trade. It was liberal, certainly, but not so much as any Mediterranean merchant in the city could have informed them;—only at the rate of £2 4s per ton.

LETTER XI.

I am not sure of having observed, in the evidence of Paturzo, his mentioning that the cause of the Princess, in returning from Jaffa, sleeping in a tent on deck, was the heat of the weather, and because seven horses and two asses were below. Probably I did not; for I was really so agitated to see a wish so manifest to represent every thing against Her Royal Highness foully, that I think indignation must have had the same effect as in attention. However, that was the cause; and Gargulio indirectly rebukes me for neglecting so important a fact.

There certainly is no disputing the fact, that the Princess and Bergami did sleep under the same tent, on the deck of the vessel, with the hatchway open to the twixt decks, where the other men slept; and that there were two separate beds in the tent. It remains still to be shown that, notwithstanding the publicity of the situation, and the precaution of the two separate beds, they did sleep together, in the face of all considerations, and in defiance of the Princess's responsibility as a wife, and as what she politically was.

Now I would not higgle about the fact of the tent; I

would admit it at once; but I would deny what is attempted to be made of it, and demand more special proofs of guilt; for I think it is so contrary to probability, such an insult to common sense, to think that, under the circumstances, there was aught which was sought to be concealed. If nothing was sought to be concealed, how is it so difficult to prove the commission of the crime? If the Princess was so eager to glare out a shameless person, as her enemies attempt to show she was indeed, how is it so difficult to prove her guilt? How is it also that Bergami should not have had some of the common modesty of human nature? That the Princess did and said many things which would have been deemed strange in another lady, I can very well believe; but that she had less shame than a cat or an elephant, I do not believe. I claim for her only to be allowed to have the *common* feelings of her sex, *not* very refined ones; and I say that the circumstances from which guilt is inferred do not warrant—if she had those feelings at the time when it is supposed her misconduct was so flagrant—the inference drawn from the premises.

I am interrupted, and must suspend what I have to say. It is not, however, important; only, were I of a Scotch jury, "deep and dreadful" as the guilt is by some thought, I should feel myself obliged to return a verdict of "not proven." I will resume before I go again to the trial.

Yours, &c.

LETTER XII.

I cannot understand why so much importance is attached to the evidence of Majocchi. He did not state any one thing that indicated a remembrance of his having put a sense of indecorum on the conduct of the Queen at the time to which he referred; and in this I think the want

of tact in those who arranged the case is glaringly obvious. As men, they could not but have often seen that it is the nature of recollected transactions to affect the expression of the physiognomy, and particularly of those kind of transactions which the "*traditore*" knew he was called to prove; yet in no one instance did Majocchi show that there was an image in his mind, even while uttering what were thought the most sensual demonstrations. In all the most particular instances that pointed to guilt, he was as abstract as Euclid: a logarithmic transcendent could not have been more bodiless than the memory of his recollections. I do not say that he has been taught by others; but I affirm that he spoke by rote; and I cannot conceive why Brougham, who has a perfect discernment, evidently, of his mind, did not overwhelm and confound him, as indeed an accursed thing. It is almost wanting in due reverence towards justice, to spare this fellow from condign exposure: but perhaps he is only respited. He was recalled yesterday after Gargulio, as you will see; but instead of being withered into a cinder, as he ought to have been, he was only proved to be an equivocating scoundrel. It should be recollected that the majority of the world consist of the foolish, and that the majority of the Lords inherit the infirmity of the division they belong to. Many will think that the deference paid to Majocchi is because it is thought that "he might, if he would;" in short, that he has something in his power; as if he had not told all that he has to tell —possibly a great deal more.

Di Rollo, the cook, has sworn to much unseemly demeanour between the Princess and Bergami; but he was also brought to confess circumstances that might have actuated him, by cherishing a grudge against Bergami, inasmuch as they had quarrels about his accounts, and that he was obliged to leave the service of the Princess. He said he was not discarded; but every one who has

been in those regions knows with what importance a character from any one connected with England is regarded, and what is told when it is said that a servant has no testimonial of his fidelity and honesty. It would not be just to say that a poor servant who quits his place abruptly cannot be credited, because he has no testimonial of worth; but it is at least not satisfactory to find those to appear in this case as witnesses for the prosecution, who may have been biassed by private feelings to testify unfavourably.

It is strange, I do think, that none of the witnesses called have yet, at least in my hearing, been sifted as to the history and condition of Bergami. He is still as a courier, and yet the rumour in the public is, that he is come, as we say in Scotland, of gentle blood. It ought to have been the duty of the agents for the prosecution, not to have shown themselves so anxious for conviction. It would not have shaded the hue of their integrity, had they in the outset so arranged matters as to have proved the fallen fortunes of Bergami, if they could do so; for if of gentlemanly birth, it would, without doing anything to prejudice their *object*, have greatly lessened the culpability of the Queen's familiarity towards him.

I should also notice that I have heard, in private, much stress laid on the circumstance of the neglect to which Bergami's wife was obliged to submit, while his child Victorine and all his family were admitted to associate with the Princess. But those who have been so impressed do not show much knowledge of the world, nor of individual character. In the first place, they should previously have known, before making the remark, if the wife was likely to have associated with the Princess even on invitation; because it is a notorious thing that there is a modesty in some females, even of the lowest condition, which makes them shrink from the society of the great; and, in the second place, that the Signora was in fact not

such herself as the Princess might, bold as she was, have desired to avoid. Besides, Bergami and his spouse might not have lived on terms that would have induced him to wish to bring her forward at all. Many considerations must be attended to, yea, and circumstances proved, before much heed can be given to iniquitous inferences, from her being apparently neglected by the Princess, and by his family too ;—for her absence from them makes a part of the mystery.

I really consider it as due to justice to make these observations to you, because it is too obvious that a wish is manifested by the character of the proceedings, that the Princess may be found guilty, not only of the main charge, but of the general conduct that will warrant the proposed degradation. THE TRIAL IS NOT FAIR. I do not think but the Peers will conscientiously decide according to the evidence brought before them ; but the *animus* of the measure is not good. Every witness hitherto produced, if not tainted, and with the plague spot red upon him, has the *ré di pesta* very conspicuously. I wish the King may not be too anxious to justify himself to posterity, for his treatment of his friendless cousin and wife. Had there not been a craving for her guilt somewhere, so many problematic stories of pollution would not have been brought forward. But enough at present. I grow more and more interested in the proceedings ; not so much with respect to the delinquency of the accused, as for the inevitable disclosure of the evil spirit which instigated, and presides over, the most singular manifestation of personal antipathy on record. Why is it that many have so innately a desire to see others guilty, that spies and traitors are among the natural professions of men ?

Yours, &c.

LETTER XIII.

You English are often the most unreasonable of mortals: an ass that eats thistles on a common is not half so foolish with pride. This morning Captain Pechell, of the Clorinde, was examined. I dare say he is a very honourable man, but he was at great pains to prove that a sailor is "all as one as a piece of a ship."

It seems, when the Princess was first on board the Clorinde at Civita Vecchia, Bergami officiated as a lacquey at table, when he, the noble captain, dined with her. But when Captain Pechell was afterwards to receive her again on board at Messina, his stomach turns at the idea of sitting down with Bergami, who had then been advanced from serving behind the chairs to sitting at table.

I do not question the propriety of Captain Pechell's feelings; and had he objected to what he felt would be degradation, on account of any alleged licentiousness between the Princess and Bergami, I would have thought his scruple deserving of every commendation. But that was not the case. His objection to make himself "joke-fellow" with the promoted courier, was because he had been promoted. I wonder if Captain Pechell never heard of such a country as England, where, as in the case of the present Lord Chancellor, then before him in all the formality of wig and woolsack, it is very common for boys who have swept offices to overtop their masters, in time. It is very common, I believe, in the British navy, for midshipmen to become even admirals, yea, masters of as great men as Captain Pechell's masters. I cannot divine what the gallant captain was called for, if not to insult the whole economy of the social community of England.

The testimony of Captain Briggs, who followed Captain Pechell, was more to my taste, nor did I think the professionality of it too racy of man-of-war discipline; but

I could not help asking, why were these two officers called? Pechell was only made to show himself very un-Englishly fastidious; and Briggs in the style of a frank sailor, to acknowledge that he saw no improper familiarity between the Princess and Bergami. The matters about the arrangement of the cabins were really trivial. Gracious God! to think that captains in the British navy would submit to act as pimps! To imagine that either of these officers would have knowingly lent himself to connive at and facilitate licentiousness, even in the Queen of the realm, is lower than I can grovel. We know that all men, for the gratification of their own passions and of themselves, do often very objectionable things; but, for the pleasure of others, to become the ministers of guilt, has been ever regarded as the basest and meanest office in which the fallen can serve.

In consequence of your intended absence, I shall not send this letter till I hear of your having returned, and will keep it open to add what may in the mean time transpire.

Worse and worse! one Pietro Puchi, a *pookit* bodie, who keeps an inn at Trieste, was examined to-day. It appears that he remembers the Princess of Wales, with Bergami, coming to the *Grand Albergo* of that town; that the bed-room of Her Royal Highness opened into the drawing-room; that Bergami's opened from beyond the Countess Oldi's, who it now appears, was his sister; and that her bed-room also opened into the dining-room. Now, in the name of intrigue, was this such an arrangement as the guiltiest healthy imagination could have fancied likely to facilitate. *Crim. con.* To suppose it such as was attempted to be insinuated, argues absolute insanity; for there is no saying what mad people will think. It, however, must be allowed, that this witness did swear to circumstances highly presumptive of guilt. I can only say, for myself, that I did not believe him. Why all the ostentation of exterior demeanour, and yet

such private intimacy as he alluded to, flagrant to all the house? In no stage of the Queen's imputed guilt is it even affected to veil the grossness of a lewd and furious passion for Bergami; and yet, in every predicament, the nocturnal arrangements are planned, as in this brothel case, with circumspection. If there had been such guilt between the parties as that they could not be decent among numbers, at noonday, how does it happen that they were never at any time found together *en lit?*

The Black Eagle of Trieste, the bird of prey's evidence, was virgin bashfulness to that of a German female of the name of Krass or Krantz; and she came nearer to what is wanted, namely, the Princess and Bergami in bed together: for she said that she found the Princess sitting on Bergami's bed, and he lying in it, with his arms endearingly about her.

Now mark this. It was physically untrue; for the Princess could not have been sitting on either side of him so as to afford Krantz a view of his right or left arm being about her, and he recumbent at the same time. That the Princess may have been sitting on his bed, talking to him, may be admitted; but it is attempting to prove too much to allege they were *cardooing*, as the Scots say of pigeons making love. Besides, the door was left open, or how did Krantz get into the room to see such a sight? and was that a circumstance likely to have been neglected? If this witness has told truth, the case, with its worst designation, is made out to the full satisfaction of all that the law can require; but she has said too much, she has proved only that what she avers cannot be believed.

I request you to attend particularly to what the witnesses Rugazzoni, Miardi, and Oggione say. They do not startle me, but they provoke me, that it should be thought there are men in the world such arrant fools as to credit such stuff. Bad as the whole case is, by making it more gross than in all human probability it could be,

the evidence, where it might otherwise be trusted, is rendered unworthy of credit. Sometimes improbability is demonstrated by affirming too much; and this sad display of human infirmity as to morals, is rendered doubtful, by deducing, from things which might be innocent, criminal predilections. The innate grossness of conduct of the Princess I never have doubted, nor doubted that it would be made palpable. But the certainty of this renders her guilt the more difficult of being proved; it even, in my opinion, renders it improbable; for such characters do many uncomely things without thought, that women of more delicacy would never allow themselves to do but in the fume and intoxication of passion, the infatuation of a moment.

Yours, &c.

LETTER XIV.

You mistake; I do not say the Princess may not have given cause, where there was no disposition to put a palliative construction on her actions, to suspect the purity of her conduct; but I do say, and think too, that she was that sort of person likely to have resented the imputation of guilt, by acting in such a manner as to suggest notions that she must have been guilty. This, you will say, is almost as bad as if she had really been a criminal: and certainly I do not attempt to extenuate the impropriety; but we know there are persons in the world who think themselves very rigidly righteous, who do and say things that would have made Cleopatra, the gipsy, blush, or at least look through between her fingers. Nothing, indeed, is less disputable than that there are very worthy people in the world who consider themselves strictly innocent, merely because they have not actually sinned in the eye of human law. I have shown, myself, very self-respected *peeous* characters give even verbal

utterance to thoughts and ideas that would have astounded the dissolute, as incredible imaginations. When you are better, and mingling again in society, look sharply about you, and you will be convinced of this truth. It is, I am convinced, much more common than you seem to think, for many practically "decent folk" to believe, when they clothe their naked fancies in debonair phraseology, that the characters of their reflections are very delicate. These persons, however, are not only as innocent as ostriches, but as stupid, hiding their heads in the grass while all their huge bulks are seen. The well-behaved would shrink from very many things which the Princess would laugh at.

I think this notion of her character is true, and that it should be borne in mind, during the whole course of the exposure of the boil and ulcer of the State, which the "noodles" of the time are laying open for the benefit of the vile—for raising the corrupted in the scale of moral estimation. It does not seem to be recollected that there is truth in the old aphorism, which asserts that "*evil communications corrupt good manners*"; or undoubtedly the details of this filthy business would not have been shown to the sun—would not have been displayed for no other end, as it appears to me, than to prove that the world, bad as it is, is really a great deal worse than it is supposed to be; and, therefore, one who does ill will be less secretly in the bosom condemned, than it may be expedient as yet to manifest.

I am led to make these observations, to shun, if it were possible, to say aught of a witness who inspired me with a supreme disgust; but I will, as I must, speak of her by-and-by. I would rather, however, that I might *skip* her altogether. In the mean time, give me leave to mention a ludicrous anecdote of this solemn affair.

Nature often mixes up the sublime and the ridiculous heedlessly, as it would seem; and I met to-day with a curious instance of her indifference. I forgot how it

happened; but I was driven accidentally against a curtain, and saw, in consequence, beyond it Lord Castlereagh sitting on a stair by himself, holding his hand to his ear, to *keep* the sound and words of the evidence which the witness under examination at the bar was giving. Notwithstanding the moody wrath of my ruminations, I could not help laughing at the discovery; and his lordship looked equally amused, and was quite as much discomposed. He smiled, and I withdrew. I met him afterwards in the lobby of the House of Commons, when he again smiled, as if we had, as Lord Byron says, "met in another state of being."

I must, however, conclude this letter at once; for I am not in a humour to-night to say what I feel should be said respecting the witness; so excuse my sermonising, and believe me to be

Yours truly, &c.

LETTER XV.

I am perplexed, and my perplexity was the cause of my not writing last night; I cannot make up my mind to believe Louisa Demont, or not. Much that she stated has an air of truth and sincerity; but she has a habit of considering things in two ways, and this *actress* habit proceeds from innate peculiarity. She reminds me of what has been said of Garrick and of many other players; natural while *acting*, and artificial while in her own character. No doubt, the truth respecting her is, that sometimes she states facts, and it is no less certain that she is a great liar. I say so advisedly and deliberately, because she seems at all times aware of what will be the effect of what she says; but the cast of malice is not always to be discerned in her countenance. If the cause could have gone on without her, this dubiety so obvious should have prevented her from being called as a witness.

One thing, however, she has very clearly established—much more so than it was before—namely, that the Princess was surrounded by spies; a circumstance which requires no argument to divine that those spies, like the *Death* of Burns, "would feel that they must do something for their bread." The testimony of every one against the Princess must therefore be studiously and invidiously scanned.

Many things which Demont stated, and which evidently surprised some of the Peers, did not so affect me, and for a curious reason. In many of her descriptions of the Princess she brought very vividly before me, a jocular old *leddy* whom I knew intimately in my boyhood, and who, notwithstanding her occasional levity, was one of the purest minds and most unstained characters I have ever known. I remember she so provoked me by offering to be my partner at my first ball, that I gallantly rushed from her house, and broke her windows for so making a fool of me. The whole air and manner of the Princess was so like the ways of my old friend, that I was none amazed to hear she sometimes danced by herself at her balls to the peasantry. Indeed, what Demont told of such doings, though it made many a grave and reverend senator look much aghast, only reminded me of innocent scenes that are dear to my memory, and now recollected among the happiest of my life; and yet they were in their advent far from being joyous. Verily, verily, I am puzzled.

Demont is too knowing;* she knows how to state matters of dread import with a very "lassie like" simplicity. I would not credit, as I said often to myself, the half of the moiety of what she swears to, and yet I know not on what I would fasten to prove her derelict:

* Harriet, Lady Granville, wrote (September 2, 1820): "Mlle. Demont was damaged by yesterday's examination. Her candour in avowing that she left the Queen's service for having been detected in a falsehood is said to have disguised the fact of having robbed her."

something, however, I will fasten on, some simple thing, too simple to be systematically remembered, and trust to the future to prove whether she has stated truth or falsehood.

She very much shocked some of her auditors by her insinuations about the monstrous dress in which the Princess appeared at a masque ball, as History. Now, the Princess appeared in two several characters that night, and the immaculate mademoiselle speaks of the order in which Her Royal Highness did so, viz., 1st. In the character of a Neapolitan country girl; 2dly. She then appeared as the genius of History.

Now mark this: something struck me that Demont had not a very clear recollection upon the subject; I therefore make this trivial thing a test because, in the course of her examination, she seemed as if she thought at the moment it might be made much of.

Another thing which marked the left-handed character of her mind—she spoke of the Countess Dole as a vulgar Italian woman in her language, and yet she did not appear to be an adequate judge. However, Brougham noticed her flippancy on this point, and I should think will not forget it.

But I will not say what I am inclined to think of Demont's evidence. It evidently contains much which may be true, but it has so much of system in it, that I shall not be astonished to find that her imagination has supplied inventions to give it a consistent form and purpose. I am sorry she has ever been called as a witness. Why? you will say. I cannot tell. She has given me much to ponder upon, filled me with distrust, and, as Shakspeare says, "filed my mind." There are a kind of persons who, from the very construction of their minds, should never be put in a witness-box; and Demont is of this species.

You will wonder why I make so much ado about this

hussy; but a great deal more stress has been laid on what she has avouched than I think ought to have been. Why was she so long under examination if importance be not attached to what she says?—and, if she be a liar, as indeed she has not affected to disguise she is, why insult justice by producing a witness unworthy of belief? I thought, at first, the whole of this affair quite a disgrace to the supposed wisdom of the state, because there was another and a better way of proceeding. But the moral shamelessness of considering Demont so important, fills me with dismal ideas. What will posterity think of us, if it should turn out that the whole British ministry have lent themselves to the ignominious purpose of a King that cannot be much esteemed?

Yours, &c.

LETTER XVI.

I have resolved to suspend my strictures on this curious royal trial,* and resume my observations on the witnesses. My feelings are constantly reminding me of the ill-usage the Queen has sustained, ever since she had the misfortune to be connected with us, and I feel that I would acquit her merely on that account. But I shall not be *bird-mouthed* in the end, if some much blacker evidence be not disclosed than has been. Why could the charges not have been supported by less doubtful characters? but "anon, anon, Sir."

After the immaculate virgin Demont, Luizi Galdini was examined; a mason, that made or mended a cornice in the ville d'Este, where the Princess some time resided.

* Lady Granville's comment about this time is: "In the enthusiasm shown by the mob for the Queen, they give amusing proofs of the refinement of their ideas and the measure of her popularity. They call after Billy Austin, 'God bless you and your mother,' and call fruit about St. James's Square, crying Bergami pears and Caroline apples. They say she is getting dreadfully bored, and dying to go to Ramsgate."

You will see this man's evidence in the printed account of it, and, therefore, I will say no more than that it was of a kind which made many a Thane and Baron bold blush redder than the copper of a lawyer's countenance.

The next brought forward was an ornamental painter, one Finetti, occasionally employed at the villa, who swore to seeing Bergami and the Princess several times kiss and slaver each other. Is this credible? A tradesman, hired to do jobs! How was this witness thought of?

The next witness, another mason, was still more improbable in what he states. He was called Buezo. He saw, forsooth, the Princess and Bergami, across two rooms, pawing the cheeks of one another, and doing other namby pamby lovingnesses.

To him succeeded one Bianchi, who saw the Princess and Bergami bathing together in a canal; but he was ready to acknowledge that the Princess was dressed at the time. Who ever imagined that being in cold water and dressed, was a more unchaste predicament than in being in the open air? Mind, I am not speaking of the impropriety of the thing, but of the filthy imaginations that could conjure sin out of such a circumstance! Why was this goat-headed witness brought at all? If, to prove impropriety, *that* was already as palpable as that the Lord Chancellor wears on the woolsack a very unbecoming wig.

Then came Lucine, a white-washer, *alias* a stainer; and he saw the parties in a *padu venella*, the Princess sitting, because she could not do otherwise in that kind of vehicle, on the knees of Bergami. One Carlo Carotti followed the stainer, and made out, if he spoke truth, much of the same sort of unseemliness that others had done,—but nothing more. Gafrino, another mason, came next, and proved nothing but that he had had a job to do at the villa d'Este. The effect of this individual's

evidence was very vile, for it was so turned as to fill the minds of the Peers with uncleanness, by natural inference, while it was as decorous as a lawn sleeve. To him succeeded one Rastelli, a stable yard delicate, who had been suspected of stealing corn, and had been dismissed the service of Her Royal Highness, by his own confession, for what was in his place deemed a misdemeanour. Of Rastelli, it is only necessary to remark that the counsel on both sides seemed to be aware that this fellow was, in sterling English, a rascal. I only wonder why Brougham did not bray him in a mortar. He got off too easily. Why was this?

Egali, a waiter, was next. God forbid that I should imagine integrity, in any degree, depends on condition; on the contrary, I do think that condition is often the best test of its worth. He spoke of improprieties, and of actions that could not have been tolerated in man and wife; nor, I suspect, if the parties were living together, as it was insinuated they did, would have taken place so openly. But I will, as I have said, restrain my pen till the case is closed. One thing, however, I do not doubt, will be made clear; it will demonstrate that this sullying investigation ought never to have been made. I find several friends much shaken in their belief of the Queen's innocence; and others who did not think her "fine gold," in great wrath that all the witnesses against her are not so good as they should have been. For myself, the question of guilty or not guilty has ceased to be a topic of consideration. But I am interrupted. Good night.

Yours, &c.

LETTER XVII.

Q[——] interrupted me last night, and I have since been obliged to go to East Sheen; so that what I have

to say, latterly especially, is not from actual impression, but the effect of what I have heard from others, who were spectators and auditors.

One Orto, a baker, testified to certain misdemeanours, but not to any action which went to prove more than that *secretly cooing* was often seen by him between Bergami and the Princess. This has been proved to loathing, if the witnesses may be trusted.

Gourgiardi, a boatman, was next to Orto. He has a wanton imagination, and spoke of things that were not evidence, but pimplings of indecorous imaginations. To him followed Zacchi, whom the gentleman that heard him said was a so-so witness. He spoke of things which seemed at first very bad, but, when questioned, lost their crimson tint. For example, he spoke of seeing Bergami and the Princess in bed together; but, on being questioned, they were both dressed, sitting on a bed, and resting with their shoulders against the wall beyond. Another curious inadvertency escaped him. One night, when the weather was so insufferably warm as to oblige him to leave his bed and go to the window, he swore that he saw Bergami, in that hot time, go to the Princess. Where was the need of swearing the weather was so insufferably hot? But I have to refer you to the printed account of his examination, for the words he uttered. My friend says, however, that his manner did not seem to inspire confidence, and it is only for the impression of the manners of the witnesses that you trust to me. He also said that more seemed to be known of him than was shown; that several peers seemed to know something of him; and that Lord Grey, in particular, asked if he had not been known in Paris by the name of Milari?

Majocchi, the famous *non mi ricordo* gentleman, was re-examined by Mr. Brougham, and the effect was rather to shake confidence in his testimony, than to elicit new

facts. After this, the evidence for the prosecution closed.

In the course of the trial, Lord Liverpool has intimated, I understand, that the divorce clause in the Bill would not be persisted in, or that it might be abandoned; not, however, because there was any doubt of the guilt, but because to ask for it under the circumstances, would seem as if the King was differently to be dealt with in justice than a poor man. Why, then, was it ever sought for? and why, as I have often said, were the other penalties in the Bill introduced at all—or, indeed, the Bill itself? In voting an establishment for the Queen, an opportunity could have been taken equivalent to all the Bill could do. If the divorce clause is not to be inserted, I cannot penetrate the mystery of the whole proceeding; but, if the ministers had felt the dignity of themselves properly, they would not have submitted to lower themselves to what I do in my conscience believe was a measure instigated by the personal bad passions of the King.

It is very lucky perhaps for me, that what I think of this *coomy* affair will not offend the King, because he will not know of it; and you know me too well to conceive that I think the ministers have acted worse in the business than weakly, and unlike men of the world. I believe them to be, one and all, very honest men, but, assuredly, I do not consider them "the noblest works of God." They never seem to have thought that the nation has no more to do with the domestic squabbles of Mr. and Mrs. Guelph of the Crown, than with the fisty-cuff proceedings of Philpot and his wife of the *Red Lion*. Now, this was a case that affected the King and Queen; and, as King and Queen, the public was interested in it. It was a mean conception to imagine that it could be treated as having reference only to a man and his wife; and, after all, but this only is made of it—the King is not in

a condition to ask for the relief he claims, and the guilt of the Princess is not so unequivocal that the nation will submit to see her divorced. I grant you that there may be enough *proven* to place her habitual indecorum beyond question—to warrant, if you please, degradation; but a Bill of Pains and Penalties, objectionable as it is constitutionally, though not without precedents in bad times, is not the way to do justice in the case. However, let us see what the defence will be. One thing is clear, that the evidence against her does not equal in fragrance the heavenly amaranth, and, I am sure, would make an ordinary jury reluctant to return a verdict of guilty, even though they might not have any doubt of her guilt; the punishment proposed is so disproportioned to the offence, considered with reference to the provocation. We shall be enabled to judge all by her defence; but, *à priori*, it seems remarkable that she should have been so ostentatious of her fondness before so many tarnished servants, and yet so stoutly assert her innocence here. It is not within the range and scope of ordinary human nature that she should maintain such bravery. I can imagine her to act in defiance of imputations, because it is not difficult to conceive how provocation might act on such an impassioned temperament. But two things harassed my powers of supposition; 1st. That she should have played the part she is represented to have done by all the witnesses, except the English officers, who said nothing of her very bad; and, 2d. That, with a knowledge of the allegations which might be made, and with a consciousness of guilt if true, she should still brave the whole world, and set the discernment of the British peerage at defiance. If not both mad and bad, she is much indeed to be pitied.

Yours, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

FOR THE DEFENCE.

There is certainly some mysterious pleasure in thinking of the innocence vindicated of accused persons. I was very sensible of this prospective delight in going across the park this morning to the House of Lords, to hear the defence of Her Majesty opened. The case, as I have often said to you, was either too bad or too black to be exposed; and, in consequence, as I thought it, overcharged was my anticipation of the gratification I should receive from finding it less odious. I frankly own to you, I wished with all my heart that she should be found guiltless; not because she is a Queen, but because I have enjoyment in the bleaching of imputed error or crime. I do, however, relish, as you know, the detection of hypocrisy in its sins, and of the exposure of those sort of plated characters who look so precious in the side they present to the world, but which are generally, at last, found out to be of very little intrinsic value. Caroline of Brunswick is not one of this kind; her fault is to be too ostentatious of her indiscretions, and too brave in her defiance of opinion. But a truce with reflections,—I will now proceed with my comments.

The first witness called was a Mr. Lemann, a clerk in the service of the Queen's solicitor. He had been sent to Baden to solicit the attendance of Baron Dante, the Grand Duke's chamberlain. His testimony, I dare say,—I mean Mr. Lemann's, was not thought important; but to *me* it seemed very. It appeared that the Baron had kept notes of certain transactions, which notes he consulted before he deposed as to what he could state. Now, was not this curious? How did he happen to keep such memoranda; and why was it so arranged between him and the Grand Duke afterwards, that he

should not come to England? Moreover, if these notes had been such as would have been agreeable to George IV., why should he have expressed any anxiety concerning his estate in Hanover? Make of it what the Peers may, the testimony of Mr. Lemann, without directly proving much, really implies a great deal, and, *for* Her Majesty,—intimating at the same time, that the Baron had been requested to observe her behaviour—I don't say he was a spy—he would not submit to be that—but his having kept notes, as the Scotch lawyers say, *anent* her conduct, proves the existence of the espionage system, with which she was surrounded.

Colonel St. Leger was next called; but he proved nothing, unless it can be accounted something that he resigned his appointment in the Queen's household after her return. The cause of his resignation, as he swore, was ill-health.

The Earl of Guildford followed, and he deposed to his observation of the general propriety of the Queen's conduct. I must here mention that this, though in her favour, does not weigh much with me. Every one who knows anything of Lord Guildford personally, must have observed that he is naturally disposed to take indulgent views of all mankind. He is, I think, even singularly unlikely to give way to suspicion of any kind. Either Bergami acted very adroitly towards his Lordship, or was a person of innate modesty, not at all like the impudent libertine which the witnesses for the prosecution described; for Lord Guildford spoke of him as having little to say, and being probably not much changed in his manners, as a baron, from what he had been in his humble capacity as a courier.

Permit me to remark that this observation deserves special attention. Bergami does not appear to have been in any respect different from the other menials, in the character of his abilities; and, therefore, he was

the more likely to cause their envy to be awakened by his advancement. When a man evidently possesses any degree of that which is called genius, his comrades are proud to see him advanced; but, when he is only like themselves, or thought to be so, they look askance at his promotion. This is universally the case; a man or woman always offends their families and contemporaries, when they step, by reason of the promptings of talent, into a circle which the others may not enter and for some superiority which it has not been thought they possessed. But I am interrupted by a stranger, and must conclude,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XIX.

I was going to state that Lord Glenbervie succeeded the Earl of Guildford. His testimony only went to show that Bergami, in his capacity as a courier, behaved as a respectful servant when attending at table. I do not, however, see the use of bringing forward occasional guests as witnesses in a case of this kind. It is not to such that the flagrancies of passion are disclosed; all that such witnesses may prove can only be that cunning was dextrously employed to conceal; they cannot prove innocence, and it is *that* which is wanted to be proved. One thing, however, Lord Glenbervie made decidedly clear, namely, that the odour of the Princess's reputation could not then have been very bad, for he consented that his lady should act as the lady-in-waiting till another arrived. I will not believe that any English gentleman would have allowed his wife to do so, had the character of the Princess been tainted, and tainted so foully as we are taught to believe it then was.

Lady Charlotte Lindsay succeeded Lord Glenbervie, but her evidence is not finished. It was a painful spectacle,

on her own account, to see the disclosures which her ladyship was obliged to make of her domestic circumstances.* I cannot discern any necessity for putting her SO TO THE QUESTION, nor was aught obtained from her, but that she had much private distress, and an affectionate and considerate mother. Reports undoubtedly respecting misconduct on the part of the Princess of Wales had reached both her and him, but she could only testify to the circulation of such reports; she had not herself seen anything to justify—to confirm them.

I did not send my letter off yesterday. I thought it best that all which Lady Charlotte Lindsay had to say should be completed; but nothing further than what I have already stated was elicited at her second appearance. Look, however, carefully hereafter at the printed evidence, for my attention was much molested by several Scottish friends, to whom I am obliged to do cicerone. They go with me to the House, and, like all our countrymen, they have hungry eyes for great characters, and I was often obliged to gratify them by pointing out several whose titles they had heard, and that, too, in the most interesting junctures of the evidence. I am myself very national, but my nationality is pink, compared with the crimson of these. They affected to be as much interested as I am in the object of the trial; but deuce take me if I do think they care a *black bawbee* about the matter. One of them, a Campbell, was of course more anxious to have the Duke of Argyll shown to him than any other fact; I say fact, for he spoke as if, *per se*, the Peers could discrimination facts better than other men; and what they admitted must, of course, therefore, be only facts.

Of William Carrington's evidence I was unable to

* Lady Granville wrote (October 5): "Only a moment. Lady Charlotte Lyndsay (*sic*) did it well. The Attorney-General very offensive in his manner to her."

attend to a single word. It was not, however, of any consequence. All I could learn was that he showed that Majocchi was at one time full of wrath against Ompteda, and that he himself knew something of Italian. One Siccard, a cook, came next, who caused me to prick up my ears. He must be a devilish clever fellow naturally. He delivered himself so wisely well in manner, that what he said I did think such as I could have wished to hear from all the Queen's witnesses. It did not go far, but it was probable and sensible. I own that he interested me by the manliness of his manner. I may be mistaken, but I think what he said must have made a favourable impression for himself, and a very favourable one for his royal mistress—all this because he seemed to have seen matters with the eyes of common sense.

It struck me, however, and also others, that the witnesses called for the Queen were not hitherto judiciously selected. Of their character no doubt could be entertained. Compared with the witnesses for the Bill, they were as precious stones to mud and gravel; but they were not, unless acute and shrewd observers, exactly the sort of persons which should have been summoned. This was particularly conspicuous when Dr. Holland was placed at the bar, to deliver what he had to say. His grave aspect, as many observed, was of the very kind to awe naughty children suddenly into pretty behaved delinquents, when surprised at their romps. Besides, his looks indicated study and reflection; not that kind of roving glancing which sees further into a millstone than a Lord Chancellor can do into a cask when the bunghole is closed. Yet, Dr. Holland's testimony was even more favourable to Her Royal Highness than that of any one who has yet been examined. His answers were exact and decisive, indicating, at least, cogitation.

The evidence of Mr. Charles Mills was, in one respect,

better than that of Dr. Holland; but then he spoke of the conduct of the Princess and Bergami towards each other in public—at least before company. I do not think that such witnesses can do much good. It is menials we want, and those for the prosecution were of that description; they only told more than could be credited; and, by-the-by, they laid much stress on the circumstance of the Princess often seeing strangers in her bedroom,—as if it were something extraordinary to them. I am sure this must have proceeded from what they had observed it produces on the minds of Englishmen; for it is a common custom with French and Italian ladies to receive company in their bed-rooms.

Many of the peers were probably struck with horror at the indelicacy of Her Royal Highness receiving company in her bed-room; but, assuredly, those who have been in France or Italy would not. The only thing to cause wonder about it was, that the servants, used to the custom, should have noticed it at all. I do think that their noticing it, (God forgive me!) was very like the effect of prompting. Yet the character of the Commissioners sent to hunt for facts by which certain charges might be supported, precludes this idea: they were "all honourable men." Were they, however, also wise ones?

Yours, &c.

LETTER XX.

I am *fashed;* these Scotch blockheads are as helpless in London as the babes in the wood; and you must, for their sakes, pardon my irregularities. You will, indeed, be charitable if you overlook my seeming negligences, for I am so pitiful-hearted for their ignorance, that I give up to them much of my spare time. They go with me to the trial, but they count on my

going with them "all about the town," when I am not there.

The evidence of Col. Theoline, yesterday, was, I thought, impressive. It was all about Bergami, and produced a very different effect, I am sure, from that of the witnesses against the Queen. This, I think, must be your opinion too. Considering him (Bergami) as a person in a humble station, it was much to his credit.

The Earl of Llandaff followed him. He had been abroad with his lady and family; but what I have chiefly to remark is, that his evidence tended to confirm what I said last night respecting the custom of the Italian ladies receiving gentlemen in their bed-chambers. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* I am glad this circumstance was so clearly explained, for many "decent folk" have remarked, with heavenward eyes, on the supposed indecorum of a Princess holding such a levee.

The Hon. Mr. Keppel Craven was still more decidedly in favour of Bergami. It was by him that he had been originally engaged for the service of the Princess, and a Marquis * with an odd sort of name, recommended him very particularly. This was to the point. Hitherto the character of Bergami in the Princess's household was unaccountable; now it appears that he was more than ordinarily well introduced, and that the Marquis respected his family. It is not to be supposed that the Marquis would have known much about them, had they not been at least better than common. I wish you would compare Craven's evidence with that of the flippant damsel Demont, and also Siccard's with that of the same female individual, in what regards the dresses of the Princess at the masquerades. Not so great a discrepancy results as I did expect would be discovered from Demont's confusion, but enough to show she had not so perfect a recollection as by her manner she *tried*

* Ghislieri.

to make appear.—There was a firmness of tone in all Mr. Craven said, that seemed to make it like very pure truth. I would rest much on his testimony, unless it could be proved that he is as habituated to *double entendres* as the Swiss maiden; or rather, to use the definition which a reverend friend of mine once gave in the pulpit, of a maid—"the young unmarried woman."

One thing I had almost forgotten: mark well what Mr. Craven says about spies, and his admonition to the Princess about being seen with Bergami in attendance as a servant. It speaks, as an old judge said to myself, "most voluminously."

Sir William Gell was summoned after Craven; and what he related confirmed the other's averments, respecting the former respectability of Bergami's family, and his personal condition. In some particulars, the testimony of Sir William Gell greatly agitated me. It suggested to me, that in the general opinion of the world, a man of fallen fortunes is morally tainted: as if the disasters which Heaven occasionally showers upon the earth, were not impartially distributed. In fine, IF SIR WILLIAM GELL SPOKE TRUTH, THE PRINCESS IS AN INNOCENT WOMAN. Her circumspection may not, as the Yankees say, have been first quality; but the very consciousness of having nothing to conceal, would betray such a character into many levities that could not be applauded. But I must repress the inclination which I feel at this moment to declaim, "O Heavens! in thy sight guilt may not be sin!"

I shall say nothing of Whitcomb's evidence. Read it. He was valet to Mr. Craven, and verily, verily, proves, of his own knowledge, that he knew the maiden Demont was "a young unmarried woman."

To me the trial becomes interesting; and I could wish these Scotch cousins "far enough." They not only molest me in the court, but prevent me from writing

my notes, when the matter is distinctly recollected, after I return home; for they dog my heels. I wonder how it is that so few of the world have eyes in their understandings, and yet have big enough "balls of sight," as Collins, the poet, calls them, in their heads. It is not fitting, as you know, that I should tell Tom, Dick, and Harry, of my being so special in noticing the demeanor of the witnesses; but they might see, without a nod and a wink, that I have more to do than meets the ear in this affair. I hate to be always obliged to say why and wherefore I do this or that; it is enough that I write down every day when I come from Westminster something or another, to make the cuifs see, were they possessed of any right *gumption*, that I must have occasion for some time to think. I know you will not approve of my assumed civility towards these country cousins, and possibly think, I should tell them at once, as a waiter in Palermo advised me to do to a talkative cicerone, "to go to the devil." But really, I have not courage; for if it were not for the trial, I would think them pleasant old acquaintances. "What a strange thing is circumstance!" says Horace Walpole; and so say I.

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXI.

I said in my last letter that the trial was becoming interesting to me. I should not have said exactly so. It is only to see the result I am interested, for my mind is made up. I am conscious that the Queen is innocent according to the evidence, as I consider it; but I do not think she will be acquitted of indiscretion, and I am only anxious to see how she will be treated. All the Bill of Pains and Penalties * cannot and will not now

* In the end the current joke was, "Why is the Queen like the Bill of Pains and Penalties?"—Answer, "Because they are both abandoned."

be abandoned; but what the hue of her degradation may be, is perplexing. For the character of the country I wish the whole matter was shovelled into the kennel; and I am decidedly of opinion that the prolongation of the question is detrimental to the monarchy. I do not blink the matter, as crime in all cases should be proved where it is accused; or where it cannot be proved, it should not be endeavoured to be so. Acquittal or doubt gives opportunity for repentance, and repentance is the next best thing to innocence, as far as society is concerned. Besides, were the Queen found guilty, her guilt to the nation would in one sense be but a negative crime. I do not think this peculiarity is half considered, either by the King or his ministers. It is quite obvious that the rule of man and wife cannot be applied in justice to a King and Queen. Their marriages are made up for their nation, and the consideration of mutual affection, which is so essential an ingredient in domestic life, does not enter into the composition of the happiness which is expected to result from their union. Nature in this case is, perhaps, opposed to justice, and nature should be deferred to. It is assuming too much for man to say what is justice; but he can always consult nature; and I suspect that, where nature is, justice cannot be far off.

Allow me, before proceeding farther, to explain an apparent inadvertency, as you may perhaps think it. I said that if Sir William Gell spoke truth, the Queen was innocent, and I say so still. No doubt you may say, also, that if the other witnesses did the same, there can be no doubt of her guilt. Granted. But, in the first place, they told improbable stories; and, in the second, none of them had the look of speaking from recollection; not one of them; and I lay much stress on that circumstance; for, although I am no lawyer, nor can tell what my notion may be good for, I am yet metaphysician enough to know that there is a visible

difference between the expression of the countenance in telling a recollection, and an imagination, especially in such stories as they told. They could not, in the pretended remembrances of their ribaldry, have seemed less impassioned, if they had been contemplating a mathematical point: Sir Isaac Newton, developing his theory of attraction, must have been more so than to the most voluptuous of them all. Even "the young unmarried woman," Demont, felt less in her blushes than the rose among the thorns.

But I will go on with my remarks on the different witnesses. You may judge of what they say as you think right; but I can tell you, that there is a wide difference between the evidence of a printed paper, and the *viva voce* testimony of the vision of a human being.

One thing I was greatly struck with:—a witness examined to-day had been a cabinet courier to the Viceroy of Italy; his name was Forte: all he said must have told in the Queen's favour; and he gave an explanation of French and Italian servants kissing their ladies' hands, that could not but amaze some of the Peers, who perhaps thought that only the paws of lions and unicorns were ever kissed. But that which merited most attention, was a shake of his head, more emphatic than Lord Burleigh's in the Critic, or the "no, no," of the most eloquent orator. He was asked, if he ever saw Bergami kiss the (well stricken in years) Princess: and his negative was just like that of an honest man. He acknowledged, however, that, according to the custom of the Italians, he has seen Bergami kiss her hand on taking leave; saying that he himself had done so, both to the Vice-Queen and the Empress Josephine. By-the-by, it is curious, and but little known among us, that the court and nursery practice of kissing hands is an outlandish way of *parley vooing*, imported, as some

think, at the restoration of Charles II., with full bottomed wigs and the unities of the drama.

I was afflicted by the examination of Lieutenant Flynn. It was evident that a dead set was made to bamboozle the poor fellow. He could tell nothing confirmatory of the *non mi recordo* crew, and was made unable to tell anything. The Solicitor-General threw him into a quandary about an Italian or a Sicilian; just as if the difference could be very nicely discriminated by an English sailor. How would even the Chief-Justice of England have made it appear; for I'll venture to say, that John Bull knows as little of the difference between a Sicilian and an Italian, as he does of that between a negro and a blackamoor—a celt and a savage. I was very indignant at the great self-sufficiency with which poor Lieutenant Flynn was treated; and it would not have surprised me, if, sailor like, he had given the Solicitor-General a good snubbing for his jaw. What between natural bashfulness, and indistinctness of mind, Flynn could not be a good witness, either pro or con. Perhaps this was seen, and was the cause of so much ado about nothing in his case. Make of it what they will, the plain endeavour to paint black with soot, was in the case of this officer's perturbation too visible. "Faugh!" as Hamlet says.

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXII.

The exhibition of Lieutenant Hownam was not much better than that of Flynn; I could discover nothing, however, in what he said, that in the slightest degree indicated prevarication; but he was much embarrassed occasionally, not always. One of his answers was capital, and must have been felt as a just reproof by the big-wigged devil who tormented him. The devil very

knowingly asked about the Princess walking arm in arm with Bergami, *pawkilie;* implying it was very naughty so to do. But the sailor said, she did not until after he had been promoted to the rank of chamberlain, or to dine with her; thereby showing, that after he had dined at her table, there could be no impropriety in her walking with him. Sometimes, really, a sailor may be too many for a devil of a lawyer.

Hownam was examined at great length, and as to many points, but it does not seem to me, that much of importance was elicited; nothing certainly capable of a guilty construction, except by a very foul imagination. He did, however, prove that there were indiscretions, as to demeanour, frequently committed by the Princess; and these, I suspect, are not difficult of being sufficiently proved. Altogether, the evidence of Hownam was longer and more agreeable than that of the greater number of witnesses:—what I mean by agreeable is, that it was of a more exoterick character. It is of a kind that you can very well understand from the printed papers, without a comment. At times Hownam was firm and self-collected: keep this in mind, I say, at *times*.

Granville Sharp, who was next called, only proved that an alleged indecent Moorish dance, was not so. It should, however, be recollected, that he spoke of dances he has seen in India. Now, there are many kinds of Moorish dances, and some of them, which I have myself seen to the east of Italy, that are not so comely as the attitude in which penitents say their prayers. Mr. Sharp's testimony goes for nothing, with me.

The evidence of Guzziare, who succeeded, was very impressive. He proves that Ragazzoni could not have seen, from where he said he stood, the sight which he pretends to have witnessed.

During the examination of Guzziare a remarkable disclosure took place. It appeared that Rastelli, or

Rascelli, whose appearance at the house was not worshipful, had left the country—I do not say, sent out of it—no, not I—how indeed could I know this fact? There was, for a season, consternation in the House.

Rastelli had been examined, as I formerly stated; but, in consequence of something which the witness Guzziare said, it was resolved to sift him further. When, however, he was required, it appeared that he had quitted the kingdom, on the pretence of being wanted in Milan, by some relations; at least, I could not conjure a more satisfactory reason for his *flight*.

Every non-professional mind must, I think, have then expected that her Majesty's Attorney General would have hurled his brief at the wig of the Lord Chancellor, and abandoned the Government to the condemnation of posterity. I freely confess, that for a time I partook of this feeling, when the counsel for the Queen retired to consult about what they ought to do.

More temperate reflections, during their absence, allayed my terrors. I reflected that when an accused person submits to a judicial process, it implies decidedly something unfavourable, to change, in any stage of the investigation, the severity of the pre-determined course, whatever the incident may be that may occasion a change. It would, no doubt, have been a fine *jeu de theatre*, had Brougham dashed the *stoor* o' flour out of the lion-visaged, mane-like upper work of Eldon. But he judged more wisely in not doing it. He evinced thereby his confidence in the Queen's innocence. I refer you, however, to the printed account of the affair, and to the results of the examination of Mr. Powell; for I may not have thought well or wisely of the apparent transaction, because some imp fastened his claws in my mind, and whispered, in the hearing of my understanding, something like evasion or connivance.

I frankly confess that I would be, I am certain, a most unsafe witness in any case in which the judgment might

be affected by the feelings; especially if the imagination arranged the unborn of posterity, in tier behind tier, to the limit and circumference of time, as spectators around me. When Brougham came back from his consultation with Denman, and announced that they had resolved to persevere in the process, the tears rushed into my eyes, I know not wherefore, and my heart swelled in my bosom to the size of thrice three hearts.

I think, nevertheless, that the counsel did right; for if Rastelli was spirited away, the reputation of the Queen would, in the end, be served by it. Nothing could prevent the surmises which the public would make on so extraordinary a transaction, as that one who was instrumental in beating up for the most improbable of the witnesses, should have been allowed to leave the kingdom during the trial. It is true that Lord Liverpool denied the spiriting, and even acceded to relax somewhat in the rules of examination. But this thing should not have happened; for, as men are sometimes guilty of offences, there was nothing in the absence of Rastelli to prevent suspicion from arising. No; men will say that, being out of the way, advantage was taken of that circumstance; probably an advantage contemplated.

This was one, and a great one, of those scenes which I anticipated to behold, when I resolved to be as often as possible present at the trial. It will not be easy to find persons who will entirely believe that Rastelli was not spirited away, though not by Lord Liverpool; and a mystery will, in consequence, for ever hang upon the proceedings. This, however, is as it should be, perhaps. State machinations would lose all their interest, if they were ever transacted with day-light. Who would indeed read history, but for the crimes of cabinets? The plate of earth and salt on the bosom of a corpse, in a Scottish cottage, is not a more emphatic monitor of death than mystery is of regal iniquity.

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

After the consternation had subsided about the *scampavia* Rastelli, the examination of other witnesses was resumed, but with no very decisive effect; making, however, still for the Queen.

One Pomi deposed that Rastelli had offered him some money; but not in so distinct a manner as some others, as you will see, have sworn to the same fact. It would appear that Rastelli had intimated, in a way plain enough, that it was persons who would give evidence against Bergami and the Queen, that he was in search of. Pomi said nothing against the Queen; but he showed that it was really expedient Rastelli should not then be forthcoming in London.

The examination of Pomarti, the confidential clerk to the advocate Codazzio, respecting his nefarious intercourse with Vilmarcati, deserves particular attention; not merely on account of the light it throws on the disreputable spirit of the proceedings against the Queen, but as a scene from a drama—a drama of life. It could not be in human nature, that a man would have made such contrite confessions as Pomarti did make, had he not felt in his bosom the gnawings of the worm that never dies. I have seldom heard anything more touchingly affecting than the tones of penitence with which he acknowledged his sense of error, and the pathetic indignation with which memory reminded him of Col. Brown. I thought not at all of the Queen's case, but only of his consciousness of having acted an unworthy part in giving up, for money, papers with which he was confidentially trusted. The result of what he said produced on me a most unfavourable impression, both as to Col. Brown and Vilmarcati.

I may remark in passing, that Pomi was, after the penitent, re-examined, and brought out an account of a tobacconist, one Rezenti, who had often annoyed him

about the Princess and Bergami. But I cannot see why he was examined; for all that passes between him and the tobacconist was concerning hearsays, which that person jibed him with.

A Signor Maoni next swore to going to Vilmarcati with one Zangla, and that Zangla showed him a handful of napoleons, which he then received from Vilmarcati. But why was Maoni called? for it did not appear that Zangla had received the money for any purpose whatever. Such evidence can do no good. It is neither bane nor antidote.

Ditto may be said of what a Colonel O'Brien stated.

Ditto, also of what a boatman on the Lake of Como stated.

The evidence of the Chevalier Vassalli, which came next, indicated that there could not be many more witnesses to be examined. It was of that kind which would have been deemed important, had the evidence for the prosecution not been of such a description that truth had not the power to refute or contradict it. I thought it gentlemanly, however.

To the chevalier succeeded a milliner of the name of Martini, a clever managing sort of a person, who could tell nothing but that she once grievously offended my *chère amie* Dumont, by chatting to her of the reports which she had heard respecting the conduct of the Princess of Wales and Bergami.

Just as she left the bar, I was obliged to leave the House, feeling myself much indisposed, and in need of fresh air. A return of the same causes compels me to conclude abruptly.

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXIV.

I have been so unwell since my last, that every other consideration was obliged to be given up for self. Truly sickness makes us all egotists.

It was late in the debate before I felt myself in a condition to resume my *felt* obligations to attend the close of the Queen's odious persecution. I will ever apply that epithet to it, and even a stronger, if it were fitter; for it was, in my opinion, as unnecessary as it was impolitic, and as offensive to every public sentiment, as it was absolutely useless. Did the King and Liverpool and Co. forget that the people have sympathies, and that they could not but feel that *their* honour, the national honour, were tarnished, by making the highest tribunal in the empire a tool to gratify individual malignity, and an aversion inspired by conscious neglect and ill usage?

But, although I could only attend at intervals to this shame to England of the nineteenth century, I was in at the death,—no: rather at the close of the catastrophe.

No occurrence, where I was only a spectator, ever affected me so much: even the finest displays of Mrs. Siddons in all the pomp and prodigality of her Lady Macbeth, was as vulgar bacon to this acidulous ambrosia; —convincing me that there is ever a superiority in Nature which art cannot attain; however like to the aroma of genius, but transcendantly finer.

I shall never forget what was my emotion when it was announced to me that the Bill of Pains and Penalties was to be abandoned. I was walking towards the west end of the long corridor of the House of Lords, wrapt in reverie, when one of the door-keepers touched me on the shoulder, and told me the news. I turned instantly to go back into the House, when I met the Queen coming out alone from her waiting-room, preceded by an usher. She had been there unknown to me. I stopped involuntarily; I could not indeed proceed, for she had a "*daized*" look, more tragical than consternation. She passed me; the usher pushed open the folding doors of the great stair-case; she began to descend, and I followed,

LADY CHARLOTTE BURY

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instinctively, two or three steps behind her. She was evidently all shuddering, and she took hold of the bannister, pausing for a moment. Oh! that sudden clutch with which she caught the railing! it was as if her hand had been a skinless heart. Never say again to me that any actor can feel like a principal. It was a visible manifestation of unspeakable grief—an echoing of the voice of the soul.

Four or five persons came in from below, before she reached the bottom of the stairs. I think Alderman Wood was one of them; but I was in indescribable confusion; the great globe itself was shaking under me. I rushed past, and out into the hastily assembling crowd. The pressure was as in the valley of Jehoshaphat that shall be. I knew not where I was, but in a moment a shouting in the balcony above, on which a number of gentlemen from the interior of the House were gathering, roused me. The multitude then began to cheer; but at first there was a kind of stupor. The sympathy, however, soon became general, and, winged by the voice, soon spread up the street. Every one instantly, between Charing Cross and Whitehall, turned and came rushing down, filling Old and New Palace Yards, as if a deluge was unsluiced.

The generous exultation and hurry of the people were beyond all description: it was as a conflagration of hearts. But before I had struggled to St. Margaret's, I was seized with hoarseness and rage. The Queen of the greatest of all the nations was allowed to escape from jeopardy, with as little public deference, save the voluntary huzzahs of the people, as the vilest delinquent from a police office. Verily, verily, how little wisdom must, in truth, suffice for statesmen! She was virtually exonerated, and the ministers had no right to show that they were disappointed in their endeavours to pander to the antihuman passions of the King. It was, indeed, an occasion for

them to be humble, and they would have acted becomingly had they come forth with staves in their hands, and meal forks hanging from their necks, singing, in chorus, "the o'ercome" of the old Scottish ditty,—

> Och hone, Och hone, weel may we moan,
> For we are but puir bodies.

Yours, &c.

SUPPLEMENTARY LETTERS

PART II

LETTER I.

DEAR [——],—I received your letter by Mr. Erskine yesterday, and was not long in resolving to answer it.

I do most thoroughly agree with you, that nothing could be more despicable than the spirit which the Government manifested on the occasion of poor Queen Caroline's funeral: it was not even so respectable as to be pitiful. Were it for no other cause than the indignation I cherish, I would lend all the aid I can to your design. But the nation has been insulted, and it becomes absolutely a patriotic duty to show, in every instance where it can be shown, that the *vile* conduct of the *State* was regarded as it should have been by the people; that is, as an abomination to their habitual magnanimity. But while I do, even with alacrity, undertake to tell you all that I have heard, known, and seen, of Queen Caroline, the whole is not much; and the utmost you may be able to make of it is, that along with the reports of your other friends, something consistent may be combined, which will serve to illustrate some historical statement. Be assured it is a story that will be revived: though, for a time, perhaps an age, men may be disposed to wish it could be forgotten, merely because it is "*a filthy bargain.*" It is a more mysterious affair than even that of Mrs. Anne Bullen, as she is called, and will excite hereafter a corresponding degree of interest. Mankind are naturally, in the case of that gipsy, not very desirous of hearing a great deal. She is canonized as a protestant martyr, and

the *merits* of her guilt are seldom investigated, the subject is so odious. But the history of the unhappy Caroline is not so black in the accusation, and therefore will, to a certainty, be more freely scrutinized.

If I rightly understand you, you propose to collect among your different friends some account of what each may happen to know, or to have heard from authentic sources, of the character and story of the *king's* late wife. If you persevere in this notion, you will undoubtedly in time do something for the serious consideration of posterity, for whom all authors, you know, write; but I fear you will not find many correspondents who will do what you desire. However that may be, I will do my best, and "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

But let me give you a caution. Do not assume either her guilt or innocence. If you do, you will insensibly tinge facts with your own opinion; and this is the very thing you should anxiously avoid. Guilt, as our own cautious countrymen say, was not *proven;* nor does it appear that she was, as *Perceval* said, "as pure as unsunned snow." You can therefore only expect to show that she subjected herself to suspicion, and was obliged to endure its malice, suffering in consequence a degree of persecution, arising from that bias of human nature which renders suspicion greedy of evidence of guilt. But if you do not allow that she justified suspicion, either by levity or from resentment, you will find yourself in perplexity.

In the "delicate Investigation" she was exonerated from guilt, by affixing on her the charge of "innocent levity"; but there seems to have been no Solomon in authority who thought of natural feeling, at any period of her distressing case. *She may have exposed herself to suspicion merely from a sense of wrong, and yet have legally been innocent.* No one, of all who were arrayed to judge her, seems to have thought that she could be actuated by revenge; and yet what provocation as a woman, as a

lady, and as a queen, had she not, to set machinations at defiance, and to torment those who thirsted for her ruin?

I do seriously and sincerely think that her natural character was such, that she may have so conducted herself as to draw down on her the disgrace which weak inconsiderate men tried to ascribe to another sort of vice. I think of poor human nature, and do say, she had great provocation.

From this you will understand in what manner I am likely to offer you my remembrances; and, besides, you must allow me to ramble as I recollect; bearing in mind that I am decidedly of opinion that she acted as she is *proven* to have done, merely from resentment, to retaliate on exasperating suspicion.* This view of her conduct has not, that I am aware of, been taken before. If it will serve you, I shall proceed with my recollections. Let me know soon, and believe me

Yours truly, &c.

LETTER II.

DEAR [——],—I received yours of the 4th instant last Friday, but being at the time on the point of leaving town for a few days, I did not then particularly attend to it, in fact could not.

I am glad you have explained your design, as it enables me to steer a clear course. I had imagined you intended the letters to illustrate some historical statement; but since you propose to make only a collection of letters, I see what ought to be my bearing more distinctly. It is, however, necessary to explain more fully what I meant by implying that the Queen exposed herself to suspicions purposely, in allowing her resentment to master her

* This view of her conduct (in many instances of it at least) was known by those about her person to have been perfectly true:—she had a childishly wicked pleasure in making people think worse of her than she deserved. [Original note.]

delicacy. I think it was quite natural to her sort of character to do so; but it has not my approbation, though I can understand how her injuries and wrongs might influence her. I judge of her disposition by many incidental circumstances, which will be gradually adverted to, perhaps developed, as I proceed.

It is a curious trait of our age, that natural character is disregarded, and individuals estimated by the acknowledged general qualities of the species. The Queen was too uniformly considered as a mere woman; she ought, from the first, to have been regarded as a princess born; habituated, in consequence, to the most deferential treatment; and, above all, as endowed with personal peculiarities of spirit and temper not common. Much of the derogatory treatment she sustained arose, I conceive, from this omission.

I shall therefore place in view my persuasion of what I conceive to have been her natural character, rather than what appears to have been her treatment, and how it may have generated the resentment with which I think she was actuated. Of course, all that may have affected my notion of the woman, has been derived from hearsay; much also of what she may have experienced as a princess is inference; but I ought to mention that I did attend her trial two-and-twenty days, and that, as far as I can depend on myself, what I saw of her at that time, justifies me in thinking, poor creature! that she was much misunderstood. There may have been a spicing of revenge in her conduct; but assuredly, that is, in my opinion, there was much of prank and jocularity in her indiscretion.

Now what I am going to tell, is not for the scrupulous ears of your immaculate, worthy, straitlaced aunt Miss Deborah. It respects the Queen's conduct prior to her marriage; and my informant is the once noted Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke, whose informant, as she said, was

the Duke of York. You are aware how I *wheedled* her to show me the notes she had prepared for her own memoirs. In consenting to do so, she happened to mention that the old King George III. had ordered a set of jewels for the Princess, and that the Duke, when they were ready, being to take them to Windsor, brought the casket on the Saturday before, to Mrs. Clarke. Nothing less, in consequence, would serve the *chère amie*, than to go to the Opera, decked in the borrowed plumes; and she actually did wear the diamonds there that night. This led her to speak of many other things which His Royal Highness told her of the Princess, and how it was at one time proposed he should marry her; and for that purpose he went previously to see how the land lay at the court of Brunswick; the result of which was that he did not like the Princess, in many things he heard of her, deeming her ways not likely to take in England. I will not say that I believed all to have been true which Mrs. Clarke told me; for I did not; but, had there not been something *coarsish* in the impression made on the Duke, and which may have led him to speak of the Princess disparagingly, Mrs. Clarke would not have said to me what she did; for her opinion of the Princess of Wales was on the whole kindly; indeed she was not deficient in that quality, and generally expressed herself respecting even the Duchess of York, with much more consideration than might *à priori* have been expected. However, what I mean to deduce from what she said is, that the Princess of Wales, before her marriage, was hoydenish and addicted to practical jokes, and not at all "*adorable*" in the eyes of the Duke, whom by the way she always spoke of, (that is, Mrs. C[——] said) as naturally subject to *mauvaise honte*.

My next will give you more reason to suspect that Queen Caroline was not naturally very discreet.

Believe me truly, &c.

N.B. This story of Mrs. Clarke reminds me of one of her sarcasms on the same occasion. I inquired what had become of Colonel Wardle—"Oh, the wretch," cried she, "he has taken to selling milk about Tunbridge!"—He farmed some property in that neighbourhood.

LETTER III.

DEAR [——],—It is to the conduct of Queen Caroline subsequent to her arrival in this country, that your attention should be directed, and I can state some early circumstances worthy of being recorded. A friend of mine, who described the incident to me himself, was standing in Parliament-street, when the carriage with her turned in from Bridge-street. It was an ill-omened affair: not the slightest indication of welcome was manifested, and he was himself the very first individual who uncovered to her, and, with emotion at the indifference of the crowd, began the huzza.

What took place at the palace before and after "the wedding rite," I never heard; but the Princess herself told a lady, who told a gentleman, who told me, what passed between St. James's and Carlton House, and I must say it did make a favourable impression upon me. There was some shouting from the mob when the carriage came out of the palace, and the first words which the Prince said to his bride, referring to that circumstance, were well enough—to the effect that "many were interested in their happiness"; —and he took her hand. Something had disappointed her in the reception, and she, being resolved to maintain her dignity, pettishly withdrew her hand; at which the Prince took the *pet*, and the remainder of the passage to his residence was sullenly performed.

The comment I would make on this incident is, that it tends to verify the Duke of York's character of the

Princess to Mrs. Clarke; and the conduct of the Prince of Wales was in unison with his known peculiarity through life. He was ever too important to himself, saying finer things than his feelings prompted. Supposing the conduct of the Princess was as represented, he ought not as a man, nor as a public character, to have allowed "*his heart to grow cold*" at such a trifle. There is no doubt, however, that he was disappointed, and many stories are in circulation, or rather were, all tending to show that there was a general belief, from the very wedding, that the marriage was unblest.

What I have now to tell confirms this: a gentleman, who has since been a member of the present King's government (William's), told me that a friend of his, whose bedroom overlooked Carlton Gardens, on retiring to bed at a late hour, saw the Prince in the garden, walking in the moonlight, in the greatest agitation—he even said "tearing his hair"; and this alleged fact certainly is in unison with the . . . that tainted the mind of the public.

The inference from it no doubt is to awaken commiseration for the Prince. But when his general character is considered, I am not sure but it may tend to diminish sympathy; at all events, it does not say much for the tact of the Princess, especially when taken in connexion with her notions of preserving dignity, as evinced in the carriage scene.

It is clear that a mutual distrust early arose between the parties—a proof that there may have been an egotistical fastidiousness on the one side, and a want of that sentiment which is the basis, not of happiness but of propriety, on the other. Neither man nor woman seem to have considered enough that they were called to act as Prince and Princess.

Of the thousand and one rumours which preceded the retirement of the Princess of Wales to Blackheath, some

of your other correspondents will give you a better account than I can; but I have one personal incident to relate, which is curious.

An old lady from the country of a truly Shakspearian discernment of character, and who was famed for her perspicuity among all her circle, requested me to go with her to see the Princess, in the church of Greenwich. We were, however, rather late, the service having commenced; but as our errand was to see Her Royal Highness, we filled up the time by strolling in the Park, and were back to see the Princess pass to her carriage. I was anxious to hear what my companion thought of her, knowing the singular talent of the old lady; and I remember very distinctly her saying to me, with an inflection of sadness, "*Poor woman! she's endeavouring to be a lady.*" Many years after, when Mrs. Clarke told me of the Princess's *hoydenishness*, I recollected this opinion; and I remembered it with sorrow, convinced of its justness, even to the day I followed her down the great stairs of the House of Lords, when the impolitic Bill of Pains and Penalties was abandoned. Yet, surely, there is no moral crime in the manifestation of natural character, if that can be said not to be an offence, which is apt to be felt as disagreeable.

Believe me truly yours, &c.

LETTER IV.

DEAR [——],—I hope you are sufficiently aware that I have not undertaken to give you a connected *seriatim* narrative of Queen Caroline's intromissions, as some of your acquaintance in Edinburgh would say, *avant* her domicile and status within this realm; and, therefore, I intend to proceed with my random recollections, in the same *sciolto* manner as I have begun. This preface is, perhaps, necessary, because I find myself obliged to

allude to a circumstance, which at one time caused "*much ado*," but it turned out to be "*about nothing*." It must, however, be mentioned, and the sooner I have done with it, the better. I mean that cock-and-a-bull story about Billy Austin, which, during the "*delicate Investigation*," occasioned much head shaking, and the loss of so much hair-powder to many a big wig.

The incident is, however, in one point of view, exceedingly affecting and pathetic. Deprived of the society of her own daughter, before any criminality had been imputed, and being of a maternal disposition, the Princess found some alleviation to her loneliness, in the care and superintendance of another's child. "This is the very head and front of her offending," in that matter, "and no more." But this child was absolutely, with many nods and winks of the "*Burleighs*" of the time, suspected to be, I shall not say what; you understand. No mother, however, could be seemingly fonder of her own son, than the Princess was of this poor orphan. She was, indeed, truly a kind-hearted creature, to be so like a real mother to Billy Austin; and it was with sore hearts that men, whose shoulders were deemed Atlantean enough to bear the weight of an empire, should have been obliged to lift aside the cloak of charity, in expectation of seeing that it covered a multitude of sins! Moreover, she herself used to say, caressing him, (keep in mind my notion of her natural character) that the darling Billy would one day make a name in Westminster Hall; whether, however, as a Barrister, or as an Heir *Presumptive*, was not intimated; but no one thought she could mean the former, while every sagacious person could not but discern that her mind was clearly running on the latter!

Could it be conceived, *à priori*, that such biped asses were in existence upon the earth, as to regard this simple affair as a state mystery, full of "Queen's stratagems

and spirits?" Yet there were. But the fact is as I have stated it. Billy Austin was well known to be the son of a housekeeper to a lady that lived in the Paragon, in the Kent Road. The lady was nearly related to a friend of mine, with whom I happened to be dining, on the Sunday after Billy returned from abroad, then a lad; and it was mentioned as a good trait in his affections, that very soon after his arrival, he had gone to see his true mother. This gave rise to a general conversation about the circumstances of "*the delicate Investigation.*" There never had been any mystery about him as a child, except in the conglomerated intellects of statesmen, and in the "*filthy*" imaginations of the detractors to whom they gave heed. The truth, at any time, might have been ascertained by a footman. My friend lived, immediately as prior inhabitant, in the house at Sydenham Common, which Lady Charlotte Campbell at one time possessed.

I was obliged to notice this "mare's nest," because it could not but be noticed; it merits, however, special consideration in two points of view. Could it have been imagined, by any person sound and sober, that such air as our country-folks call "*Bonny wee naething with a whistle a the en' o't,*" could have been deemed a fit subject of inquiry, or that it would ever have been made a topic of grave report? It may have been required of the investigators, to ascertain the fact of the child's birth; but it ought not to have made "each particular hair" on their wigs to uncurl itself, and "to stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine." The conduct of the Princess in the affair was quite natural and amiable. But there are persons, both in high and low life, who have a prone delight to let their fancies riot with thoughts that reason would strangle. The Princess may have been not very fastidious; but all agree that she was a parental-hearted woman; that she had particular

enjoyment in nursing children, and was denied the gratification of embracing her own. To be sure, tickling an innocent little one may not be so dignified as holding conclave with tailors about the cut of coats; but it is quite as important a duty in a Prince. In fact, the story about Billy Austin is of a piece with the whole of this wretched case, which may be reduced to a syllogism, viz.

All women may err.
The Princess of Wales was a woman;
Therefore
The Princess of Wales may have erred.

Yours truly, &c.

LETTER V.

DEAR [——],—You mistake me: I do not say the Princess may not have given cause, where there was no disposition to put a favourable construction on her demeanour, to suspect the purity of her life; but I do think and say too, she was that sort of person likely to have resented the imputation of guilt, by acting in such a manner as to suggest notions of her having been guilty. This, to your Presbyterian notions, will seem almost as bad as if she had been really a criminal; nor do I extenuate the impropriety. But there are many persons, who think themselves very rigidly righteous, who do and say things that would have made Cleopatra blush. Nothing, indeed, can be less disputable than that many good sort of people think themselves innocent, because they have not sinned in the eye of the law. I have known many such simple characters allow themselves to give verbal utterance to imaginations that would be incredible among the dissolute; and when you go *to others, alias* auld Reekie, for the winter, observe and be amazed. Decent folk often believe, that when they clothe their bare,

naked bones in debonair phraseology, they are themselves as innocent as Adam and Eve before the fall. If innocent, they are as stupid as ostriches; and I don't doubt the Princess said many a strange thing in joke. For example, one day when she had a party dining with her, at Kensington Palace, she noticed the eyes of some of her guests attracted to a bilious-looking picture of a child, and said, "*If Rodjair, de poet, were to make a shild, it would be like dat shild.*" Now, would anybody have said such a thing in a mixed company, and while the servants were present? and yet there was no immorality in it.

Excuse this short note, but Erskine returns to Scotland to-morrow, and I could not let him go without saying somthing of what I apprehend was the delinquency of the Princess. Always bear in mind, that, except what I heard during the trial, all I have to tell is second-handed. The truth is, that the accusations not having been *proven*, she ought to have been considered by the nation innocent, as a Queen; though, as Mrs. Guelph, she may not have been the purest of all married women.

Yours, &c.

THE END.

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